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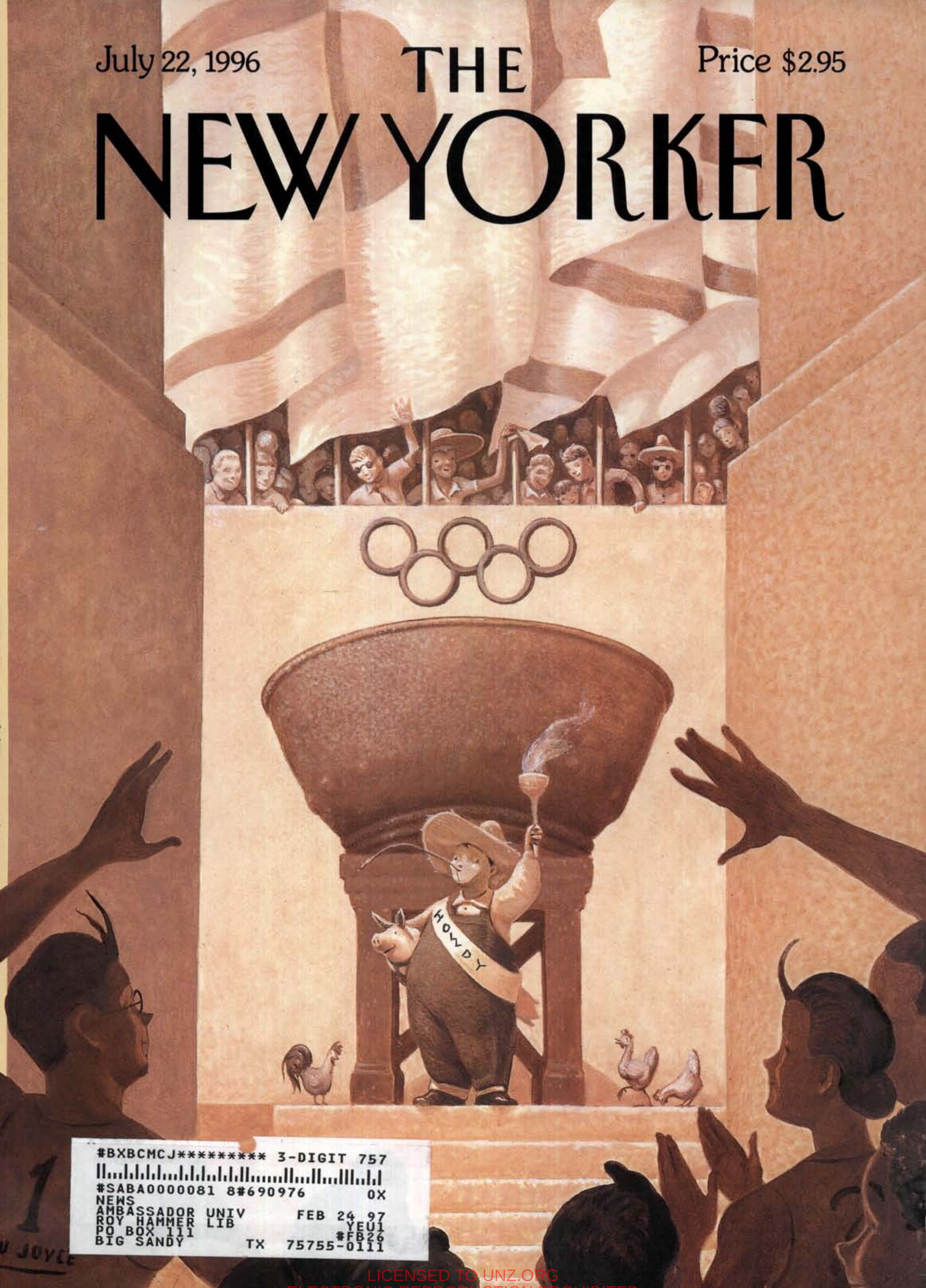

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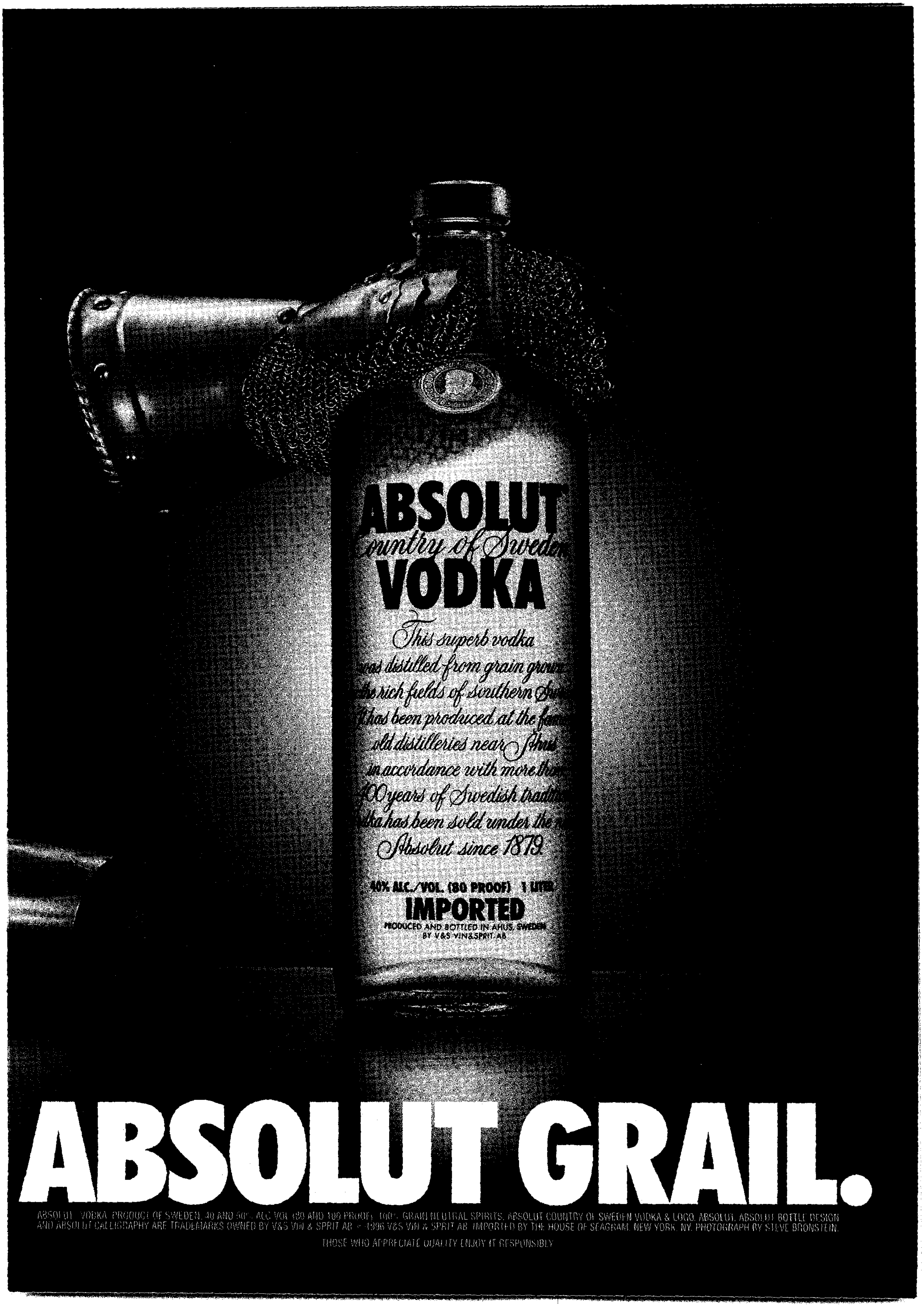

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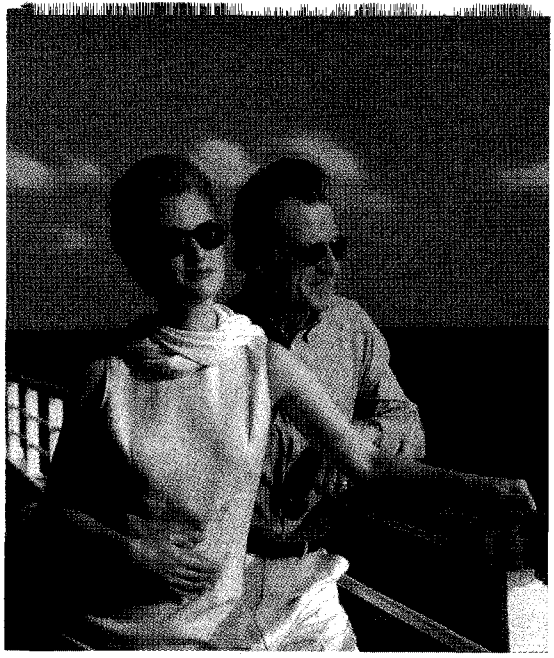

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THE NEW YORKER

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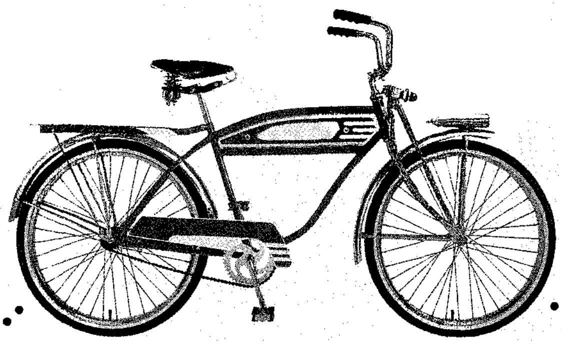

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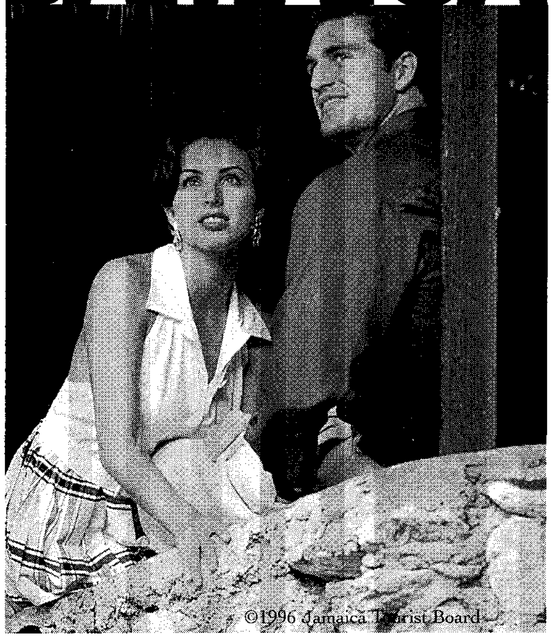

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COMMENT

GOLD, SILVER, BRONZE, IRONY

The 1996 Olympics. But first, this message.

By the time you read this, the one million four hundred thousand visitors expected for the Centennial Olympic Games, which open in Atlanta on Friday, will have bought up eleven million tickets (at a price of four hundred and thirty-seven million dollars), thus expressing their free fanly choice among two hundred and seventy-one separate sporting events. Well, almost free: the three hundred and sixty thousand available ducats for the ten scheduled men's and women's basketball games sold out quickly, as did tickets to the glamorous track and field finals at the new, eighty-five-thousand-seat Olympic Stadium, so some disappointed applicants will have to make do with seats at the beach-volleyball or rhythmic-gymnastics or mountain-bike eliminations. The rest of us, who will be in the hands of NBC for a hundred and seventy-one and a half hours of Olympics television (including twenty-six hours of commercials), will get to make no choices at all—except perhaps to pick a favorite anthem or exotic national flag during the ceremonies that will accompany the inexorable bestowal of eighteen hundred and thirty-eight medals. That or, more reasonably, to take our time and select a favorite XXVIth Olympiad irony.

Easy ironies won't make the cut here. Murmurings about the disappearance from the modern Games of amateur athletes, whether male or female, or of any vestiges of the Baron de Coubertin vision of manly lads from many lands training for another friendly renewal of the ancient Grecian trials are old hat, by about two decades. As John Seabrook makes clear elsewhere in this issue, contemporary medallists, even in Old Etonian events like rowing, can be career professionals in everything but name. Nor is there much point in getting all steamed up about the indivisible welding of corporate America with the Games, as evidenced by the eighty-four-day, fifteen-thousand-mile, ten-thousand-man (and -woman and -child and -blind-octogenarian-ex-Olympian) Coke ad that has been the Olympic Torch Relay. Indignation about this particular travesty tends to fade when it is recalled that the whole torch-running rite was invented by Adolf Hitler as a kickoff for the 1936 Berlin Games.

It is corporate America, after all—in the form of Atlanta Centennial Olympic Properties, along with individual company commitments—that is picking up the tab for a third of the one-point-seven-billion-dollar Olympic budget, thus keeping our country uniquely and happily free of central-government

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spending on the Games, apart from a spare-change outlay of two hundred and twenty-seven million for security and for some military chauffeuring of athletes and officials through the humongous Atlanta traffic jams. (The government of Spain laid out six *billion*—bucks, not pesetas—for the 1992 Games in Barcelona.) But these ironies may be too general and too suffused (like a blush) to stand up for long in our little game. A more promising entry might be the eviction of fifteen thousand Atlantans, largely from downtown public-housing projects, to make room for the Olympic Stadium, the Centennial Olympic Park, and a temporary amusement park, Coca-Cola Olympic City. Not that these properties will go to waste once the games are done: the Stadium, for instance, will be taken over by the city and leased to Ted Turner's Atlanta Braves—a windfall for the city's own World Champions.

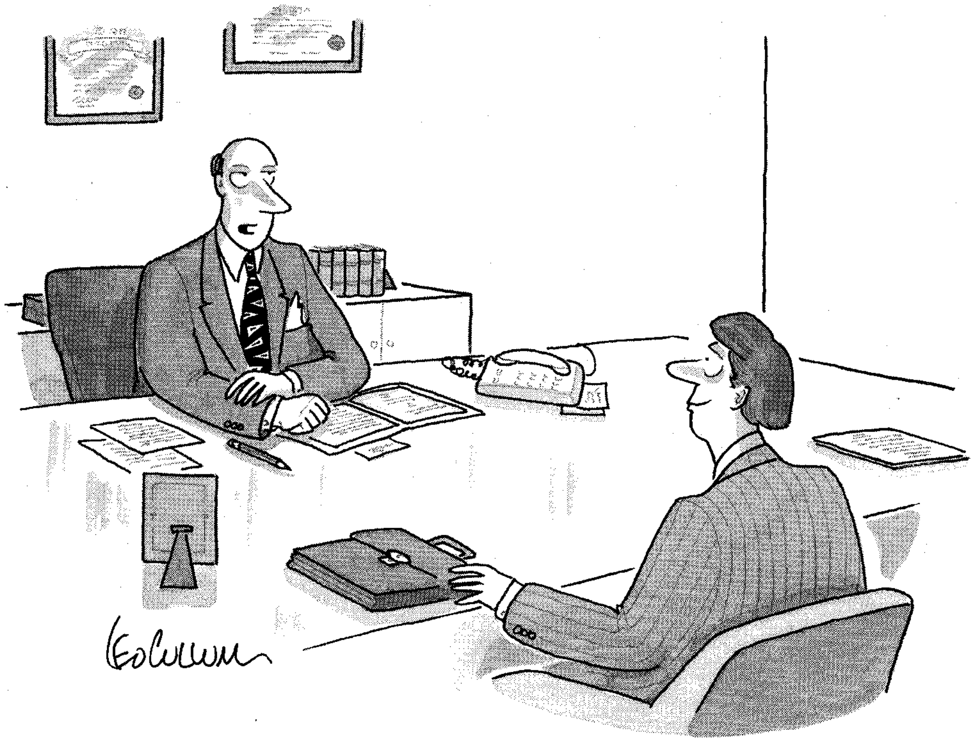
The United States Olympic Committee has been equally businesslike in its distribution of funds to aspiring Olympic athletes, giving precedence to the sports and teams most likely to produce medals for our side. American swimmers have trained together for more than a year at a championship facility, in Colorado Springs, a program that was funded by a half-million-dollar U.S.O.C. grant. A fund called Operation Gold will continue to reward all our medal winners at the rate of fifteen thousand for a gold, ten thousand for a silver, and seventy-five hundred for a bronze, but each American swimmer who wins a gold medal will pocket a further fifty grand from United States Swimming, the governing board of the sport. Lesser or grungier sports don't fare so well; their athletes have to settle for training grants of a few hundred dollars per month, take out loans, hunt down part-time jobs, or fall back on private supporters—a practice that jumped into the headlines last winter when John Du Pont, the fallen angel of USA Wrestling, shot and killed the veteran gold medallist Dave Schultz at the Du Pont training center, Foxcatcher Farms.

All these complexities and dark overtones fall away, however, when we contemplate the Dream Team—the defending Olympic champions in men's basketball and the clear winners of our own irony sweeps. No doubts attend their coming success on the floor against the likes of Angola, Argentina, China, and Croatia, in spite of the presence of a few foreign-born N.B.A. stars on their national teams: the Chicago Bulls' Toni Kukoc on the Croatian squad, for instance, and the Portland Trail Blazers' Arvydas Sabonis on a strong Lithuanian entry. But, with Scottie Pippen, Shaquille O'Neal, Charles Barkley, John Stockton, Reggie Miller, Grant Hill, Hakeem Olajuwon, and their stellar compeers aboard, the game scores will become secondary to the sort of celebrity feature stories that the 1992 Dream Team gave us. Remember the one about Michael Jordan wrapping himself in an American flag on the awards podium, not to proclaim his patriotism but to conceal the Reebok gear that the Dreamers' marketing contract had forced him to wear on his Nike-sponsored body? Fun.

As for the Dream Team's own finances, no problema. The squad nominally answers to the U.S.O.C. but is actually controlled by USA Basketball, which owns full rights to the Dream Team name and its immensely valuable marketing and licensing arm, which is operated, in turn, by NBA Properties, the planet's most successful sports-marketing organization. Each D.T. player has generously promised to donate to charity that fifteen-thousand-dollar prize which awaits a gold-medal-squad member, but each will be comforted by aggregates of at least a hundred thousand dollars from Dream Team gear, which will be avidly flogged and bought up pretty much around the world.

We have come full circle. These particular great athletes are not in the Olympics for the money; the sums in question are, by their standards, trifling. Nor are they particularly concerned about winning: they're a lock, and their M.O., which is total dominance, does not seek glory but only defends it. The Dream Team represents a unity of opposites. On the one hand, its members are the supreme symbol of the professionalization and commercialization of the Games. On the other hand, because the Games cannot offer enough gold, whether of the Olympic variety or plain old specie, to turn their heads, their hearts are pure. How very postmodern, or something, that these gilded gladiators—rich beyond temptation, cosseted beyond envy—should turn out to be the nineteen-nineties' closest approximation of the gentlemanly ideal of the Edwardian amateur, on which, a century ago, the modern Olympic Games were founded.

—ROGER ANGELL



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IN THE MAIL

POLITICAL SCIENCE

Without disputing the information presented in Daniel J. Kevles's article on the charges of scientific misconduct and fraud brought by Margot O'Toole against Thereza Imanishi-Kari, or how the controversy came to involve Imanishi-Kari's colleague David Baltimore (Annals of Science, May 27th), I am troubled by Kevles's acceptance of a need for scientists to be imaginative in analyzing research results. What might the public's realization that this practice exists do to its confidence in the hard sciences? Will we next be expected to believe that accountants require imagination in their work? Perhaps what can be learned from this spectacle is that politics and science will periodically come into conflict as long as the government funds science and science provides the government with facts and testimony.

AARON FISCHBACH
Sioux Falls, S.D.

As a chemist, I know that scientists often have difficulty repeating experiments far less complex than those involved in the David Baltimore dispute. One of my postdoctoral students could not repeat an interesting new reaction discovered by his predecessor. Incompetence? Fraud? If we had started accusing each other, we'd still be clueless. Involving lawyers, fraud busters, and a congressman would have made things hopeless. After a year of frustration, we found out that a perishable reagent we buy contains a variable amount of preservative, which apparently catalyzes our reaction. We now add the catalyst, and our reaction works much better than it ever has. All research scientists have experiences like this.

DONALD S. MATTESON
Professor of Chemistry
Washington State University
Pullman, Wash.

It would be better for science and the public if the federal grant system rewarded both O'Toole's "i"-dotting accuracy and Imanishi-Kari's data-shaping sophistication. A paper's degree of data consistency should be explicit in the literature, and scientists should then feel free to interpret this data. But when a senior scientist like Baltimore protects his team's credibility by dismissing a junior critic like O'Toole as "discontented" and fails to address the issues she raises in terms that are comprehensible to an intelligent individual or, at least, satisfactory to the established scientists who supported her, the legitimate concerns become ethical and political, not just scientific.

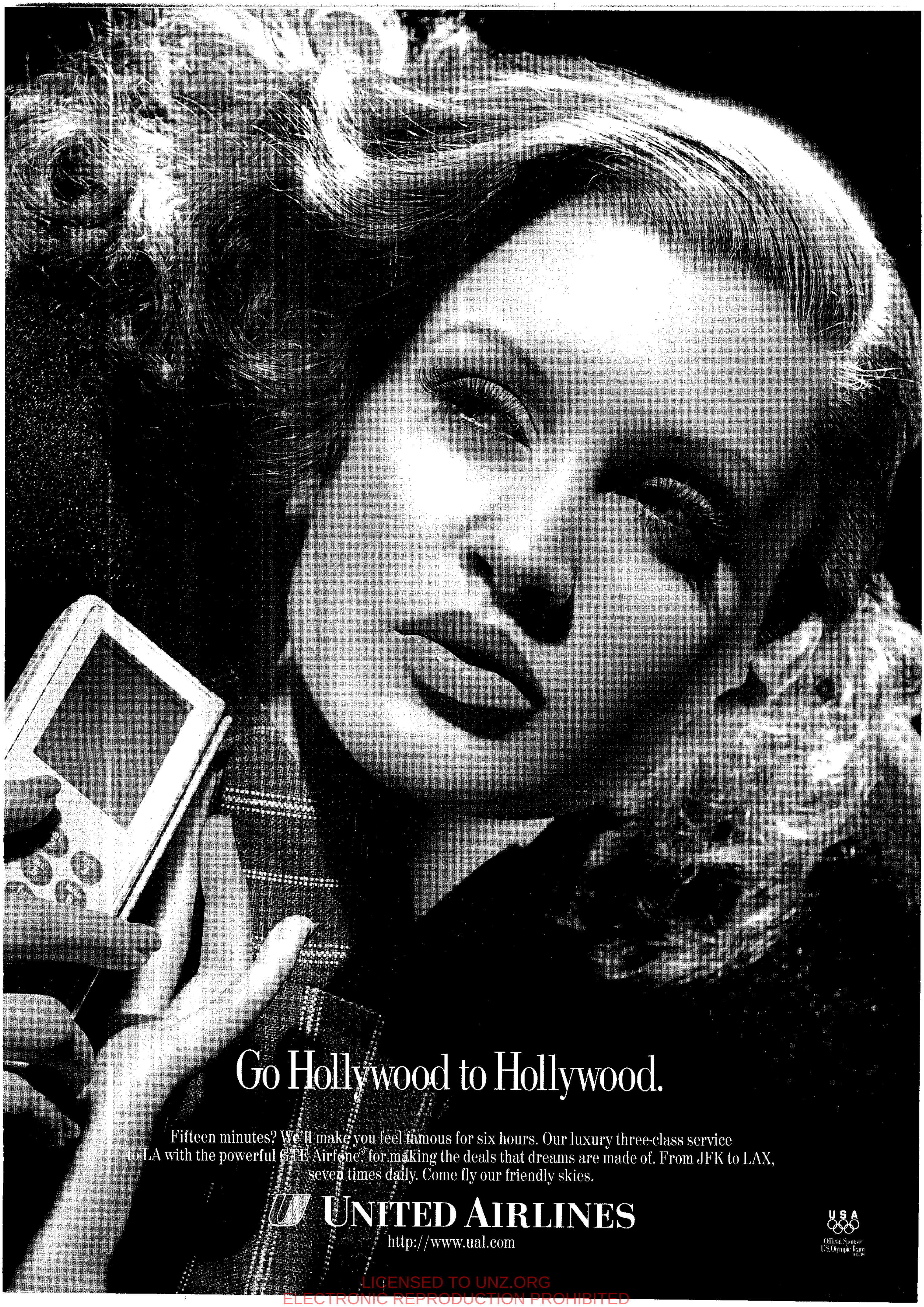
LYNN PHILLIPS
New York City

The muckraking engendered by the Baltimore case is much ado about nothing. If a scientist publishes startling and erroneous results, other laboratories will be tempted to repeat his experiment. If he has fabricated his data, they will fail. End of the scientist. Congressional and other committees are unnecessary as watchdogs in overseeing the scientific process.

RICHARD J. WEISS
Avon, Mass.

EDITORS' NOTE: On June 21st, the Research Integrity Adjudications Panel of the Department of Health and Human Services exonerated Thereza Imanishi-Kari of all the charges that had been brought against her.

Letters should be as brief as possible, and sent with the writer's name, address, and daytime phone number to "In the Mail," The New Yorker, 20 West 43rd Street, New York, N.Y. 10036. They may be edited for length and clarity.

Go Hollywood to Hollywood.

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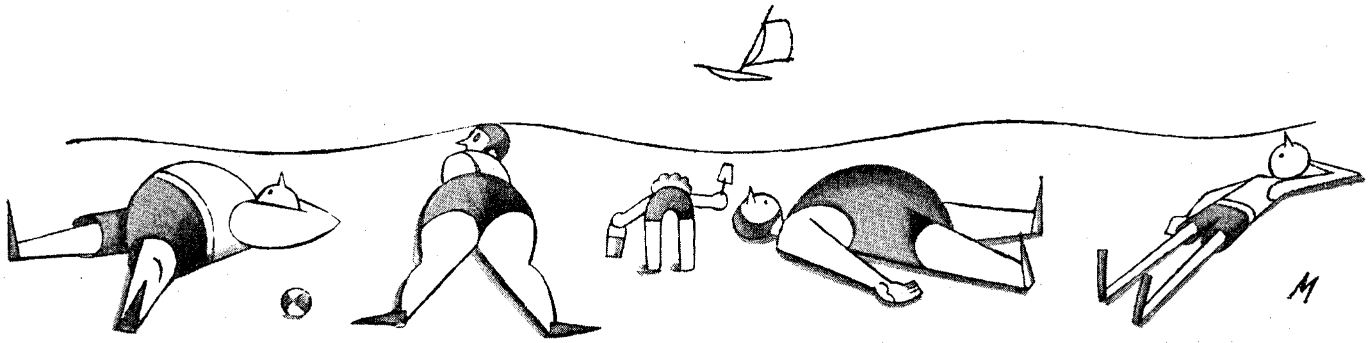

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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THE THEATRE

OPENINGS AND PREVIEWS

(Please call the phone number listed with the theatre for timetables and ticket information.)

Acts of Providence—Two one-acts by Edward Allan Baker: "Dead Man's Apartment," a comedy about a man who uses his lunch hour to fight with his mistress, and "Dolores," a drama about two sisters whose lives are affected by domestic violence. Opens July 17 at 7 and continues through Aug. 11. (Theatre at St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. 935-5820.)

Aliens in America—Author and performance artist Sandra Tsing Loh's one-woman show, about her German-Chinese childhood in nineteen-seventies California. Preview on July 17. Opens July 18 at 8. (Second Stage, Broadway at 76th St. 873-6103.)

Chicago City Limits—The improv company takes aim at the 1996 Presidential campaign with a new revue, "Right to Laugh Party." Preview on July 17. Opens July 18 at 8:30. (Chicago City Limits Theatre, First Ave. at 61st St. 888-5233.)

Da—Brian Murray has the title role in a revival of the Irish playwright Hugh Leonard's semiautobiographical 1973 drama, about a man vexed by his father's ghost. Directed by Charlotte Moore. Preview on July 17. Opens July 18 at 7. (Irish Repertory Theatre, 132 W. 22nd St. 727-2737.)

His Masquerade—Patricia Coleman presents six scenes from her forty-five-part adaptation of Melville's 1857 satirical novel, "The Confidence-Man." July 17-19 at 8. (The Kitchen, 512 W. 19th St. 255-5793.)

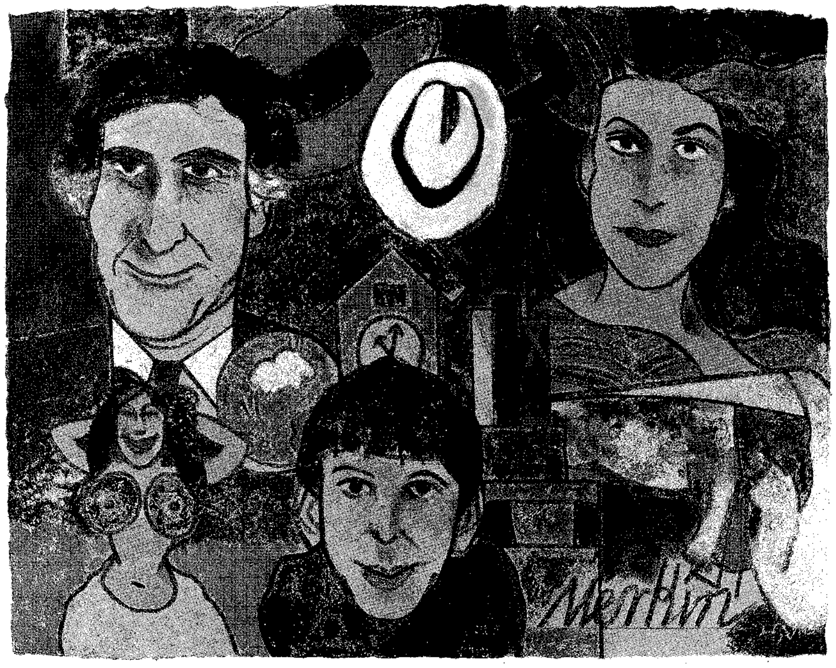
I Love You, You're Perfect . . . Now Change!—A revue tracing the ups and downs of courtship, with book and lyrics by Joe DiPietro and music by Jimmy Roberts. Directed by Joel Bishoff. In previews. (Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 307-4100.)

Phaedra—The Ridiculous Theatrical Company presents Everett Quinton in a one-man Greek tragicomedy, about the queen who fell for her stepson. In previews. (Theatre for the New City, 155 First Ave., at 10th St. 307-4100.)

Thang Long Water Puppet Theatre—Water puppetry, a tenth-century Vietnamese art form incorporating scenes from history, myth, and quotidian life, performed by a troupe from Hanoi and accompanied by Vietnamese folk musicians. July 22 at 8:30 and July 23-27 at 6:30 and 9. (Damrosch Park, Lincoln Center. 721-6500.)

OPENED RECENTLY

American Style—The performance-art duo Premium Bob's latest, a breakneck comic traversal of the American landscape. Thursdays at 8, through Aug. 15. (Workhouse, 41 White St., between Broadway and Church St. 431-9220.)



Judd Hirsch, Dov Tiefenbach, and Marin Hinkle, in "A Thousand Clowns."

RICHARD MERKIN

Big—This adaptation of the movie that starred Tom Hanks and Elizabeth Perkins provides little joy, though Daniel Jenkins, as the twelve-year-old in a grownup's body, is sweet and likable. The dance numbers are full of grimly talented, grinning kiddies—it's like a midget minstrel show—the score is melodically challenged, and the patronizing book has lost all the movie's charm and poignancy. Directed by Mike Ockrent. (Reviewed in our issue of 5/27/96.) (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)

The Boys in the Band—Its truth games are awfully creaky (and they were when it opened, in 1968—Edward Albee could have practically sued for plagiarism), but it's still hilarious and touching, and though the nine roles are essentially one-note they offer the actors some spectacular opportunities. James Lecesne, as the swishy Emory, and David Greenspan, as the lethal Harold, have a field day. Mart Crowley's study of gay self-hatred no longer seems particularly shocking (except in its viciousness) or politically suspect, but the script holds up soundly in this impressive revival, which was supervised by the playwright and directed with buckets of bile by Kenneth Elliott. (WPA Theatre, 519 W. 23rd St. 206-0523.)

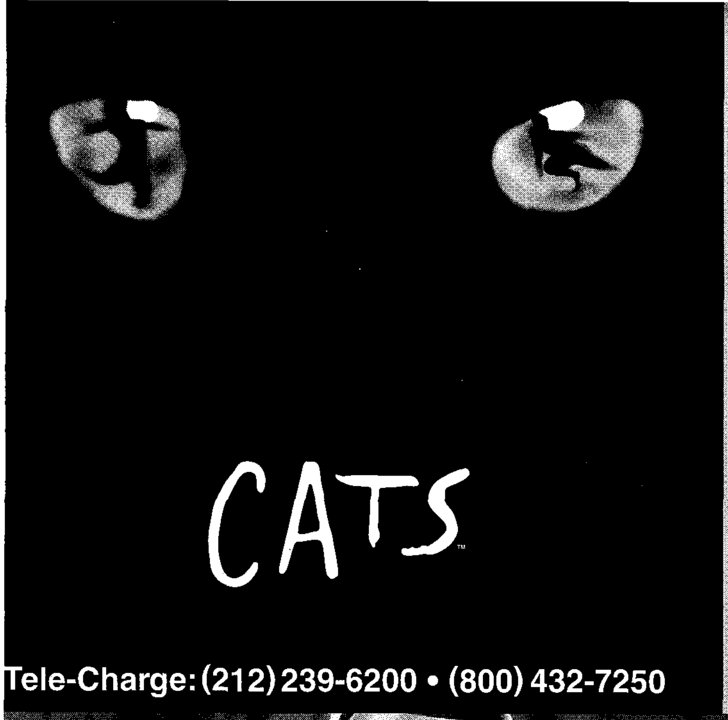
Bring In da Noise, Bring In da Funk—In director George C. Wolfe and dancer-choreographer Savion Glover's heroically energetic musical—which charts the evolution of the African-American beat from its rural Southern beginnings to its Northern urbanization and on to its present hip-hop incarnation—the extraordinary Glover and his sensational group of young tap dancers and street drummers bring joy. They bring fury. They bring history and ecstasy. (5/20/96) (Ambassador, 219 W. 49th St. 239-6200.)

Charlie!—There's intrigue in the cosmetics industry, in Theatre Couture's musical comedy, starring Sherry Vine, Girlina, and Candis Cayne. With puppetry by Basil Twist. Fridays and Saturdays at 10:30. (HERE, 145 Sixth Ave., near Spring St. 647-0202. Closes July 27.)

Cowgirls—By the end of this appealing, if somewhat predictable, musical comedy, three chamber musicians have been transformed into fringe-wearin', honky-tonkin' cowgirls. Mary Murfitt, the show's composer and lyricist, is hilarious as an uptight violinist learning how to shake it. Betsy Howie, who wrote the book, is also in the fine cast. (Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta Lane, east of Sixth Ave., between W. 3rd and Bleecker Sts. 420-8000.)

A Delicate Balance—Decorous suburban ennui is transformed into real angst in this bracing, astringent revival of Edward Albee's 1966 play about a family that has sacrificed much of its humanity for the sake of appearances. The cast, under the fine direction of Gerald Gutierrez, is uniformly excellent. (5/27/96) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

Forbidden Hollywood—Gerard Alessandrini's hit-and-miss movie-biz sendup. (Triad, 158 W. 72nd St. 799-4599.)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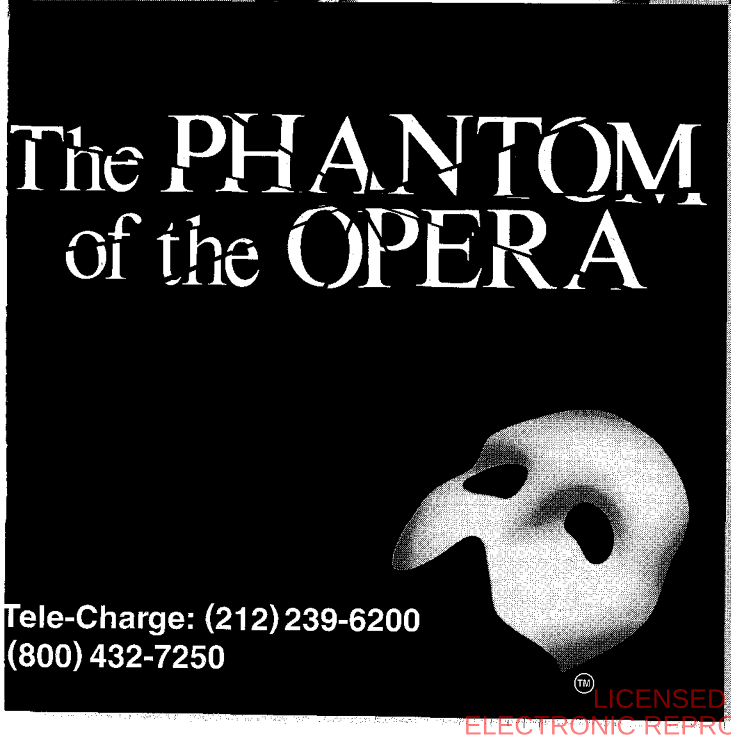
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A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum—Burt Shevelove, Larry Gelbart, and Stephen Sondheim's 1962 musical-comedy version of a Roman farce is a joke play that begs for outrageousness, but Jerry Zaks's peppy, acrylic revival seldom enters that giddy zone of comic daring. As Pseudolus, the slave who connives to win his freedom, Nathan Lane proves that he's an expert comedy technician, but he's more perspiration than inspiration. A few showstopping moments do get the audience pretty high; ultimately, though, the show's unrelenting insistence on not thinking can make you feel like you're being tickled to death. (5/20/96) (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)

Grace and Glorie—Estelle Parsons and Lucie Arnaz, in a new play by Tom Ziegler, about an oversolicitous city slicker who has moved to the country and the elderly mountain woman who doesn't want her help. Directed by Gloria Muzio. (Laura Pels, Broadway at 45th St. 719-9393.)

Heavenly Days—Zeus, king of the gods, develops an Olympian crush on a college boy vacationing in Mykonos, in John Glines's contemporary version of the Amphitryon myth. (Grove Street Playhouse, 39 Grove St. 924-1198.)

Ice Factory Festival—The SoHo Think Tank's summer shindig continues with two comedies by Pat Kaufman, "About Face" and "Monster," directed and choreographed by Lisa Brailoff. July 18-20 at 7. The festival continues through Aug. 17. (Ohio Theatre, 66 Wooster St. 966-4844.)

An Ideal Husband—In Oscar Wilde's hundred-and-one-year-old play, a youthful transgression comes back to threaten the career of a promising Cabinet member. The man who saves the day is played, with showy aplomb, by Martin Shaw. The rest of the delightful, mostly British cast, under the direction of Peter Hall, is well up to the Wildean wit and wisdom, and the evening flies by in a flash of epigrammatic splendor. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200.)

In My Father's House—A new drama by Samm-Art Williams, in which a black L.A. cop deals with the 1992 riots and their effect on his family. (Billie Holiday, 1368 Fulton St., Brooklyn. 1-718 636-0918. Closes July 28.)

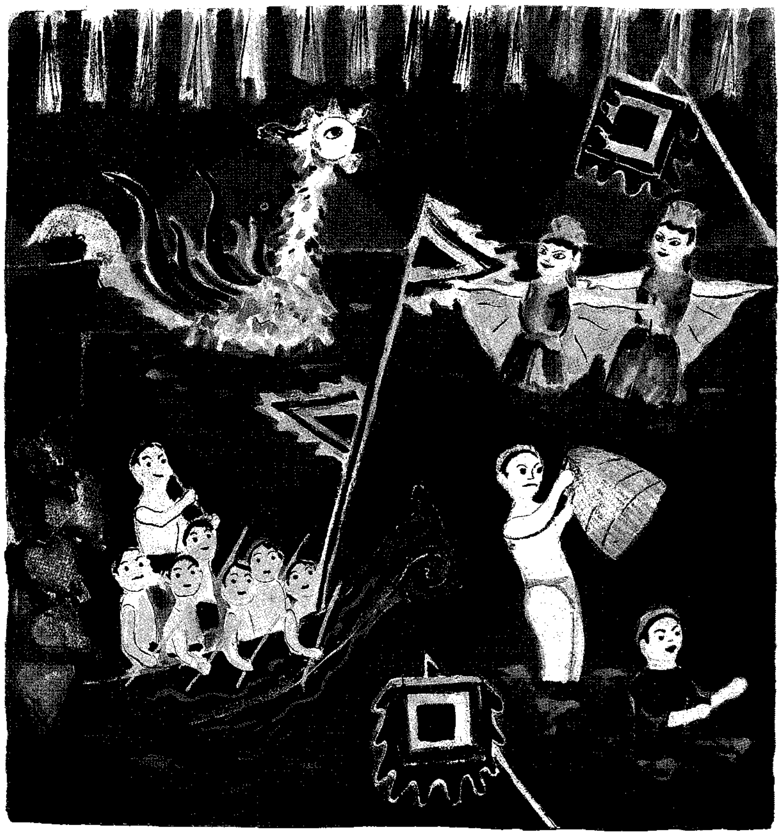
Jasper in Gramercy Park—A comedy about an aging couple who are unusually devoted to their big, domineering dog. (Primary Stages, 354 W. 45th St. 598-2385.)

The King and I—In a word, magnificent. Hats off to Donna Murphy, as Anna, Lou Diamond Phillips, as the King of Siam, and everyone else (including Rodgers and Hammerstein, of course) who had a hand in this production. Christopher Renshaw directed. (Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 307-4100.)

Love Thy Neighbor—Starbucks coffee, Princess Di, and the Internet are among the casualties in Jackie Mason's latest two-hour monologue. Stuffed into a tight black suit, the sixty-two-year-old comic prowls the stage like a rabid penguin, parcelling out tough love with equal-opportunity glee. His range may be limited, but his timing is perfect: when he responds to Jesse Jackson's call for more black accountants by citing the dearth of Jewish coal miners ("Ever see a yarmulke with a searchlight?"), the house rocks with laughter. The set, a mock Lower East Side street, is clever and unobtrusive; the Boys Choir of Harlem shows up briefly, via videotape, to sing "Hava Nagila." (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

Making Porn—Rex Chandler has the role of the straight star Jack Hawk in Ronnie Larsen's play about the gay-porn business. (Actors' Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S. 239-6200.)

A Midsummer Night's Dream—The first of two outdoor productions by the Hudson Valley Shakespeare Festival, directed by Terrence O'Brien. (Boscobel Restoration, Garrison, N.Y. For ticket information and directions, call 1-914 265-9575. Closes Aug. 4.)



Thang Long Water Puppet Theatre, at Lincoln Center.

The One-Minute Play Contest—A fun and frenzied competition in which audience enthusiasm and a decibel metre decide which sixty-second drama in each of eight six-play heats gets the prize (fifty clams). July 20 at 10. (Dicapo Opera Theatre, 184 E. 76th St. 288-9438.)

Rent—The late Jonathan Larson's rock opera, inspired by Puccini's "La Bohème," stands every assumption of the traditional musical on its head. It can't support the narrative overload (eight separate stories are told), yet by the end of the evening Larson's talent has taken the audience to places the musical never ventures these days. Directed by Michael Greif. (2/19/96) (Nederlander, 208 W. 41st St. 921-8000.)

Seven Guitars—August Wilson's exciting new play, which flashes back to the final days of a Pittsburgh blues singer (Keith David), sends us stirring news of black life in the late forties. The seven guitars of the title are the seven memorable characters whose high times and dashed dreams Wilson turns into beautiful, complex music—a funky, wailing, irresistible Chicago blues. Lloyd Richards is the director. (4/15/96) (Walter Kerr, 219 W. 48th St. 239-6200.)

Sister Mary Ignatius Explains It All for You—Christopher Durang's 1979 comedy, starring Geraldine Librandi and directed by Mark Cannistraro. Saturdays at 6. (Duplex, 61 Christopher St., at Seventh Ave. S. 255-5438.)

Sonya—Julie Harris stars as Tolstoy's wife, in Leon Katz's drama about the couple's tempestuous relationship. A Phoenix Theatre production. (Purchase College, Purchase, N.Y. For tickets and information, call 1-914 251-6290. Closes July 21.)

A Thousand Clowns—The 1962 comedy by Herb Gardner, starring Judd Hirsch, Marin Hinkle, David Margulies, and Dov Tiefenbach. Scott Ellis is the director. (Roundabout, Broadway at 45th St. 869-8400.)

Toddfest '96—A monthlong festival of works by Todd Alcott. July 18-21 at 7:30: "A Pound of Flesh," directed by Alcott. . . . ¶July 18-21 at 10: "Dead House at the End of the Street," directed by Gary Schwartz. . . . ¶ July 20 at midnight: "The Alcott File," directed by Jason Sturm and Bob Sikoryak. The festival continues through July 28. (Nada, 167 Ludlow St. 420-1466.)

LONG RUNS

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST: Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 307-4100. . . . **BLUE MAN GROUP/TUBES:** Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. 254-4370. . . . **CATS:** Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. . . . **GRANDMA SYLVIA'S FUNERAL:** SoHo Playhouse, 15 Vandam St. 691-1555. . . . **GREASE!:** Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 239-6200. . . . **MASTER CLASS:** Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 239-6200. . . . **LES MISÉRABLES:** Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. . . . **MISS SAIGON:** Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. . . . **PERFECT CRIME:** Duffy, 1553 Broadway, at 46th St. 695-3401. . . . **THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA:** Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200. . . . **ROB BECKER'S DEFENDING THE CAVEMAN:** Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 307-4100. . . . **SHOW BOAT:** Gershwin, 51st St. west of Broadway. 307-4100. . . . **SMOKEY JOE'S CAFÉ:** Virginia, 245 W. 52nd St. 239-6200. . . . **STOMP:** Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. 477-2477. . . . **SUNSET BOULEVARD:** Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 307-4007. . . . **TONY N' TINA'S WEDDING:** St. John's Church, 81 Christopher St. 279-4200. . . . **VICTOR/VICTORIA:** Marquis, Broadway at 45th St. 307-4100.

DANCE

Pilobolus Dance Theatre—Final performances of the season. July 17-18 at 8: "Collideoscope," "Duet," "The Particle Zoo," and "Land's Edge." . . . ¶ July 19 at 8 and July 20 at 2: "The Doubling Cube," "Pyramid of the Moon," "Walklyndon," and "Aeros." . . . ¶ July 20 at 8: "Untitled," "Pilobolus," "Quatrejeux," and "Day 2." (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800.)

Central Park SummerStage—After performing "Dirty Wings" in the Park this week (on a program with Neil Greenberg's "Disco Project"), Sarah East Johnson and her troupe of tumbler-dancers jet off to Paris for flying-trapeze school. "The dance vocabulary we use is not easy to come by," Johnson explains. "I've spent a lot of time researching an obscure area of circus skills: partner acrobatics." The resulting dances—which use handstands and human pyramids, crash mats and trampolines to create their steamy gym-rat eroticism—leave the dancers frankly breathless. "I want something effortful and virtuosic—I

ELIZA GRAN

want dancers doing things that no one else can do. And I especially want to see *women* doing that. You know, women who are really strong doing stuff that people can be impressed by." (Rumsey Playfield, mid-Park at 72nd St. July 19 at 8:30. No tickets necessary.)

Dances for Wave Hill—Elise Bernhardt, director of Dancing in the Streets, isn't always certain what the artists in her annual series of site-specific dances will be coming up with. Of the Portuguese choreographer João Fiadeiro (who appears on Wednesday's bill with Maia Claire Garrison, Amy Sue Rosen and Derek Bernstein, and the Young Dancemakers Company) she says, "I think he wants to use this ivy-covered wall. And he has these white shirts he's hanging up. That's all I know. Thank God I have Bessie to sound the alarm if something isn't working." Bessie (Schönberg, but no one ever calls her anything but Bessie), somewhere in her eighties by the best guesstimate, has been the extraordinary teacher and inspiration for generations of dancers—adviser, consultant, and, according to Bernhardt, gadfly. "I've seen her sit through two-and-a-half-hour rehearsals in hundred-degree heat," Bernhardt says. "She gets people to *stop* working in the studio and think about where they *are*. She'll be their audience and their eye. She loves it here. Marco Polo Stusano takes care of the grounds at Wave Hill, but Bessie is *our* gardener." (W. 249th St. at Independence Ave., the Bronx. For information, call 1-718 549-3200. July 17 at 6:30 and July 21 at 5.)

Humor Unplucked—Dale Fournier, the director of Free Range Arts, has assembled a program of six comic dance and performance works, including Mary Barnett's "Score," in which two ringside announcers provide play-by-play as Barnett performs her getting-to-work-in-the-morning decathlon; Michael A. Carson's "Integrity Brings with It an Empty Plate," an acerbic blending of inward dance and voice-over quotations from a vicious review ("The music was chosen for no particular reason whatsoever"); and Lori Katterhenry's "Undone," a work for six women and several dozen raw eggs. (Vineyard Theatre, 108 E. 15th St. 691-4551. July 18-20 at 8 and July 21 at 3.)

Fiorello Summer Dance Festival—Pat Catterson reprises her solo "Wanda" (danced chain-smoking in a waitress costume), presents the "Blond Mambo" excerpt from last year's "The Ballroom," and premières "After All" (with eight dancers, as family, gang, work-force, congregation, compatriots). With the Alpha-Omega Theatrical Dance Company. (LaGuardia Concert Hall, Amsterdam Ave. at 65th St. 741-8185. July 19-20 at 7:30.)

"Migration"—The choreographers Daniel Catanach and Amiel Malale and their companies perform works about migration from Latino and Israeli perspectives. (Henry Street Settlement, 466 Grand Street. 615-6629. July 18-20 at 8 and July 21 at 3.)

"Women Centerstage"—As part of a women's performance series, Heidi Latsky presents her solo "Riot of Red/Right to Red." (The Salon, 432 E. 91st St. 426-5800. July 17 at 8.)

OUT OF TOWN

New York City Ballet—July 17 at 8:15: "Swan Lake," "Calcium Light Night," "Reliquary," and "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 3." . . . ¶ July 18 at 2: "Coppélia." . . . ¶ July 18 at 8:15: "Prodigal Son," "Fancy Free," and "Symphony in C." . . . ¶ July 19 at 8:15: "Brahms-Schoenberg Quartet," "Calcium Light Night," "Reliquary," and "In G Major." . . . ¶ July 20 at 2: "Donizetti Variations," "Symphony in Three Movements," and "Brahms-Schoenberg Quartet." . . . ¶ July 20 at 8:15, the summer gala: "Theme and Variations," "Badchonim," "Tchaikovsky Pas de Quatre," and "Fearful Symmetries." (Saratoga Performing Arts Center, Saratoga Springs, N.Y. 1-518 587-3330.)

Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival—July 16-19 at 8:30 and July 20 at 2 and 8:30: Mark Morris Dance Group. . . . ¶ July 16 at 7, July 18-19 at 8, July 20 at 5, and July 21 at 7: Peggy Baker and Molissa Fenley. . . . ¶ July 20 at 7: Mary Seidman & Dancers. (Becket, Mass. For information about tickets, call 1-413 243-0745.)

NIGHT LIFE

CONCERTS

The Who—In the notes accompanying the 1994 boxed set "Thirty Years of Maximum R. & B.," Pete Townshend claimed, "I don't like The Who much." *Right.* Seeing as how (some twenty-seven years after the fact) he was able to turn "Tommy" into a Broadway money-spinner, it's really no surprise that this relentless ash-sifter, who's well on his way to becoming the Edmund Wilson of rock, should now be reanimating his second "opera," "Quadrophenia," which originally appeared in 1973. Unfortunately, the four-sided tale of England's mod generation must now be told minus the explosive work of drummer Keith Moon, the one band member who did die before he got old. (Madison Square Garden. 465-6000. July 17-18 and July 20-22 at 8.)

Def Leppard—Ever since "On Through the Night," its 1980 début, this glossy heavy-metal combo has specialized in tongue-in-cheek power pop. Leppard patented a raucous style and a self-mocking repertoire tailor-made for (mildly) alienated teen-agers and bemused headbangers. The band's new release, "Slang," is darker and quirkier—arena rock for the reflective. (Jones Beach Theatre. 1-516 221-1000. July 17 at 8.)

Dead Can Dance—Even though its name suggests a Grateful Dead cover band or an ensemble of morbid Goths, this Irish-Australian duo has attracted a large and devoted audience over the past twelve years thanks to its ability to meld familiar pop conventions with Middle Eastern percussion, medieval folk music, plucked zithers, birdsong, and melismatic singing. The two musicians are humorless, earnest (last time they played here, the percussionist wept), and often barefoot, but they make an awesome sound. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-1212. July 17 at 8.)

Boukan Ginen—Haitian pop. With Noovoodoo. (Prospect Park Bandshell, Brooklyn. No tickets necessary. July 19 at 7.)

Steely Dan—At the height of their success in the seventies, the Dan were a lot closer in spirit to a consortium than to a rock band. Songwriters Donald Fagen and Walter Becker spent most of their time in the studio, agonizing over every nuance with a rotating cast of session musicians. Their notorious perfectionism, like their antipathy to live performance, became the stuff of music-business legend. Two summers ago, apropos of nothing, Fagen and Becker embarked on their first tour in nineteen years. The resulting live album, "Alive in America," is a far cry from the grandeur of "Aja" (1977), but in the flesh Steely Dan is like something reanimated after years in amber: slow moving, unsure of the local customs, potentially dangerous. (Jones Beach Theatre. July 19 at 8.)

Throwing Muses / Luna / Cornershop—Former band member Tanya Donelly may get all the attention for her own group, Belly, but the Muses' gripping new record, "Limbo," far surpasses those of Belly and of most other alternative-rock comers in potency and inventiveness. Fronted for more than ten tumultuous years by the pixieish singer Kristin Hersh (who says that her songwriting is guided by voices in her head), the Muses shift between guitar mayhem and swirling, otherworldly realms. / Harvard grad Dean Wareham, who drove Galaxie 500 to college-rock greatness, is the man behind Luna (which also performs this week at the Mercury Lounge), a group that makes a dreamy kind of music that's so frankly derivative it's both disposable and eternal. (The touchstone here is the Velvet Underground—the band recently toured with Lou Reed.) Last year's "Penthouse" featured a nifty track called "23 Minutes in Brussels," with guest guitar work from Television's Tom Verlaine; like much of Luna's oeuvre, it sounds like "Sister Ray" on Quaaludes. / The Anglo-Pakistani pop of Cornershop (also

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appearing this week at the Knitting Factory) has the cheeky appeal of, say, Blur or Oasis. But, while those bands revel in the Union Jack, Cornershop explores what it's like to be on the outside looking in. Their sound suggests what the Smiths might have become had they taken lessons from Ravi Shankar. (Central Park SummerStage, Rumsey Playfield, mid-Park at 72nd St. July 20 at 3.)

Linda Ronstadt—Twenty years ago, this quintessentially American singer was scoring Top Ten hits with robust remakes of oldies by Buddy Holly ("It's So Easy") and Martha and the Vendellas ("Heat Wave"). Her latest collection, titled after the Shirelles tune "Dedicated to the One I Love," features rock and roll classics by the likes of the Everly Brothers and the Beach Boys—all recast as lullabies for her fans' children. It's comforting, albeit a bit odd, to hear such a muscular vocalist singing in such hushed tones. Live, presumably, she'll still go from a whisper to a wail. With Marvin Hamlisch and the Pittsburgh Pops. (Jones Beach Theatre. July 20 at 8.)

Burning Spear—Winston Rodney has been one of reggae's prime Rasta prophets for more than twenty-five years. His mid-seventies masterworks, "Marcus Garvey" and "Dry and Heavy," preached the importance of self-knowledge and positive thinking over insistent, insinuating grooves. Though his recent work has been uneven, his concerts are always excellent: surrounded by Jamaica's finest sidemen, his easygoing defiance makes for some hip-swaying entertainment. With Papa Jube. (Central Park SummerStage. July 21 at 3.)

Allman Brothers—When they started out in 1969, the Allmans already seemed like a troop of battle-scarred veterans. Which is why, despite the periodic feuding, splinter groups, and devastating deaths, these grizzled midnight riders are still soldiering on. Before anyone unfurled the Southern-rock banner, the Allmans were juggling blues and jazz—two musical forms known for resilience. This evening at the beach finds them on yet another of their endless tours; it seems that the road does indeed go on forever. (Jones Beach Theatre. July 21 at 8.)

Tramaine Hawkins / Institutional Radio Choir—An evening of gospel and soul. (Church of St. Paul the Apostle, 415 W. 59th St. 721-6500. July 22 at 7.)

Dwight Yoakam—He lives about as far as you can get, geographically and psychologically, from Appalachia, but he hasn't cut his Kentucky roots—which is a good thing. L.A. has not been without its influence: he once dated Sharon Stone, and every now and then he wears leather pants instead of ripped jeans. Still, he hasn't succumbed to pop's easy irony and sentimentality. On "Gone," his eighth album, he continues to sing about drinking, lost love, and hard times—standard fodder for a country boy, but in a voice so tuneful and assured that it can switch in a minute from a croon to a cowboy wail. You'll swear you're back in the Bluegrass State. (Roseland, 239 W. 52nd St. 307-7171. July 23 at 8.)

CLUBS

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which boldface type indicates some of the more notable performers in town. Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives; it is advisable to call ahead to confirm engagements.)

Blarney Star, 43 Murray St. (732-2873)—Home to fine Irish music every Friday night.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—July 20: **MAGIC DICK AND JAY GEILS.** In the seventies, Boston's J. Geils Band tried hard to be a homegrown version of the Rolling Stones. They were Chess-schooled blues boys covered with a thick layer of rock attitude, which was personified by their rubber-limbed lead singer, Peter Wolf. After they hit the top with "Love Stinks," in 1980, they self-destructed. Now, as Wolf tries to recapture his Jagger-ish flash, guitarist Jay Geils and harmonica player Richard (Magic Dick) Salwitz have returned to square one. The duo's new album, "Little Car Blues," is a nod to Dick's spiritual mentor, harmonica god Little Walter, and Geils still has a way with a simple, mean riff. Dining.

TABLES FOR TWO

The Four Seasons, 99 E. 52nd St. (754-9494)—Pilgrims making their first trip to this thirty-seven-year-old landmark are bound to be disappointed—not by the food, but by the foyer. With its shadowy lighting and scuffed marble floor, the entrance to Philip Johnson's temple of gastronomy looks more like a well-trafficked corporate lobby than like a portal to restaurant history. Until you ascend the staircase, that is, and step into the cavernous Grill Room, with its French-walnut walls, its undulating beaded-aluminum drapes, its phantasmagorical sculpture of metal rods suspended above the bar. You can lunch here among the stolid, double-breasted power brokers or continue on to the Pool Room, which requires a stroll through Picasso Alley, named for its massive theatre curtain, originally designed by the artist in 1920 for Diaghilev's "Le Tricorne."

The Pool Room takes its name from the burbling marble fountain, dramatically lit from below like some lost M-G-M waterfall and flanked by four faux (but pretty convincing) trees, which are changed with the seasons (right now they're palms). What with the sound of water and the half-acre that seems to surround every table, it's almost impossible to eavesdrop. Which is too bad: at any given moment the net worth of the room probably exceeds the gross national product of Canada.

The food is expensive but delicious, and appropriately heroic. A hearty fillet of buffalo comes garnished with olives, sun-dried tomatoes, and baby potatoes; a veal chop nestles beside chanterelles and spinach spaetzle. For dessert, why not take the menu up on its friendly advice and order the house soufflé before you begin your meal? It will arrive impossibly sweet and fragile, as tempting as a dip in the pool. (Open weekdays for lunch and dinner; Saturdays for dinner only. Entrées $30-$48.)

Brownies, 169 Avenue A, at 10th St. (420-8392)—July 18: **A DON PIPER SITUATION.** July 19: The Gefkens. July 20: Gambling rock with 10-Hi.

Chicago B.L.U.E.S., 73 Eighth Ave., at 13th St. (924-9755)—July 19-20: The **HOLMES BROTHERS.** No meteoric rags-to-riches story here: after more than twenty-five years in the business, this impossibly great band finally made its first album in 1989. The Holmes Brothers have it all—blues, soul, gospel, R. & B., and country, along with a poise that lends the mix an authority that younger, looser groups can't touch.

Continental Divide, 25 Third Ave., at St. Marks Pl. (529-6924)—Hipsters, punks, poseurs, N.Y.U. students, the occasional skinhead—a typical East Village bar. Live music nightly.

The Cooler, 416 W. 14th St. (229-0785)—A lavender and stainless-steel vault deep in the heart of the meat district.

Don Hill's, 511 Greenwich St. (219-2850)—A tidy little SoHo bar with an above-average P.A. system and topnotch local bands on the docket. Friday night is SqueezeBox, a vinyl-and-velvet gay glamfest, hosted by Misstress Formika.

Fez, 380 Lafayette St. (533-7000)—July 20: **PENELOPE HOUSTON.** In the late seventies, as a teen-ager, Houston fronted one of San Francisco's most notorious punk bands, the Avengers, whose brief existence was preserved for posterity on a record produced by the Sex Pistols' Steve Jones. It's hard to believe that the same ragged voice that raged against the machine in 1977 is back with an eponymous album of lilting songs like "Sweetheart," filled with acoustic guitars and swaying samba rhythms. With Rebecca Moore. The **MINGUS BIG BAND** still packs them in every Thursday. Dining.

Flannery's, 205 W. 14th St. (929-9589)—A well-scrubbed, amiable Irish pub with many of the classic features (pints of Guinness, non-stop TV sports) and a few of the near-classics (a CD jukebox, a portrait of Elvis).

Irving Plaza, 17 Irving Pl., at 15th St. (777-6800)—July 17: Ash. July 18: The Verve Pipe. July 19: Back in the heyday of punk and New Wave, people used to describe **PERE UBU** as avant-garde, which seemed to mean that nobody quite understood what they were doing. Show up early for the **DANDY WARHOLS,** a Portland, Oregon, combo that makes psychedelic tinfoil pop (e.g., "Lou Weed") with the debauchery and decadence of the sixties-era Factory. Front man Courtney Taylor, all pout and pursed lips, is a thing to behold. With the **BUSH TETRAS.** July 20: **DOG'S EYE VIEW.** . . . ¶ The Swing Dance Society gathers here every Sunday, with sets from eight until midnight. For information on the society, call 696-9737.

Knitting Factory, 74 Leonard St., between Broadway and Church St. (219-3055)—July 19: **CORNERSHOP** (see Concerts).

Maxwell's, 1039 Washington St., Hoboken (1-201 798-4064)—July 19: **FRENTE.** July 20: Neo-folk beefcake **HAYDEN.** July 22: **JUNIOR BROWN.** An Indiana cowboy with a flair for songs about heartbreak, hillbillies, and fools, Brown is something of a country-and-Western throwback, a basso-profundo crooner with a salty, poker-faced delivery. He has a sense of humor, too: his guitar-propelled material is populated with state troopers and hula girls. But his fearsome-looking "guit steel"—a cross between a Fender Bullet and an old lap steel guitar—is what has made his reputation. July 23: San Francisco's **IMPERIAL TEEN** play a glorious, whooshing pop, unstoppable and unforgettable. The band members all switch instruments and take turns at the microphone, and their songs are stamped with a youthful enthusiasm that belies their considerable experience (keyboardist Roddy Bottum doubles with Faith No More) and the dark subtext of dysfunction, suicide, and addiction that permeates "Seasick," their frisky début.

Mercury Lounge, 217 E. Houston St. (260-4700)—July 17: Alternative excellence with **SINCOLA** and **LETTERS TO CLEO.** July 19: Local rock heroes **44.** July 20: **MAGNETIC FIELDS** makes spare seventies-era synth-pop in the manner of Elton John and Abba. July 21: **LUNA** (see Concerts).

Les Poulets, 16 W. 22nd St. (229-2000)—The name may be French, but the music here is Latin: expect salsa, merengue, and, now and then, a cha-cha. Dining.

Rodeo Bar, 375 Third Ave., at 27th St. (683-6500)—The walls simulate a log cabin, a buffalo head blows smoke through its nostrils, a horse trailer has been converted into a bar, and you get peanuts for eating and, sometimes, throwing.

S.O.B.'s, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—A great grass hut with a fruit-and-bamboo motif, dedicated to calypso, reggae, and the bossa nova. July 18: **GIANT SAND** and **SHANNON WORRELL.** Dining.

Tramps, 51 W. 21st St. (727-7788)—July 18: The **PHARCYDE.** Most West Coast rappers deal with guns, drugs, and misogyny, but the Pharcyde's four m.c.s aren't afraid of their feelings. Their talent for acting goofy and singing harmony endears them to women, and their two Lollapalooza tours proved that they get along with the Waspafarians and the frat boys, too. July 19: **WEEN** was last heard on "Chocolate and Cheese," an album of pure, hole-in-the-head weirdness which mixed early Prince-era R. & B. with sophomoric humor. (One of the best tracks was called "Spinal Meningitis Got Me Down.") Now, on "Twelve Country Greats," Dean and Gene Ween sink their fangs into the ankle of country-and-Western music and reveal themselves to be master parodists. It may not sound like a winning formula, but much of the album is inspired, and you just can't stop listening.

Webster Hall, 125 E. 11th St. (353-1600)—A byzantine disco wonderland with four floors, a coffee shop, and a wig boutique. Wednesday is drag night. Psychedelic Thursdays feature grunge acts and cheap beer.

Wetlands, 161 Hudson St. (966-4225)—Ska with Too Skinnee J's on July 19.

JAZZ AND STANDARDS

Algonquin Hotel, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—Vocalist **PHILLIP OFFICER** is currently at work in the woody nook known as the Oak Room. Dining.

Arthur's Tavern, 57 Grove St. (675-6879)—Mondays belong to the Grove Street Stompers, Tuesdays through Thursdays to Al Bundy and Johnny Parker, Fridays and Saturdays to the Freddy Francis trio, and Sundays to Lee Lorenz and the Creole Cookin' Jazz Band.

Birdland, 2745 Broadway, at 105th St. (749-2228)—July 19-20: The **JOANNE BRACKEEN** quartet. Although she's been on the scene for four decades now, Brackeen keeps growing, her bandleading and writing skills perfectly in sync with her sharply modernist piano stylings. Dining.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—Through July 21: the **JAMES MOODY** quartet. With the Marlena Shaw trio. The **COUNT BASIE ORCHESTRA,** directed by Grover Mitchell, takes the stage starting July 23. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—Through July 20: the piano-sax-and-bass trio of, respectively, **RENEE ROSNES, CHRIS POTTER,** and **LARRY GRENADIER.** By pooling their talents on a regular basis, these three young hopefuls have coalesced into a force to be reckoned with. Potter and Grenadier helped turn Rosnes's "Ancestors" into one of this year's most beguiling new recordings. Dining.

Cajun, 129 Eighth Ave., at 16th St. (691-6174)—A New Orleans-style restaurant specializing in Dixieland and swing. On Fridays, catch the Canal Street Dixieland Jazz and Blues Band. Saturdays belong to the New Atlantic Jazz Band.

Fifty Seven Fifty Seven, 57 E. 57th St. (758-5757)—A cool, sumptuous piano-and-bass room in the Four Seasons Hotel, with twenty-two-foot-high ceilings, a long backlit bar stocked with single-malt Scotch, and fine jazz seven nights a week. Dining.

Iridium, 44 W. 63rd St. (582-2121)—Through July 21; the **TOMMY FLANAGAN** trio. Flanagan, in his sixties, now presides over all of jazz piano. Of a poetic cast, he unreels endlessly supple lines, paying them out at whatever speed they demand. He likes to spread the melody out in chords in the first chorus, then compress the song into brand-new single-note improvisations that contain sudden arpeggios, beautiful little countermelodies, and patches of mock double time. Pianist **MICHEL CAMILO** takes over starting July 23.

Knickerbocker, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—July 17-20: Piano and bass with Lafayette Harris and Curtis Lundy. Dining.

Le Madeleine, 403 W. 43rd St. (246-2993)—Every Sunday evening, guitar great **GENE BERTONCINI** lights up this cozy Hell's Kitchen bistro with his shimmering melodicism and chordal grace.

Rainbow & Stars, 30 Rockefeller Plaza (632-5000)—A plush, old-fashioned night club, sixty-five floors above it all, complete with Art Deco fixtures, intimate glitter, and a panoramic view as dizzying as the tab. Vocalists **SAM HARRIS** and **LAURIE BEECHMAN** continue through July 20. Woodstock veteran **RICHIE HAVENS** comes up to the clouds starting July 23. . . . ¶ Across the hall, in the Rainbow Room, there's a revolving dance floor, plus swinging big-band music courtesy of the Rainbow Room Orchestra, featuring vocalists Sean Mahony and Claudette Sierra. Closed Mondays.

Smalls, 183 W. 10th St. (929-7565)—This aptly named club features up-and-coming players jamming late into the night.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Through July 21: The **JONNY KING** quintet. It's a jungle out there for young jazz pianists, but King sounds as if he's ready for the challenge: he's got the acute instincts and the easy touch of a well-schooled natural. **ROBIN EUBANKS AND MENTAL IMAGES** have the stage from July 23. Dining.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—Through July 21: the **WESSELL ANDERSON** quintet. Anderson is from the Deep South, and his alto tone oozes like honey as he lays down his front-porch tales. The Coltrane-meets-New Orleans groove can be traced back to his days with Wynton Marsalis's exacting septet. The **BRANFORD MARSALIS** trio takes the reins on July 23. The **VANGUARD JAZZ ORCHESTRA** holds sway on Mondays.

Dwight Yoakam, at Roseland.

MICHAEL CRAWFORD

Visiones, 125 Macdougal St., at W. 3rd St. (673-5576)—July 17-20: The **JED LEVY** quartet. Guesting on a Peter Leitch recording a few years back, saxophonist Jed Levy held his own next to a master, Gary Bartz. He's sharp, alert, and well worth attending to. July 23: The Carla White quartet. Dining.

Zinno, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—Through July 20: piano and bass with **HAROLD DANKO** and **MICHAEL MOORE.** Fondly remembered for his telepathic interplay with Lee Konitz, Danko is paired here with another great improviser. July 21: **JACK WILKINS.** A guitarist's guitarist, Wilkins is a New York secret worth blabbing about. Jazz brings out the track racer in too many guitarists; Wilkins takes the long way home. Dining.

ART

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Winslow Homer," a comprehensive survey of the painter's career, comprising nearly two hundred paintings, watercolors, and drawings. Through Sept. 22. . . . ¶ "Toulouse-Lautrec." After the successes of its Rembrandt and Goya exhibitions, the museum now attempts to pull off another homegrown blockbuster with its Toulouse-Lautrec holdings. The result is highly entertaining, but it lacks the breadth and authority of its predecessors. The Met's collection consists almost entirely of Lautrec's graphic works on theatrical subjects, including many of the brilliantly designed posters and evocative lithographs that number among the artist's most important works. But the museum has only a handful of his paintings and drawings, and minor ones at that—a situation that creates a rather lopsided view of his career. Inevitably, there is a video gallery, which presents a *très gai* clip from Jean Renoir's film "French Cancan." Through Sept. 29. . . . ¶ "Ancient Art from the Shumei Family Collection." A grab bag of antiquities with no theme beyond excellence—and that's good enough. The Shumei Family is a spiritual organization with a strong aesthetic emphasis which is building a mountaintop museum in Japan designed by I. M. Pei. The objects on loan range from exquisitely wrought gold vessels from third-millenium B.C. Persia to remarkably fresh Roman garden frescoes to exuberantly painted Islamic ceramics. According to the founder of the Shumei, "Unless you make others happy, you can never be happy yourself"; this exhibition should bring felicity to everyone connected with it. Through Sept. 1. (Open Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 8:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—"From Bauhaus to Pop: Masterworks Given by Philip Johnson." Through Sept. 3. . . . ¶ "Picasso and Portraiture: Representation and Transformation" includes a hundred and thirty paintings, and nearly as many works on paper, depicting lovers, wives, poets, art dealers, and children. Through Sept. 17. . . . ¶ "Thinking Print: Books to Billboards, 1980-95," an ambitious and engaging show devoted to a rather unsexy topic. It attempts to cover a lot of ground in a thematically unified manner—linking the advent of new printmakers (e.g., Barbara Kruger, Félix González-Torres, Kiki Smith) with such recent trends as the resurgence of politically engaged art and of metaphors of the body. It also manages to sneak in a mini course on the distinctions between various printmaking mediums. All in all, a competent overview, though it lacks the excitement of the museum's 1988 "Committed to Print"—which, incidentally, was also curated by Deborah Wye. Through Sept. 10. (For the run of the Picasso show, the museum's hours are Saturdays through Mondays, 9:30 to 6; Tuesdays, 11 to 6; and Thursdays and Fridays, noon to 8:30. Timed-entry tickets to Picasso are available in the lobby and through Ticketmaster, at 307-4545.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—"Meret Oppenheim: Beyond the Teacup." The first retrospective of the intrepid Surrealist's œuvre to be presented in the United States. Through Oct. 9. . . . ¶ "Africa: The Art of a Continent." The most unusual large-scale exhibition the Guggenheim has mounted in several years neither fulfills the museum's historical mandate to present avant-garde art nor concerns itself with the influence of African arts on modernism (the subject of MOMA's important but hotly contested "Primitivism" show of 1984). The exhibition is bound to infuriate both scholars and ideologues with the manner in which it collapses historical, ethnographic, and aesthetic distinctions between diverse cultures (imagine an exhibition titled "Europe: The Art of a Continent"); it's difficult to grant that the predominantly Islamic arts of Northern Africa and the antiquities of Egypt have much in common, or that either can be lumped with the many different cultures of sub-Saharan Africa. In presenting them all at once, the show seems to propound two overlapping but not particularly cogent ideological agendas: a celebratory Pan-Africanism on the one hand and a "Family of Man" group hug on the other. That said, the show is still a must-see for its rich selection of resplendent objects. And the catalogue is filled with excellent essays by renowned scholars of the new black studies. Through Sept. 29. . . . ¶ "In/Sight: African Photographers, 1940 to the Present." Through Sept. 22. (Open Sundays through Wednesdays, 10 to 6; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 8.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—"NYNY: City of Ambition." The perfect summer show, an anthology of twentieth-century images of New York drawn mostly from the permanent collection, presented in an installation as bold, entertaining, and aggressive as the city itself. The emphasis is on photography, from the lavender majesty of Steichen's nocturnes to the gritty realism of Weegee, but some favorite paintings are dusted off as well: Georgia O'Keeffe, Edward Hopper, Charles Sheeler, and Joseph Stella are among those well represented. The architectural models of the Empire State Building (in carved plaster) and Rockefeller Center (in finely detailed wood) are fascinating—but why is a cocktail dress draped over Mies van der Rohe's model of the Seagram Building? Through Oct. 27. . . . ¶ "Perpetual Mirage: Photographic Narratives of the Desert West." A survey of books and prints stretching from Timothy O'Sullivan and Carleton Watkins in the nineteenth century to Robert Adams and Richard Misrach today. In between are contributions from Lewis Baltz, Edward S. Curtis, Joe Deal, Laura Gilpin, Mark Klett, Dorothea Lange, John Pfahl, Eliot Porter, Frederick Sommer, Robert Venturi, JoAnn Verburg, Edward Weston, and others. Through Sept. 22. . . . ¶ "Paul Cadmus: The Sailor Trilogy." Through Sept. 1. . . . ¶ "An American Story," a chronological survey of twentieth-century paintings and sculptures, both well known and obscure, from the museum's collection. Through Oct. 6. . . . ¶ A stylized, gardenlike installation of video sculptures, by Shigeko Kubota. Through Aug. 25. (Open Wednesdays, and Fridays through Sundays, 11 to 6; Thursdays, 1 to 8.)

MUSEO DEL BARRIO, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—Alicia D'Amico, Mario Cravo Neto, Luis Gonzalez Palma, and Flor Garduño are among the artists in "Image and Memory: Latin American Photography, 1880-1992." Through Aug. 4. . . . ¶ "Working Shoes," an installation by Ana Busto. Through Sept. 15. . . . ¶ Photographs by nine New York City teen-agers are on view in "Re-Visions of El Barrio." Through Aug. 18. (Open Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

QUEENS MUSEUM AT THE BULOVA CORPORATE CENTER, 75-20 Astoria Blvd., Jackson Heights—"Richard Rothman: Studies fom Nature." Selections from an ongoing series of photographs about the marginalization of nature, made during frequent swings through the outer boroughs and New Jersey. "Sound Wall, Queens" and "Front Yard with Ailanthus, Brooklyn" are just two of several quick, sharp essays, while more complex tableaux, like "Tall Tree and American Flags, Astoria," "Housing Projects with White Shutters," and "Graves, Queens," richly repay the extended reading required. Through Aug. 10. (Open Mondays through Fridays, 7 to 7; Saturdays, 11 to 4. For more information and for directions, call 1-718 899-0700.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

(Summer hours: unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays, from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

PHILIP PEARLSTEIN—Portraits from the past fifty years, including images of the artists Scott Burton, Alex Katz, and Raphael Soyer. Through July 31. (Robert Miller, 41 E. 57th St.)

"BREAKING ALL THE RULES"—A recap of the season, with works by Beckmann, Coe, Corinth, Grosz, Klimt, Kokoschka, Litwak, Pippin, Schiele, and others. Through Sept. 6. (Galerie St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St.)

"DIFFERENT SIDES"—Works in mediums uncharacteristic of the artists, including a film by Nancy Graves; photographs by David Smith, Richard Pousette-Dart, and Donald Sultan; and a sculpture and a painted postcard by Adolph Gottlieb. Through Aug. 30. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

"FIBER AND FORM: THE WOMAN'S LEGACY"—Works by seven artists who have incorporated sewing and textiles into their art: Hannelore Baron, Lee Bontecou, Nancy Grossman, Eve Peri, Anne Ryan, Betye Saar, and Lenore Tawney. Through Sept. 3. (Rosenfeld, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

"GOING PLACES"—The coincidence of two different group shows' bearing the same title probably indicates that these gallery people would rather be in Europe. At **ADAMS,** 50 W. 57th St.: Real and imagined departures, journeys, and destinations in several mediums, by such artists as Robert Arneson, Luis Cruz Azaceta, Joan Brown, and Peter Saul. Through Aug. 16. . . . **HIRSCHL & ADLER,** 21 E. 70th St.: American and European paintings, drawings, and prints, by, among others, Eugène Boudin, Ralston Crawford, Rackstraw Downes, Mabel Dwight, William Stanley Haseltine, Edward Hopper, Louis Lozowick, and John Marin. Through Aug. 16.

"WATER"—*Acqua, agua, eau,* H_2O: ocean waves by Vija Celmins, abstract swimmers by Judith Cotton, a sweeping vista of an African lake by April Gornik, and a sublime night seascape by Hiroshi Sugimoto. Through Aug. 30. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At **BAUMGOLD,** 128 E. 72nd St.: Paintings, drawings, and sculptures by invited artists, among them Anton van Dalen, Claudia Fitch, Elliott Green, Vincent La Scala, Saul Steinberg, and Timothy Woodman. Through July 25. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **SCHMIDT BINGHAM,** 41 E. 57th St.: Works by gallery artists, including a stroboscopic sculpture by Gregory Barsamian, a black-and-white view of an Irish church by Paul Caponigro, and mixed-medium constructions by Janice Gordon. Through Aug. 9.

GALLERIES—DOWNTOWN

FURA S. (NOBI SHIOYA)—Exquisitely detailed small figural sculptures submerged in water in eccentrically made miniature tanks, many of a tantalizingly blurry translucence. These self-effacing homages to Rodin seem like urgent precipitates from the murky byways of a European traveller's dreams. They're elusive, evocative, and likable. Through July 20. (123 Watts Gallery, 123 Watts St. Opens at noon. Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.)

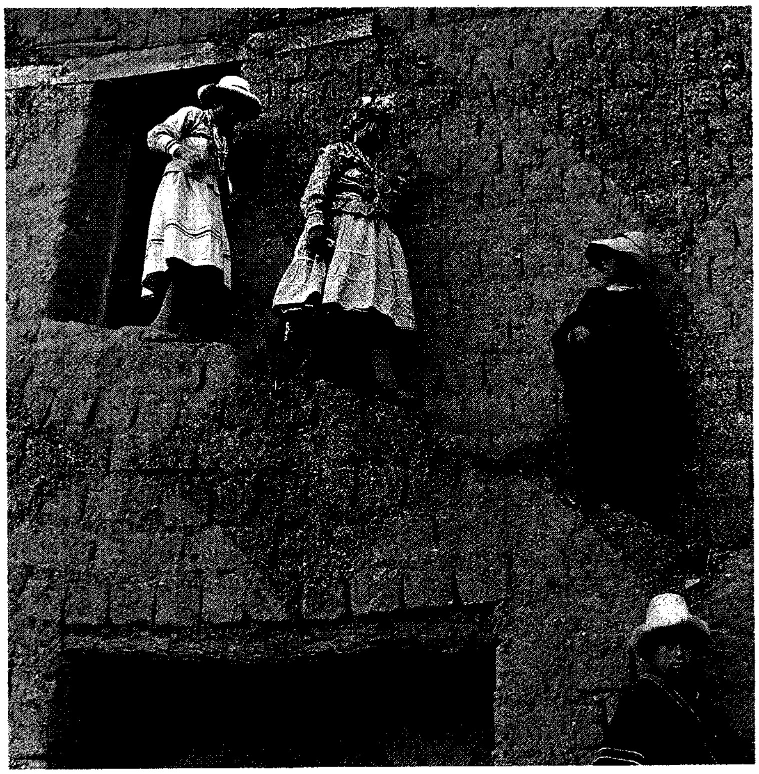
"THE BASEBALL SHOW"—Sixty artists were provided with a Rawlings Official American League baseball and invited to show their stuff. (This would be a snap for Christo.) What came back included a gold-leafed ball by Robert Longo, an installation with Astroturf by Jane Dickson, an ink drawing by Peter Schuyff, and a small video installation by Michel Auder, with footage from the final game of the 1977 World Series (Yanks win!). Through Aug. 9. (Marcus, 578 Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

"BY THE SEA"—A large, varied selection of images of sea and shore, including works by Jennifer Bartlett, Vija Celmins, Bruce Cratsley, Eric Fischl, Jane Freilicher, April Gornik, Joel Meyerowitz, Fairfield Porter, and Hiroshi Sugimoto. Through July 26. (Fotouhi Cramer, 560 Broadway.)

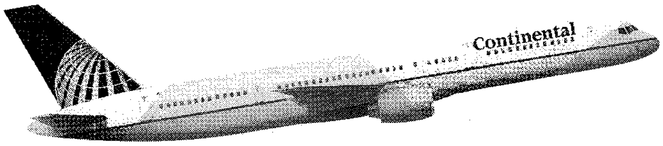
"FOURTEEN DAYS—A SALON"—Paintings, drawings, and photographs by thirty-five artists, in an eighteenth-century-French-salon setting. Through July 27. (Room, 25 Thompson St. Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.)

"SWEAT"—A collaborative installation about heat, fantasy, and escape. Among the thirty-one artists involved are Kim Jones, Elliott Green, Sue deBeer, David Byrne, Laura Sansone, and Yuval Adler. Through July 20. (Exit Art, 548 Broadway. Closed Mondays; open Friday and Saturday evenings until 8.)

SHORT LIST—**SIMON LEUNG,** Hearn, 530 W. 22nd St. Through July 26. . . . **SOL LE WITT** and **EL ANATSUI,** Skoto, 25 Prince St. Through July 27. . . . **EDWARD RUSCHA,** Printed Matter, 77 Wooster St. Open Saturdays until 7; through July 27. . . . **LEE STOETZEL,** Grand Salon, 83 Grand St. Opens at noon;



"Descending Dancers," by Steven Brock, at Richardson (see Photography).



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closed Mondays; through July 26. . . . **CLEMENS WEISS,** Feldman, 31 Mercer St. Through July 26.

OTHER VENUES

"THE SANCTUARY"—A thirty-by-fifty-foot enclosure of sixteen panels painted in different colors, intended by artist Eric Karpeles as an ecumenical chapel for contemplation. Through Sept. 8. (Main Waiting Room, Grand Central Terminal. Open daily, 10 to 10.)

"ART IN THE ANCHORAGE"—Creative Time's thirteenth annual exhibition, held in the vaults of the Brooklyn Bridge, consists of digital and other media installations by such artists as Doug Aitken (collaborating with composer U-ziq), Rebeca Bollinger, Jim Campbell, Shirin Neshat, and Penelope Umbrico. Through Aug. 25. (Cadman Plaza West at Front St., Brooklyn. Thursdays through Sundays, 1 to 6. For more information, and for directions, call 206-6674, ext. 251.)

"AMERICA'S SMITHSONIAN"—A two-year barnstorming tour of three hundred objects from the institution's collection has arrived in Manhattan. Among the travellers: one of several pairs of Dorothy's ruby slippers (these worn by Judy Garland when she danced); the Apollo 14 command module; and the Wright Brothers' biplane Vin Fiz. Through July 24. (Coliseum, Columbus Circle. Open Sundays through Thursdays, 9 to 8, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 9. Free timed-entry passes are available at the Coliseum each morning at 9; advance tickets can be reserved, for a small handling charge, at 1-800 913-8687.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

STEVEN BROCK—Black-and-white portraits and street scenes of fiesta-going villagers in Pomabamba, Peru. The pictures show worshippers and dancers en route to the festivities or returning home, and they highlight feelings of anticipation and satisfaction rather than revelry. The artist is superb at capturing the Andean light, but he sometimes gets lost in the gulf between documentary and artistic expression, producing sharp images with a vague point of view. That chasm is a rewarding region to explore, however, and a handful of pictures fuse the two sensibilities. In one radiant portrait of a patiently waiting little girl in a felt hat, earrings, a wool sweater, and an embroidered dress, Brock seems to capture the gentle dignity of the Incan people. Through Aug. 16. (Richardson, 560 Broadway.)

LYNN BUTLER—Butler takes her pictures, using slow shutter speeds, from anything that moves—a horse, a train, a motorcycle, an amusement-park ride. The results are views of upstate New York, Acadia National Park (in Maine), Coney Island, and other places, rendered in highly impressionistic washes of color and texture. Through July 31. (Leica, 670 Broadway. Opens Saturdays at noon.)

IMOGEN CUNNINGHAM (1883-1976)—"Flora," a selection of famously sensual, limpid images of botanical specimens. Through Aug. 2. (Gallery 292, 120 Wooster St. Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.)

"CALIFORNIA PHOTOGRAPHY FROM A SEVENTIES PERSPECTIVE, PART III"—Selections from a collection that was formed in a one-month period in 1979. Among the eighteen artists whose work is on view are Diane Buckler, John Divola, Barbara Kasten, Richard Misrach, Leland Rice, and Larry Sultan. Through Aug. 16. (Seagram Building, 375 Park Ave., at 52nd St., fourth floor. Closes Fridays at 1.)

"THE COOL & THE CRAZY"—Images of punk through the years, from a naked Iggy Pop to Television at CBGB's to Lydia Lunch to Richard Hell. The photographers include Jimmy de Sana, Gerard Malanga, Andy Warhol, Robert Mapplethorpe, Allen Ginsberg, Annie Leibovitz, Stephen Shore, and Pennie Smith. Through Sept. 7. (McGrath, 20 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

"DANCE IN AMERICA"—A survey of the different styles and approaches of the dance photographers Lois Greenfield, Gjon Mili, and Barbara Morgan. Through Aug. 2. (Greenberg, 120 Wooster St. Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.)

"DELIRIUM"—Summer group shows generally shoot for a light spirit and an easily grasped theme (or none at all); this large selection of portraits and a few abstract images, from 1854 to the present, has a darker cast, and it hangs together beautifully. Among the artists whose work is on view are Nancy Burson, George Krause, Saul Leiter, Joe Mills, Gerald Slota, Melissa Springer, and Jill Waterman. Through Aug. 15. (Ricco/Maresca, 152 Wooster St.)

"EXPOSURE"—Photographs and photo-based works by gallery artists, including Janine Antoni, Nobuyoshi Araki, Larry Clark, Gregory Crewdson, Gunther Förg, Jack Pierson, and Gerhard Richter. Through Aug. 2. (Luhring Augustine, 130 Prince St.)

"OUT TAKES"—Uncharacteristic works by such gallery artists as Sally Apfelbaum, Bill Jacobson, Geanna Merola, Tseng Kwong Chi, and Penelope Umbrico. Through Aug. 16. (Saul, 560 Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

"PHOTOGRAVURE"—A survey of works made with the metal-plate printing process, from illustrations in *Camera Work* to examples by Baldessari, Clemente, Rauschenberg, Ruscha, and Siskind. Through Aug. 16. (Marlborough Graphics, 40 W. 57th St.)

"SUMMER SALON III (PICTURES WE LIKE)"—This third annual show features photographs by Walker Evans, Peter Garfield, David Stephenson, Louis Stettner, Eudora Welty, and Weegee. Through Aug. 9. (Benrubi, 52 E. 76th St.)

INTERNATIONAL CENTER OF PHOTOGRAPHY, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.—"Landscapes of the Civil War." Selections from the five thousand recently discovered albumen prints in the collection of the Medford (Massachusetts) Historical Society. Through Nov. 10. (Open daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 8.)

SHORT LIST—**ANTHONY BARBOZA,** Mann, 42 E. 76th St. Through Aug. 16. . . . **ALBERT CHONG,** Throckmorton, 153 E. 61st St. Through July 20. . . . **RALPH GIBSON,** Castelli, 420 West Broadway. Through July 26. . . . **GEORGE PLATT LYNES,** DC Moore, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Through July 26. . . . **PEDRO MEYER,** Burden, 20 E. 23rd St. Closed Mondays; open Saturdays; through Aug. 17. . . . **BING WRIGHT / JENNY SAVILLE AND GLEN LUCHFORD,** Pace Wildenstein MacGill, 32 E. 57th St. Closes at 4 on Fridays; through Aug. 30.

(See the museum listings for photography exhibitions at the Guggenheim Museum, the Whitney Museum of American Art, el Museo del Barrio, and the Queens Museum at the Bulova Corporate Center.)

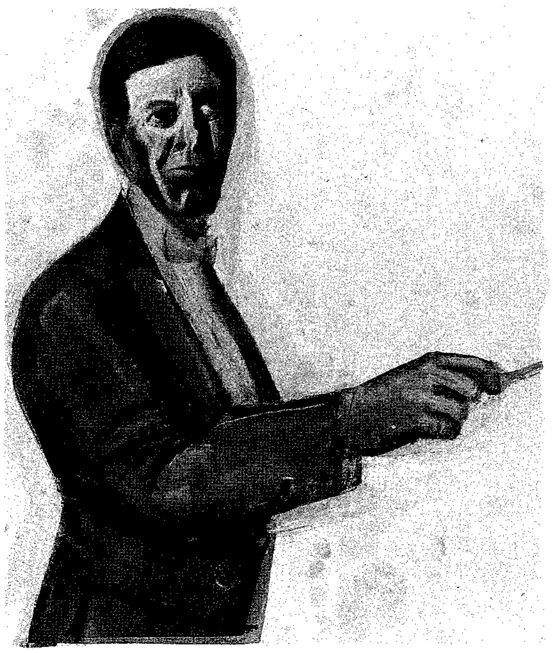
CLASSICAL MUSIC

OPERA

NEW YORK GRAND OPERA—A staging of Verdi's "Attila" features bass Valentin Peytchinov in the title role. Vincent La Selva conducts. (Central Park SummerStage, Rumsey Playfield, mid-Park at 72nd St. July 17 at 7:30. No tickets necessary. . . . **NOTE:** Verdiphiles should hie themselves to the music reading room on the third floor of the New York Public Library for the Performing Arts, at Lincoln Center, to take in a display of memorabilia relating to the New York Grand Opera's four summer productions. The exhibit includes scores, engravings, photographs, and original manuscripts drawn from both the library's collection and that of the show's curator, the Verdi biographer Mary Jane Phillips Matz. For information, call 870-1630.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—The orchestra continues this summer's free Parks Concerts. Eiji Oue conducts Mussorgsky's "Night on Bald Mountain," Stravinsky's "Firebird" Suite (1919 version), Strauss's "Don Juan," and Respighi's "The Pines of Rome." (Miller Field, Gateway National Recreation Area, Staten Island. July 18. . . . ¶ Cunningham Park, Queens. July 19. . . . ¶ Westchester Community College, Valhalla, N.Y. July 20.) . . . ¶ Chanticleer, the men's vocal ensemble, performs a-cappella works (by Andrea Gabrieli, Kurt Weill, and others) in addition to selections with the orchestra. The program also includes Berlioz's "Benvenuto Cellini" Overture and Sibelius's Symphony No. 5. Richard Westerfield conducts. (North Meadow, Central Park. July 22. . . . ¶ Long Meadow Ballfields, Prospect Park, Brooklyn. July 23. Evenings at 8. For rain-date information, call 875-5709.)



Raymond Leppard, conducting at Mostly Mozart.

ANDREA VENTURA

MOSTLY MOZART—July 17: Pinchas Zukerman doubles as conductor and violinist in a program that comprises Mozart's "Le Nozze di Figaro" Overture and Symphony No. 40, Bach's D-Minor Concerto for Two Violins, and Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto. Tricia Park assists in the Bach. . . . ¶ July 18: The Emerson String Quartet plays Schubert's "Quartettsatz" and A-Minor Quartet; pianist Lilian Kallir and double-bassist Timothy Cobb assist in the composer's "Trout" Quintet. . . . ¶ July 19: Raymond Leppard emerged in the nineteen-fifties and sixties as a bright light in England's early-music and operatic scene, where his fanciful continuo style and punchy rhythmic sense put new life into old scores by Monteverdi, Cavalli, and Handel. His repertoire has broadened considerably since then (as his hundred and seventy recordings attest), and his activities have centered on modern-instrument performance; for the past nine years he has served as music director of the Indianapolis Symphony Orchestra. In this concert he leads the Mostly Mozart Festival Orchestra in three piano concertos that Mozart wrote in 1786, the year he turned thirty. Each features a different soloist: Andreas Haefliger (in the elegant A-Major Concerto, K. 488), Kun Woo Paik (in the turbulent C-Minor Concerto, K. 491), and Christian Zacharias (in the grandly scaled C-Major Concerto, K. 503). . . . ¶ July 20: The theme of "Mozart in 1786" continues with performances of works from that year in several genres: the B-Flat-Major Piano Trio (K. 502), the C-Major Piano Concerto (K. 503, with Mr. Zacharias), the concert aria "Ch'io mi scordi di te" (featuring soprano Janet Williams, with Mr. Zacharias rendering the obbligato piano part), and the Symphony No. 38 (K. 504). Mr. Leppard conducts. (Avery Fisher Hall. 875-5030. Evenings at 8. Following a three-week break, the festival will resume on August 12.)

Lincoln Center Festival—Finally it arrives, and in full force. On July 22, the opening night of this new endeavor, six discrete events take place at sites in or near Lincoln Center, including two for classical-music lovers. July 22 at 7: Valery Gergiev conducts the Kirov Orchestra and Chorus in the first of two programs that revel in the sounds of Soviet officialdom: Prokofiev's "Cantata for the 20th Anniversary of the October Revolution" (to texts by Marx, Lenin, and Stalin) and Shostakovich's Symphony No. 11 ("The Year 1905"). (Avery Fisher Hall.) . . . ¶ July 22 at 7:30: The Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center offers works by composers who were strongly associated with the center's early years: William Schuman's String Quartet No. 3; Barber's "Dover Beach" (featuring baritone William Sharp) and Piano Sonata (with Anne-Marie McDermott); Copland's Sextet for String Quartet, Clarinet, and Piano; and Bernstein's "Arias and Barcarolles." (Alice Tully Hall.) . . . ¶ The festival continues on July 23, beginning every hour from 1 to 7 with Tod Machover's "Brain Opera," a forty-five-minute interactive work that makes ample use of digital technology. (Marble Lobby, Juilliard School, 155 W. 65th St. Free tickets at the door.) . . . ¶ July 23 at 8: Mr. Gergiev leads the Kirov Orchestra and Chorus, with mezzo-soprano Olga Borodina, in an all-Prokofiev program: his "Zdravitsa" (for chorus and orchestra), Symphony No. 6, and "Alexander Nevsky Cantata." (Avery Fisher Hall. For information about tickets to all festival events, call 875-5030.)

RECITALS

Bargemusic—July 18 at 7:30 and July 21 at 4: Presenting piano trios by Smetana and Paul Schoenfield (his "Café Music"), in addition to soprano arias by Mozart and Puccini and violin bonbons by Kreisler. . . . ¶ July 19 at 7:30: Violinist Mark Peskanov, cellist Eugene Osadchy, and pianist Doris Stevenson perform piano trios by Haydn (in G Major, the "Gypsy Rondo"), Beethoven (in E-Flat Major, Op. 1, No. 1), and Mendelssohn (in C Minor). (Fulton Ferry Landing, Brooklyn. 1-718 624-4061.)

Summergarden—Piano trios seem to be the genre of the week. At MOMA's outdoor summer series, a recent trio by Patrick Burgan shares the bill with Ravel's Piano Trio. Also on the program are works that employ still smaller forces: Costin Miereanu's "Solo III" (for violin) and Nicolas Bacri's Duo for Violin and Cello. (Sculpture Garden, Museum of Modern Art, 14 W. 54th St. July 19-20 at 8:30. No tickets necessary.)

Maria Kitsopoulos and Ilan Rechtman—The cellist and the pianist offer sonatas by Brahms (in E Minor) and Beethoven (in A Major). (Hotel Wales, Madison Ave. at 92nd St. July 21 at 6 and 8. No tickets necessary.)

Ori Kam—Violist, assisted by pianist Ilan Rechtman, in Brahms's Sonata in E-Flat Major, as well as in shorter works by Bach (as arranged by Kodály) and Hindemith. (Mansfield Hotel, 12 W. 44th St. July 22 at 8. No tickets necessary.)

OUT OF TOWN

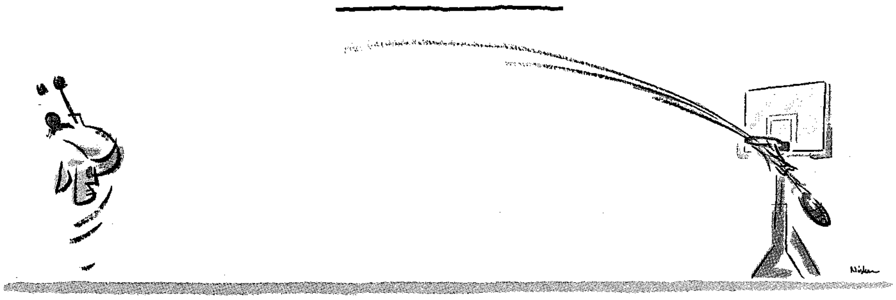
Tanglewood—July 18 at 8:30: The distinguished lieder team of mezzo-soprano Mitsuko Shirai and pianist Hartmut Höll performs songs by Wolf and Schumann (including "Frauenliebe und -leben"). . . . ¶ July 19 at 8:30: James Conlon conducts the Boston Symphony Orchestra in John Adams' symphonic transcription of Liszt's "La Lugubre Gondole," the latter composer's Piano Concerto No. 1 (with Zoltán Kocsis), and Mahler's Symphony No. 1. . . . ¶ July 20 at 8:30: Mendelssohn's Incidental Music to "A Midsummer Night's Dream"; Tchaikovsky's "Romeo and Juliet" scena for soprano, tenor, and orchestra; a duet from Gounod's "Roméo et Juliette"; and a suite from Prokofiev's "Romeo and Juliet" ballet. Seiji Ozawa conducts the Boston Symphony Orchestra, soprano Ruth Ann Swenson, mezzo-soprano Jennifer Larmore, and tenor Vinson Cole. . . . ¶ July 21 at 2:30: Mr. Conlon leads the Boston Symphony in Martinů's "Sinfonietta La Jolla," Beethoven's Piano Concerto No. 2 (with Leif Ove Andsnes), and Mozart's Symphony No. 38. . . . ¶ July 23 at 8:30: Reigakusha, a Japanese gagaku ensemble, performs classical and contemporary music, ranging from ancient gagaku selections to a work by the late Toru Takemitsu. (Lenox, Mass. 1-413 637-5165.)

Caramoor—July 19 at 8: Classical guitarist Manuel Barrueco assists the St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble in Rodrigo's "Un Tiempo Fué Italica Famosa," Piazzolla's "History of Tango," and Mauro Giuliani's A-Major Guitar Concerto (Op. 30). Also on the program is the Nocturne and Scherzo for Flute and String Quartet, composed in 1918 by Arthur Foote (1853-1937). Foote professed no particular interest in a musical career until he was inspired at Harvard by studies with John Knowles Paine. In 1875 Harvard awarded him the Master of Arts degree in music, the first ever conferred by an American university. The Nocturne and Scherzo became one of his most frequently performed pieces (especially the Nocturne portion, which the composer revised into a stand-alone version for flute and string orchestra in 1922). . . . ¶ July 20 at 1: In a concert geared to young listeners, pianists Misha and Cipa Dichter join members of the Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center in Saint-Saëns's "Carnival of the Animals." . . . ¶ July 20 at 8:30: Samuel Wong conducts the Orchestra of St. Luke's in Stravinsky's "Dumbarton Oaks" Concerto, Tchaikovsky's Violin Concerto (with Leila Josefowicz), and Mendelssohn's Symphony No. 3. . . . ¶ July 21 at 5:30: The Emerson String Quartet presents Schubert's "Quartettsatz" and A-Minor String Quartet; pianist Wu Han and double-bassist Timothy Cobb assist in Schubert's "Trout" Quintet. (Katonah, N.Y. 1-914 232-1252.)

Glimmerglass Opera—July 19 at 8: "Lizzie Borden," by Jack Beeson. . . . ¶ July 20 at 8 and July 22 at 2: "La Finta Giardiniera," a pastoral opera buffa composed by Mozart in late 1774 and premièred in Munich just two weeks before his nineteenth birthday. Though it was received rapturously on its opening night—the composer wrote to his mother of the the ear-splitting ovations—it was given only three performances during that initial run and failed to capture a firm place in the repertoire. In recent decades, however, numerous productions have enabled modern listeners to appreciate the subtlety of the work's musical-dramatic interplay, which prefigures what Mozart would later achieve in "Le Nozze di Figaro." . . . ¶ July 21 at 2: "Don Pasquale." (Cooperstown, N.Y. 1-607 547-2255.)

Maverick Concerts—The Audubon String Quartet offers two Schubert quartets that use themes the composer had previously employed in other works: the A-Minor (D. 804, the "Rosamunde") and the D-Minor (D. 810, "Death and the Maiden"). Peter Schickele assists in a performance of his Piano Quintet. (Woodstock, N.Y. 1-914 679-8217. July 21 at 3.)

Music Mountain—The St. Lawrence String Quartet plays music by three B's: Beethoven's Quartet in C Minor (Op. 18, No. 4), Bartók's Fourth Quartet, and Brahms's Piano Quintet (with Pedja Muzijevic assisting). (Falls Village, Conn. For information, call 1-860 824-7126. July 21 at 3.)



NISHAN AKGULIAN

LONG SHOTS: *N.B.A. Eastern Division teams field their own squads of deep-pocket draft picks and hungry prospects, who will be airing it out in front of scouts, coaches, families, and diehard fans in the final week of the Doral Arrowwood Summer League games, at Nassau Coliseum. (July 17-20. For more information, call 1-516 888-9000.)*

ABOVE AND BEYOND

The World's Oldest Seminar—What do men *really* want? Well, high-class call girls, according to one former provider of same. Sydney Biddle Barrows, the former Mayflower Madam, has refashioned herself as the Heloise of the boudoir; her latest book, "Just Between Us Girls," makes professional secrets available to the rest of us. In a no-nonsense, non-wet-blanketty style, Barrows sprinkles epigrams ("Don't expect your man to be smarter than a dog") and helpful hints (what to do with your hands and mouth, for example) among pithy Kissinger-like expressions of Realromantik ("When you climax, try to call out his name. Make sure you get it right"). Her New York appearance won't be a lecture-demonstration, or even a reading per se; it will probably resemble another lucrative sideline of hers, the book-clubby Q. & A. seminars that have been keeping her supplied with underthings (she recommends the prettiest you can find). (Barnes & Noble, Broadway at 66th St. July 17 at 7:30. No tickets necessary.)

Midsummer Night Swing—Alfresco dancing continues on the Plaza at Lincoln Center. The partnering starts at 8:15, Wednesdays through Saturdays, through August 10. To help you find your footing, there are dance lessons Wednesdays through Fridays at 6:30. July 17: Steve Riley and the Mamou Playboys take the stage for a night of Cajun two-step. . . . ¶ July 18: Michelle (Evil Gal) Wilson, Candye Kane, and the Love Dogs play West Coast swing. . . . ¶ July 19: Malavoi and Charanson unloose the music of Martinique. . . . ¶ July 20: Saxophonist Illinois Jacquet swings. (Tickets available on the evening of the event.)

Readings—July 17 at 6:30: Paul Auster and Susan Sontag read from their work. (Union Square Park, Park Ave. S. at 16th St. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ July 18 at 8:30: Playwrights Tony Kushner and Suzan-Lori Parks read from their work. (Rumsey Playfield, mid-Park at 72nd St. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ July 20 at 1: Greg Tate's band Mack Diva plays while poets Xavier Cavazos, Letta Neely, and Carl Hancock read from (or sing or perform) their work. (Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway. No charge beyond museum admission.)

Walk—July 21 at 9:30 A.M.: After trekking from Greenacre Park, on East 51st Street, through Stuyvesant Town, and down East River Park, Devra Zetlan of Shorewalkers will rendezvous with downtown agrarians for a tour of community gardens on the Lower East Side. For more information, call 662-8922.

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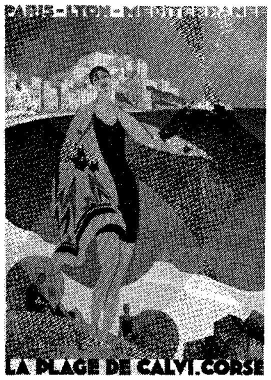

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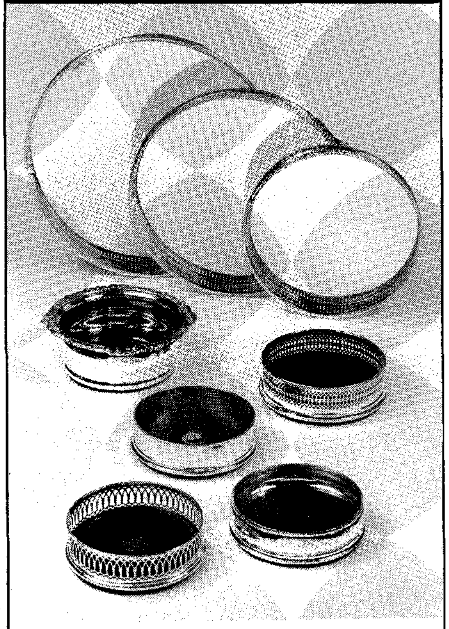

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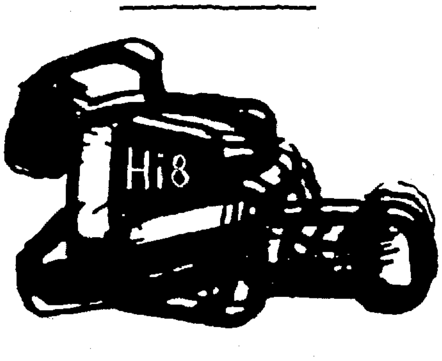
THE MOVIES



FILMS OPENING THIS WEEK

Bye-Bye—Writer-director Karim Dridi's drama about two French brothers of North African origin (Sami Bouajila and Ouassini Embarek) living with relatives in Marseilles. In French. Opening July 19. (Quad Cinema.)

Celestial Clockwork—An aspiring soprano (Ariadna Gil) leaves Venezuela to live in Paris, in a comedy directed by Fina Torres. In French. Opening July 19. (Carnegie Hall Cinemas and Quad Cinema.)

Cremaster 1 and Cremaster 4—Two films by the conceptual artist Matthew Barney. July 17-23. (Film Forum.)

Fled—A thriller starring Laurence Fishburne and Stephen Baldwin as convicts on the run. Written by Preston A. Whitmore II; directed by Kevin Hooks. Opening July 19. (Astor Plaza, Chelsea Cinemas, 84th Street Sixplex, First & 62nd Cinemas, Orpheum VII, 34th Street Showplace, and Village Theatre VII.)

The Frighteners—Peter Jackson's dark comedy about a ghost-infested small town, starring Michael J. Fox, Trini Alvarado, and Peter Dobson. Written by the director and Fran Walsh. Opening July 19. (Chelsea Cinemas, 84th Street Sixplex, First & 62nd Cinemas, National Twin, Park & 86th Street Cinemas, and Waverly.)

Kazaam—Basketball star Shaquille O'Neal plays a genie, in Paul M. Glaser's comedy about a twelve-year-old boy (Francis Capra) growing up in the inner city. Screenplay by Christian Ford and Roger Soffer. Opening July 17. (84th Street Sixplex, 86th Street East Twin, Embassy 1, 19th Street East 6, Sutton, and Village East Cinemas.)

Multiplicity—Michael Keaton gets cloned and cloned again, in a comedy directed by Harold Ramis. With Andie MacDowell and Harris Yulin. Written by Chris Miller, Mary Hale, Lowell Ganz, and Babaloo Mandel. Opening July 17. (Criterion Center, Gemini, Lincoln Square, 19th Street East 6, and Village Theatre VII.)

Trainspotting—Reviewed this week in The Current Cinema. Opening July 19. (Angelika Film Center.)

Walking and Talking—Catherine Keener and Anne Heche play two longtime friends in their late twenties, in writer-director Nicole Holofcener's drama about dating and marriage in New York City. With Todd Field. Opening July 17. (Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

CURRENT FILMS

(The signed notes are by Bruce Diones, Sarah Kerr, Anthony Lane, Terrence Rafferty, and James Wolcott. If a movie has been reviewed in The Current Cinema, the date of its review is given. Theatre information is listed on page 20.)

The Cable Guy—At last, a blip in the career of Jim Carrey—not something one would wish for (his talents are much too bendy and unpredictable), but something that was always waiting to happen. What's finally tripped him up is a bitter little movie that seems to want to be a comedy but can't make up its mind. Meagre of plot and low of mood, it stars Carrey as a technician who installs cable in the apartment of a lonely young man (Matthew Broderick) who has just split up with his girlfriend. They become friends, although only at the insistence of the cable guy; the tone drifts toward the homoerotic and back again, settling in the end for a straight stalker plot. Ben Stiller, the director, flirts with a variety of ideas without having the heart to see them through; the initial suspicion of television, for instance, simply fades from the movie. Maybe Stiller used up all his energy trying to cope with Carrey, who is more or less out of control. He certainly knows how to perform, so what's he doing in a picture that requires him to act?—A.L. (7/8/96) (Criterion Center, Lincoln Square, 23rd St. West Triplex, and Village Theatre VII.)

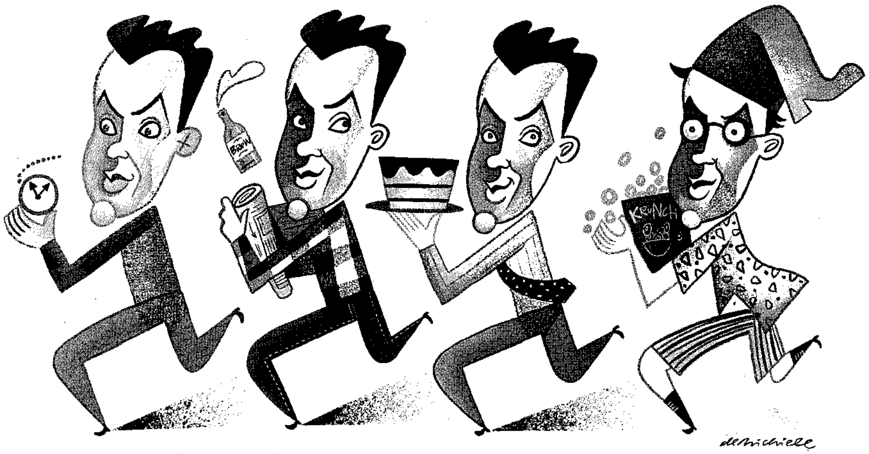
Courage Under Fire—A drama about soldiers in the Gulf War, starring Denzel Washington and Meg Ryan. Written by Patrick Sheane Duncan; directed by Edward Zwick. (Chelsea Cinemas, Coronet, Criterion Center, 84th Street Sixplex, Metro Cinema, Murray Hill Cinemas, Orpheum VII, and Waverly.)

Eraser—Arnold Schwarzenegger stars as John Kruger, a marshal with the Federal Witness-Protection Program. Anyone worried that the role sounds, by Schwarzenegger standards, rather sober and responsible will be relieved to learn that it consists largely of shooting alligators and falling out of a plane without a parachute. Kruger's mission is to protect Lee Cullen (Vanessa Williams), who knows something she shouldn't about illegal arms sales. As directed by Charles Russell, the movie is about as visually undistinguished as a major feature can be; purists will especially admire the shampoo-commercial quality of the forest-glade scene. The plot is scarcely more sophisticated, with various allies turning out, wholly predictably, to be traitors. Although the film should be a downer, it tumbles along with a kind of parodic glee, like a greatest-hits compilation from every thriller of the past few years—it even brings in a bunch of Mafia heavies to spice up the climax. With James Coburn and James Caan, one of whom is the villain.—A.L. (7/8/96) (Chelsea Cinemas, 84th Street Sixplex, Murray Hill Cinemas, New York Twin, Olympia, Orpheum VII, State, and Village Theatre VII.)

Harriet the Spy—Louise Fitzhugh's strange, beloved 1964 novel for children, about a precocious eleven-year-old who trains herself to become a writer by spying on people, is even harder than most books to transfer to the screen. Its themes—the lonely struggle to become an artist, the half-understood trauma of adolescence, the morally ambiguous pleasures of voyeurism—are mostly internal. And the Manhattan of cocktail parties, doormen, and nannies which the book chronicles seems, by today's standards, both quaint and undemocratic. So, in this adaptation, Harriet (Michelle Trachtenberg) hangs around with a multicultural rainbow of buddies, dances to loud, cheerful rap music, and lives (apparently) in Toronto (that's where the movie was filmed)—which is sort of like sending Holden Caulfield to mope in Seattle coffeehouses. Given these dubious choices, it's not so bad, especially in the second half, when the director, Bronwen Hughes, finally tones things down and starts getting to the story's very serious charm. With Rosie O'Donnell, who plays Harriet's rather mysterious nanny, Ole Golly, as a supportive standup comic.—S.K. (Art Greenwich Twin, East 85th Street, Embassy 4, Lincoln Square, New York Twin, and 19th Street East 6.)

The Hunchback of Notre Dame—After "Aladdin" and "The Lion King," Disney's new animated offering, directed by Gary Trousdale and Kirk Wise, feels rather sombre and, well, hunched. The design, as befits the Victor Hugo tale, has a Gothic sharpness and thrust, and younger children may, if all goes according to plan, freak out at the underground chambers stuffed with bones. It's hard to open your heart to Quasimodo (voiced by Tom Hulce), whose misfortune is not so much the malformation of his body as the hideously cute grin that mars his face. Esmeralda's lines are spoken by Demi Moore, who appears to have been the inspiration for the heroine's features and figure as well. A twodimensional Moore is arguably more animated than the standard three-dimensional model, but the character is still too glutinous to be much fun. As invariably happens in Disney productions, the heartwarming mush proves no competition for the murkier details; what gives the film some depth, and makes it a weird choice for a family outing, is Frollo (spoken by Tony Jay), the cathedral bigwig who not only has the hots for Esmeralda but insists on singing about them at great length. What will Disney adapt next? "Tropic of Cancer"?—A.L. (7/8/96) (Cinema 3rd Avenue, 86th Street East Twin, Lincoln Square, Metro Cinema, 23rd St. West Triplex, and Village Theatre VII. . . . ¶ Embassy 1; through July 18. . . . ¶ Embassy 2; starting July 19.)

Independence Day—More than just a big summer alien-invasion movie, the latest (unacknowledged) remake of H. G. Wells's novel "The War of the Worlds" is a pseudo event in which the audience prides itself on being part of the hype. The German director Roland Emmerich pictures America through the lens of an awe-struck tourist (instead of incapacitating hydroelectric dams or utility plants, the alien armada targets the Statue of Liberty, the Empire State Building, the White House), delivering the populist message that the land of the free is still a scrappy, defiant, can-do country. Bill Pullman plays the Clintonesque President; Jeff Goldblum, reprising his geek elegance from "The Fly" and "Jurassic Park," has the role of a cable-television technician turned scientific savior; Will Smith is a Marine fighter pilot who captures the first alien with a punch to the head. The movie has third-act problems: the pace drags, and the dogfights become a confusing swarm of gnats. At the end, millions are dead, entire cities are destroyed, nuclear detonations have released radioactive fallout—and the battered survivors stand around grinning as if they've just won a volleyball game. This shallowness is scarier than anything in the movie. The film gives the audience what it craves: spectacular nothing.—J.W. (7/15/96) (Chelsea Cinemas, Gotham Cinema, Lincoln Square, Olympia, Park & 86th Street Cinemas, 34th St. East, Village East Cinemas, and Ziegfeld.)



Opening July 17, Michael Keaton, Michael Keaton, Michael Keaton, and Michael Keaton in "Multiplicity."

ROBERT DEMICHIELL

Lone Star—A fine and fraught movie from the writer-director John Sayles, which boasts the same knotted narrative style as his earlier "City of Hope" but a more pressing melancholy and a keener sense of place. The setting is Frontera, a small Texas town on the Mexican border, once policed by Sheriff Buddy Deeds (Matthew McConaughey) and now overseen by his son, Sam (Chris Cooper). Sayles shifts between the two eras with gracious ease, linking them with an old crime—the unsolved and unmourned killing of Buddy's predecessor, Charley Wade (Kris Kristofferson), who held sway through bigotry and corruption. Thanks to Kristofferson's scary and unyielding performance, the murder mystery becomes the core of the film. Elsewhere you can sense the strain as Sayles works away at the generation gaps, introducing an Army colonel (Joe Morton) and a local schoolteacher (Elizabeth Peña) who are both bowed down with family problems. By the end, though, you're grateful for the movie's weight and substance (rare virtues in a flimsy summer); you feel that you've been put through something serious, not just taken for a ride.—A.L. (7/8/96) (Angelika Film Center, Lincoln Plaza Cinemas, and 68th St. Playhouse.)

Maybe . . . Maybe Not—Absolutely not. Sönke Wortmann's comedy about a philanderer named Axel (Til Schweiger) who gets kicked out by his girlfriend and ends up crashing with a gay man (Joachim Krol) combines Neil Simon's corniest plotting and Billy Wilder's cheapest cynicism, without either one's gift for a gag. In German.—S.K. (Angelika Film Center and Carnegie Hall Cinemas.)

The Nutty Professor—Eddie Murphy's talents seemed to have seized up or turned sour in his recent movies. But the star brings some freshness to this new twist on the old Jerry Lewis comedy, playing numerous roles without turning the picture into a hymn to himself. He stars first as Klump, a science teacher of vast proportions and surprising sweetness—hardly nutty at all. The nut is Buddy Love, the chattering womanizer into whom Klump is transformed by a gene-restructuring potion. Buddy is concentrated Murphy: it's as if the actor were laying out his own performance for inspection and realizing that it falls short—Klump is the one who gets the girl. The war between gentleness and mania lends muscle to what is, for the most part, an exuberant gross-out; the gags start at "Animal House" level and work downward, and the director, Tom Shadyac, doesn't so much pace the film as try to keep up with the unstoppable riffs of his star, who for good (if outsize) measure plays most of Klump's family, too. The makeup and special effects are a blast, especially at the finale, in which Klump and Buddy wrestle for possession of a single body.—A.L. (7/8/96) (Art Greenwich Twin, Baronet, Lincoln Square, National Twin, 19th Street East 6, Orpheum VII, and 34th Street Showplace.)

Phenomenon—Scientology hasn't improved Tom Cruise's acting much, but his fellow practitioner John Travolta certainly seems to be on a roll. Here Travolta plays George Malley, a regular-guy auto mechanic in rural California who looks up into the sky on his thirty-seventh birthday and is embraced by an intense light. Suddenly he's a genius, decoding secret Air Force messages, turning pig manure into fuel, and slowly, persistently winning the heart of Lace, a reclusive single mother (Kyra Sedgwick). The movie looks a lot like Scientology dressed up with junky Biblical overtones—in the generically Edenic landscape, and in the big love scene, in which, after the townspeople have turned their backs on George, Lace shaves him and washes his hair. Still, until the dénouement—a tearjerking piece of hagiography—it's surprisingly enjoyable. And Travolta, like George, works at a level exponentially higher than that of anyone else: his performance, a tour de force of clarity, conviction, economy of effort, and focussed will, is pretty close to genius. With Forest Whitaker and Robert Duvall as his apostles. Written by Gerald DiPego; Jon Turtletaub ("While You Were Sleeping") directed.—S.K. (Chelsea Cinemas, Cinema I, 84th Street Sixplex, Guild, Murray Hill Cinemas, Orpheum VII, and Village East Cinemas.)

The Rock—In Michael Bay's long, sadistic, and aggressively stupid action movie, Sean Connery and Nicolas Cage break into Alcatraz to dislodge a group of terrorists—commanded by Ed Harris—who have occupied the island and have aimed missiles filled with deadly nerve gas at San Francisco. The picture is designed to provide non-stop mindless fun, like a "Die Hard" movie, but Bay's manic, rhythmless direction turns the action sequences into incoherent spasms of violence.—T.R. (6/17/96) (84th Street Sixplex, Embassy 3, Murray Hill Cinemas, 19th Street East 6, Sutton, and Village East Cinemas. . . . ¶ Embassy 2; through July 18.)

Stealing Beauty—Bernardo Bertolucci's new picture is set in the Tuscan countryside outside Siena, which the director rescues from lingering prettiness with some startling, impatient editing. Liv Tyler plays the teen-age heroine, Lucy, who comes to a villa full of languid expatriates—among them a sculptor (Donal McCann) and a dying playwright (Jeremy Irons)—where she will lose her virginity and find out who her real father is. Neither of these events is surprising, let alone gripping, and the film slowly dwindles into a record of the rich at play—poolside Henry James. The screenplay, brittle and precious, is by Bertolucci and Susan Minot.—A.L. (6/10/96) (Angelika Film Center, Beekman, and Lincoln Square.)

Striptease—Carl Hiaasen's funny, sexy novel about a stripper involved in a custody battle that leads to a murder has been adapted by director Andrew Bergman into a comedy vehicle for Demi Moore, and the result is mediocre. Bergman, whose light comic touch has buoyed performances by Marlon Brando (in "The Freshman") and Nicolas Cage (in "Honeymoon in Vegas"), has shaped his script around the gym-bunny body of Moore, but her performance is brittle and clipped, with a Candice Bergen feel, as though comedy were a yoke around her neck. There are some good bits, and such actors as Burt Reynolds, Ving Rhames, and Robert Patrick deliver the comic goods in character parts. But Moore, for all her bumping and grinding, never heats the audience up. She strips, but she's too passive to be a tease.—B.D. (Criterion Center, Gemini, Lincoln Square, 19th Street East 6, and Orpheum VII.)

Vive L'Amour—The backdrop is Taipei, an overbuilt, arid hive of glass and steel, in which the three main characters hold down heavily symbolic jobs: May (Yang Kuei-Mei) sells real estate, Ah-Jung (Chen Chao-Jung) is a transient street vender, and Hsiao-Kang (Lee Kang-Sheng) sells drawer space in a crematorium. This is a movie about anomie and solitude, so most of the time they're alone—taking baths, turning cartwheels, contemplating suicide, and masturbating. The memorable and often funny images begin, after a while, to seem voyeuristic and cruel. Written and directed by Tsai Ming-Liang. In Mandarin.—S.K. (Quad Cinema.)

ALSO PLAYING

ANGELS & INSECTS (reviewed in our issue of 1/29/96): Angelika 57. . . . **ANTONIA'S LINE:** Cinema 3. . . . **THE BIRDCAGE** (3/18/96): Manhattan Twin and Worldwide Cinemas. . . . **CITY HALL** (2/19/96): Worldwide Cinemas. . . . **COLD COMFORT FARM** (5/13/96): First & 62nd Cinemas, Quad Cinema, and Regency. . . . **THE CRAFT:** Manhattan Twin. . . . **DEAD MAN:** 59th Street East Cin-

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ema. . . . **DRAGONHEART:** Criterion Center and First & 62nd Cinemas. . . . **EXECUTIVE DECISION:** Worldwide Cinemas. . . . **FARGO** (3/25/96): First & 62nd Cinemas, 62nd & Broadway, and 23rd St. West Triplex. . . . **FLIRTING WITH DISASTER** (4/15/96): Lincoln Plaza Cinemas. . . . **HEAVY** (6/17/96): Film Forum. . . . **I SHOT ANDY WARHOL** (5/13/96): Angelika Film Center. . . . **JAMES AND THE GIANT PEACH** (4/22/96): Manhattan Twin. . . . **MIGHTY APHRODITE** (10/30/95): Worldwide Cinemas. . . . **MISSION: IMPOSSIBLE** (6/3/96): Astor Plaza, 72nd Street East, 23rd St. West Triplex, 34th Street Showplace, and Village Theatre VII. . . . **NELLY AND MONSIEUR ARNAUD** (4/22/96): Lincoln Plaza Cinemas. . . . **A PERFECT CANDIDATE:** Quad Cinema. . . . **THE POSTMAN:** Carnegie Hall Cinemas. . . . **PRIMAL FEAR:** Worldwide Cinemas. . . . **PURPLE NOON:** Paris. . . . **A THIN LINE BETWEEN LOVE AND HATE:** Worldwide Cinemas. . . . **TWISTER** (5/20/96): Criterion Center, Gemini, and Village Theatre VII. . . . **THE VISITORS:** Cinema II and Quad Cinema. . . . **WELCOME TO THE DOLLHOUSE** (5/27/96): Angelika Film Center, Eastside Playhouse, and Lincoln Square.

THEATRE ADDRESSES

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(For show times, call 777-FILM, except where noted.)

ANGELIKA 57, 225 W. 57th St.
ANGELIKA FILM CENTER, 18 W. Houston St.
ART GREENWICH TWIN, Greenwich Ave. at 12th St.
ASTOR PLAZA, 44th St. at Broadway.
BARONET, Third Ave. at 59th St.
BEEKMAN, Second Ave. at 66th St.
CARNEGIE HALL CINEMAS, Seventh Ave. between 56th and 57th Sts.
CHELSEA CINEMAS, 260 W. 23rd St.
CINEMA I, Third Ave. at 60th St.
CINEMA II, Third Ave. at 60th St.
CINEMA 3RD AVENUE, Third Ave. at 60th St.
CINEMA 3, 2 W. 59th St.
CINEMA VILLAGE, 22 E. 12th St.
CORONET, Third Ave. at 59th St.
CRITERION CENTER, Broadway at 44th St.
EAST 85TH STREET, First Ave. at 85th St.
EASTSIDE PLAYHOUSE, Third Ave. at 55th St.
84TH STREET SIXPLEX, Broadway at 84th St.
86TH STREET EAST TWIN, Third Ave. at 86th St.
EMBASSY I, Broadway at 46th St.
EMBASSY 2, 3, AND 4, Seventh Ave. at 47th St.
59TH STREET EAST CINEMA, 239 E. 59th St.
FILM FORUM, W. Houston St. west of Sixth Ave. (727-8110).
FIRST & 62ND CINEMAS, 400 E. 62nd St.
GEMINI, Second Ave. at 64th St.
GOTHAM CINEMA, Third Ave. at 58th St.
GUILD, 33 W. 50th St.
LINCOLN PLAZA CINEMAS, Broadway at 63rd St. (757-2280).
LINCOLN SQUARE, Broadway at 68th St.
MANHATTAN TWIN, Third Ave. at 59th St.
METRO CINEMA I AND 2, Broadway at 99th St.
MURRAY HILL CINEMAS, 160 E. 34th St.
NATIONAL TWIN, Broadway at 44th St.
NEW YORK TWIN, Second Ave. at 67th St.
19TH STREET EAST 6, Broadway at 19th St.
OLYMPIA I AND II, Broadway at 107th St.
ORPHEUM VII, Third Ave. at 86th St.
PARIS, 4 W. 58th St.
PARK & 86TH STREET CINEMAS, 125 E. 86th St.
QUAD CINEMA, 34 W. 13th St.
REGENCY, Broadway at 67th St.
62ND & BROADWAY, 62 W. 62nd St.
68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, Third Ave. at 68th St.
72ND STREET EAST, Third Ave. at 71st St.
STATE, Broadway at 45th St.
SUTTON I AND 2, Third Ave. at 57th St.
23RD ST. WEST TRIPLEX, 333 W. 23rd St.
34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th St.
34TH STREET SHOWPLACE, 238 E. 34th St.
VILLAGE EAST CINEMAS, Second Ave. at 12th St.
VILLAGE THEATRE VII, Third Ave. at 11th St.
WAVERLY I AND 2, Sixth Ave. at 3rd St.
WORLDWIDE CINEMAS, 50th St. between Eighth and Ninth Aves.
ZIEGFELD, 141 W. 54th St.

REVIVALS

(The following notes are by Pauline Kael and Michael Sragow. Theatre addresses and phone numbers appear with the listings following these notes.)

CHINATOWN (1974)—Set in the thirties, this nostalgic thriller, in the style of Hammett and Chandler, draws on the history of Los Angeles, specifically the water-rights and real-estate swindles. You can feel the conflict between the temperaments of the scriptwriter, Robert Towne, and the director, Roman Polanski. In Towne's conception, the audience discovers the depth of the corruption along with the romantic-damn-fool detective J. J. Gittes (Jack Nicholson). Polanski makes the L. A. atmosphere gothic and creepy from the word go. It's all overdeliberate, mauve, nightmarish; everyone is yellow-lacquered, and evil runs rampant. And yet the nastiness has a look, and a fascination. Towne's temperament comes through, especially in Nicholson's Jake Gittes, the vulgarian hero who gives the picture much of its comedy. With Faye Dunaway, as the twitchy liar Evelyn Mulwray, and John Huston, as her baronial father. Music by Jerry Goldsmith.—P.K. (Film Forum 2; July 19-21.)

JULES AND JIM (1962)—François Truffaut's celebration of bohemian life in France and Germany in the years of artistic ferment between the First World War and the Second. The Austrian, Jules (Oskar Werner), and the Frenchman, Jim (Henri Serre)—the sort of young artists who grow up into something else—have a peaceful friendship. But when they are with Catherine (Jeanne Moreau) they feel alive; anything may happen. She's the catalyst, the troublemaker, the source of despair as well as the source of joy; an enchantress, she's also a fanatic, an absolutist, and a little crazy. Elliptical, full of wit and radiance, this is the best movie ever made about what most of us think of as the Scott Fitzgerald period (though the film begins much earlier). Truffaut doesn't linger—nothing is held too long, nothing is overstated, or even *stated.* He explores the medium and plays with it. Thoughout, Georges Delerue's music is part of the atmosphere. The cinematography is by Raoul Coutard. In French.—P.K. (Florence Gould Hall; July 23.)

LITTLE CAESAR (1930)—Edward G. Robinson's Rico is one of the major prototypes of the movie gangster, but Mervyn LeRoy's direction is sluggish, and the actors seem to be transfixed by the microphone. From a novel by W. R. Burnett, adapted by Francis Faragoh.—P.K. (American Museum of the Moving Image; July 20.)

LONESOME (1928)—In this small treasure salvaged from the rough transition from silents to talkies (it's got three clumsy dialogue scenes), a couple of single New Yorkers—a phone-company worker (Barbara Kent) and a punch-press operator (Glenn Tryon)—experience love at first (or maybe second) sight on a Coney Island holiday, then lose each other in the crowd. The director, Paul Fejos, takes this archetypal tale of the city and jazzes it up in the best way, with acute observations and a supple, razzmatazz technique. His adventurous editing allows him to create a boisterous Gotham while homing in—first humorously, then poignantly—on his hero and heroine. The opening sequence is a dizzying essay on how differently men and women wake up in the morning; the surprise ending, which adds a retrospective irony to this opening frenzy, epitomizes the wonderful cheap magic of the movies. The 1994 score by the Alloy Orchestra, a three-man group that creates amazing sounds from offbeat percussion instruments and synthesizers, augments Fejos's edgy, jagged lyricism. (The musicians will provide a live accompaniment for these screenings.)—M.S. (Walter Reade Theatre; July 19-20.)

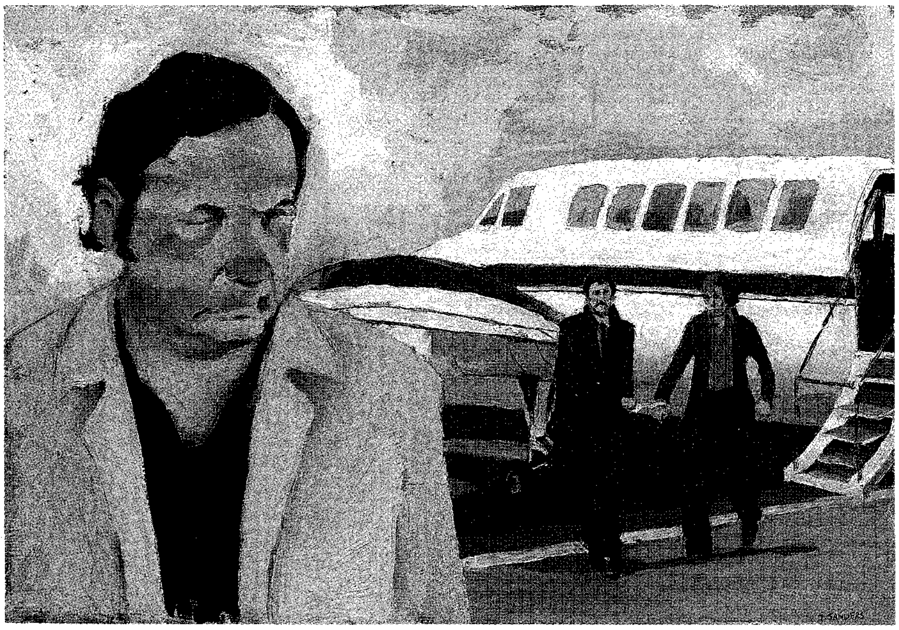
M*A*S*H (1970)—Robert Altman's marvellously unstable comedy—a tough, funny, and sophisticated burlesque of military attitudes that is at the same time a tale of chivalry. The heroes, played by Donald Sutherland and Elliott Gould, are combat surgeons patching up casualties a few miles from the front during the Korean war. They do their surgery in style, with humor; they're hip Galahads, saving lives while ragging the military bureaucracy. The movie's chief charm is a free-for-all, throwaway attitude. A surgical hospital where the doctors' hands are lost in chests and guts is certainly an unlikely subject for comedy, but "M*A*S*H" is probably the sanest American movie of its era. With Tom Skerritt, Sally Kellerman, and Robert Duvall. The semi-improvised material takes off from a script by Ring Lardner, Jr., based on the novel by Richard Hooker (a doctor's pseudonym).—P.K. (Film Forum 2; July 17-18.)

The Phenix City Story (1955)—Ace B director Phil Karlson gives the vice-ridden little-city Alabama milieu a skin-crawling seediness; the sleaze czar played by the saggy-bodied Edward Andrews moves through it with bewildering confidence, like a tyrannosaurus who can somehow maneuver in a tar pit. Based on actual events that led to the assassination of a reform candidate for attorney general, Albert Patterson (played by John McIntire), this volatile, point-ramming muckraker of a movie erratically conflates Hollywood professionals like Richard Kiley (as Patterson's son, John) with actual locations and real people. Yet its lived-in aura of corruption can't be shaken off, and its depictions of singular atrocities—like thugs kidnapping and murdering a black girl in broad daylight, to scare off the reformers—haven't lost their intense horror. Screenplay by Crane Wilbur and Daniel Mainwaring.—M.S. (Museum of Modern Art; July 18.)

Shane (1953)—Superficially, this is a Western, but from Shane's knightly costume, from the way his horse canters, from the Agincourt music, it's all too recognizable as an attempt to create a myth. With chivalric purity as his motivation, the enigmatic Shane (Alan Ladd) defeats enemies twice his size—the largest is the Prince of Darkness himself, Jack Palance. The earth-loving Wyoming homesteaders befriended by Shane include Van Heflin, Jean Arthur as his wife, and Brandon deWilde as their child. This George Stevens film is overplanned and uninspired: Westerns are better when they're not so self-importantly self-conscious. The cinematography by Loyal Griggs won the Academy Award; this must have struck him as a black joke, because Paramount, in order to take advantage of the new fashion for the wide screen, had mutilated the compositions by cutting off the top and bottom.—P.K. (Museum of Modern Art; July 22.)

The Sugarland Express (1974)—Lou Jean (Goldie Hawn) and her husband (William Atherton) are petty thieves who lost custody of their infant son while they were in jail; their attempt to get him back involves taking a highway patrol officer (Michael Sacks) hostage. The child is with his adoptive parents in the town of Sugarland, and as Lou Jean and her husband drive there in the patrol car they've commandeered, other cars follow. The twenty-six-year-old director, Steven Spielberg, patterns the cars; he makes them dance and crash and bounce back. The cars have tiffs, wrangle, get confused. And so do the people. These huffy characters, riled up and yelling at each other, are in the combustible comedy style of Preston Sturges; the movie sees the characters' fitful, moody nuttiness as the American's inalienable right to make a fool of himself. The cinematography—full of shimmering, eerie effects—is by Vilmos Zsigmond.—P.K. (Film Forum 2; starting July 23.)

Unconquered (1947)—In Cecil B. De Mille's expensive Technicolor epic about pioneers and Indians in pre-Revolutionary America, the usually spunky and brunette Paulette Goddard, playing an English bond slave, lets her dyed-red hair do the acting. It attracts both the gallant militiaman Gary Cooper and the dastardly illegal-arms tycoon Howard da Silva; indeed, it drives all men wild, except, of course, for the Indians, who subject her to ritual torture. Overblown, ludicrous, and racist, with leaden oratory about the frontier spirit, the movie nevertheless has its florid charms. De Mille knew how to break down sprawling sagas into lavish set pieces; in one irresistible spate of derring-do, Cooper, using nothing more than a compass and some gunpowder, rescues Goddard from the Indians, then takes her tumbling down the rapids. Charles Bennett, Fredric M. Frank, and Jesse Lasky, Jr., wrote the execrable script, from Neil H. Swanson's novel.—M.S. (Museum of Modern Art; July 21.)



Philippe Noiret, Jean Rochefort, and Sylvain Rougerie in "The Clockmaker."

TERI SANDERS

LATE RUNS, CLASSICS, ETC.

(Titles with a dagger are reviewed above.)

Film Forum 2, W. Houston St. west of Sixth Ave. (727-8110)—Films made in Hollywood between 1969 and 1975. July 17-18: "M*A*S*H" (†) and "Heavy Traffic" (1973, Ralph Bakshi). . . . July 19-21: "Chinatown" (†). . . . July 22: "Two-Lane Blacktop" (1971, Monte Hellman) and "Cockfighter" (1974, Hellman). . . . From July 23: "The Last Picture Show" (1971, Peter Bogdanovich) and "The Sugarland Express" (†).

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th St. (924-3363)—Through July 18: "In the Realm of the Senses" (1977, Nagisa Oshima; in Japanese). . . . From July 19: "Girlfriends," short films by or about lesbians.

Lincoln Plaza Cinemas, Broadway at 63rd St. (757-2280)—A program of films directed by Satyajit Ray, all in Bengali. Through July 18: "Pather Panchali" (1955). . . . From July 19: "Aparajito" (1958).

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480)—A showing of films from the museum's Martin Scorsese Collection. July 18 at 2:30: "East Side, West Side" (1949, Mervyn LeRoy). . . . July 18 at 6: "The Phenix City Story" (†). . . . July 19 at 2:30: "The Band Wagon" (1953, Vincente Minnelli), with Fred Astaire and Cyd Charisse. . . . July 19 at 6 and July 21 at 3: "Canyon Passage" (1946, Jacques Tourneur), with Dana Andrews. . . . July 19 at 8: "Silver River" (1948, Raoul Walsh), with Errol Flynn. . . . July 20 at 1: "Desert Fury" (1947, Lewis Allen), with John Hodiak. . . . July 20 at 3: "Streets of Loredo" (1949, Leslie Fenton), with William Holden, Macdonald Carey, and Mona Freeman. . . . July 20 at 5 and July 23 at 2:30: "Duel in the Sun" (1946, King Vidor), with Jennifer Jones and Gregory Peck. . . . July 21 at 1: "Man in the Saddle" (1951, André de Toth), with Randolph Scott. . . . July 21 at 5: "Unconquered" (†). . . . July 22 at 2:30: "Johnny Guitar" (1954, Nicholas Ray), with Joan Crawford and Sterling Hayden. . . . July 22 at 6: "Shane" (†). . . . July 23 at 6: "The Indian Fighter" (1955, de Toth), with Kirk Douglas.

Walter Reade Theatre, Lincoln Center, 165 W. 65th St., plaza level (875-5600)—A program of French films based on French novels, plays, or short stories. July 17 at 2 and 6:15: "Gervaise" (1956, René Clément). . . . July 17 at 4:15 and 8:30: "Douce" (1943, Claude Autant-Lara). . . . July 18 at 2 and 6 and July 21 at 6: "The Clockmaker" (1973, Bertrand Tavernier), with Philippe Noiret, Jean Rochefort, and Sylvain Rougerie. . . . July 18 and July 21 at 4 and 8: "A Sunday in the Country" (1984, Tavernier). . . . July 22 at 2 and 6:15 and July 23 at 4: "Thérèse Desqueyroux" (1963, Georges Franju). . . . July 22 at 4:15 and 8:30 and July 23 at 2: "La Bête Humaine" (1938, Jean Renoir), with Jean Gabin. . . . ¶ July 19-20 at 6:30 and 9: "Lonesome" (†). . . . ¶ Weekend showings for children. July 20-21 at 2: "The Secret Life of Walter Mitty" (1947, Norman Z. McLeod), with Danny Kaye.

American Museum of the Moving Image, 35th Ave. at 36th St., Astoria (1-718 784-0077)—A program of films directed by Mervyn LeRoy. July 20 at 2: "Little Caesar" (†). . . . July 20 at 4: "Two Seconds" (1932), with Edward G. Robinson. . . . July 21 at 2: "Gold Diggers of 1933.". . . July 21 at 4: "Showgirl of Hollywood" (1930).

Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. (355-6160)—July 23 at 12:30, 3:15, 6, and 8:45: "Jules and Jim" (†).

The 19th Asian American International Film Festival—Two weekends (July 19-21 and July 25-28) of new films from Hong Kong, China, Japan, Korea, Taiwan, the Philippines, Vietnam, Sri Lanka, Singapore, Canada, the United Kingdom, and the United States. (Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. For information, call 925-8685.)

Bryant Park, Sixth Ave. at 42nd St.—Mondays, starting at dusk: free drive-in-style moviegoing, beginning with Looney Tunes, coming attractions, and newsreels. The feature on July 22 will be "Funny Face" (1957, Stanley Donen). (Rain date is the following night.)

Film al Fresco, at Le Madri Restaurant, 168 W. 18th St. (727-8022)—Sunday evenings, more films out-of-doors, with food and live music beginning at 6 and the movie starting at about 8:30. On July 21, the feature will be "The Wild Bunch" (1969, Sam Peckinpah), with William Holden, Ernest Borgnine, and Robert Ryan. (Rain date is the following night.)

A Different Light Bookstore, 151 W. 19th St. (989-4850)—A Sunday-night series of free films (and popcorn). On July 21 at 7, the feature will be "A Summer Place" (1959, Delmer Daves).

Museum of Television and Radio, 25 W. 52nd St. (621-6800)—"Karaoke" and "Cold Lazarus," the final works by writer Dennis Potter (1935-94), are being shown at the museum on a rotating basis. July 18-19 at 6 and July 20-21 at 2: "Karaoke" (1996, Renny Rye), with Albert Finney, Saffron Burrows, and Hywel Bennett.

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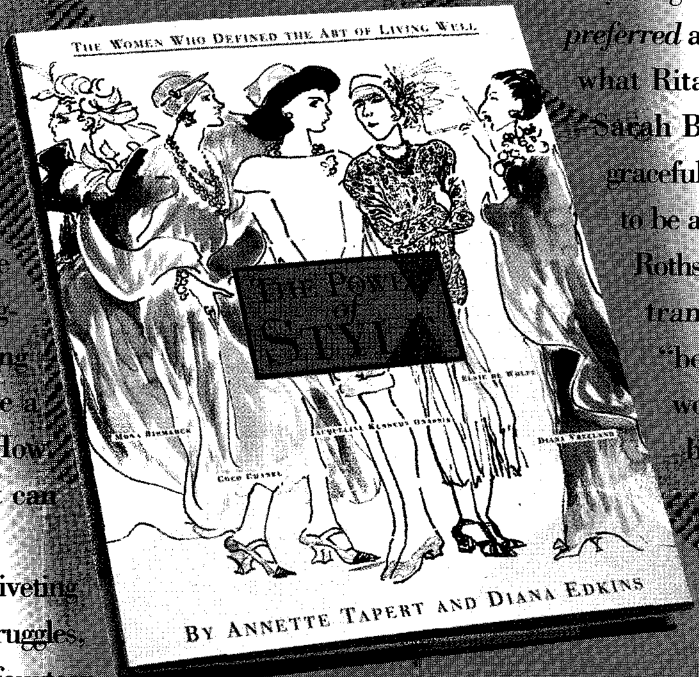
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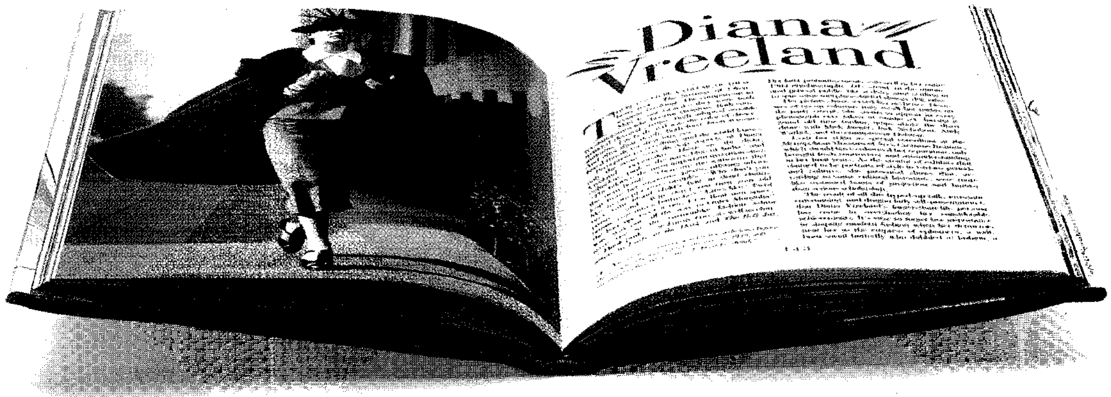
Diana Vreeland

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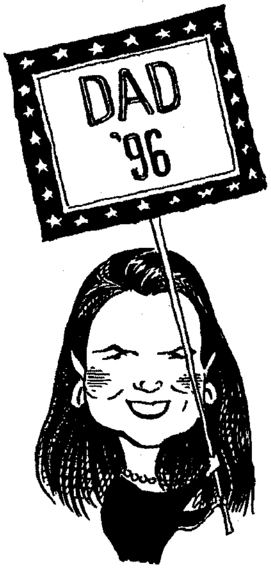
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

BABY LAMM

WHEN Heather Lamm was growing up, she learned, like most kids, the art of griping about her elders. Unlike most kids, however, Heather's primary tutor was her father, Richard, who at the time was the Democratic governor of Colorado, and a man prone to comments about America's aging population such as “We've got a duty to die and get out of the way.” Now that the elder Lamm is set to take on Ross Perot for the Reform Party's Presidential nomination, the younger one is raring to help him take his message national. “I grew up digesting the notion of generational equity with dinner,” Heather said the day her father announced his candidacy. “I'm supposed to start business school this fall, but I may defer so that I can help my dad's campaign. I mean, how can I concentrate on accounting classes when he's out leading a crusade?”



Heather Lamm

For students of generational politics—and of generational politicking—a Lamm double act would offer a fresh twist on a tired theme. While every politician has pledged to create a better world for “our children and grandchildren” (as Lamm did no less than three times in his speech last week), few of them have offspring who are making careers out of demanding that they live up to those promises. And that, as it happens, is just what Lamm's daughter has been doing.

A twenty-five-year-old graduate of Brown with well-scrubbed features and accent-free diction, Heather Lamm is, like her father, animated by matters of fiscal restraint, from balancing the budget to reforming entitlements. Also like him, she insists on the need for “hard choices” with an almost masochistic (and somewhat self-congratulatory) zeal. Indeed, since she moved to Washington after college, in 1993, Heather has been involved almost exclusively with efforts to make those choices clear. She has worked as a staffer for both the Kerrey-Danforth commission on entitlements and the deficit-bashing nonprofit Concord Coalition, and as a board member of the twentysomething advocacy group Third Millennium. Along the way, she has become a fixture among those mad-as-hell (yet unfailingly polite) Generation X talking heads—the kind who hold forth on C-SPAN about “fiscal child abuse” and the fact that more young people believe in U.F.O.s than believe that Social Security will exist when they retire.

For a while, following the 1992 election and its surge in youth voting, Heather and her crowd were much in vogue in Washington. Yet, despite attracting stacks of flattering press notices (“We are in an awful lot of Rolodexes,” she notes with satisfaction), the generational-equity fetishists have failed, she admits, “to create the groundswell we need to change the country.” In the 1994 elections, the twentysomething vote plummeted, and since then one prominent Gen X anti-deficit group, Lead . . . or Leave, has collapsed under the weight of its own hype, while today the more credible Third Millennium boasts fewer than three thousand members. “Dismal,” Heather sighs—but not, she thinks, hopeless.

“What we've needed all along is a leader—someone like my dad,” she says. “Next we need to boil the message down. Maybe we need to come up with a catch-phrase. How do you get the ‘It's the economy, stupid’ of entitlements? I mean, ‘Social Security isn't going to be there when you retire’ just is not going to cut it. But even if we can boil it down, the problem is that these issues aren't sexy ones, like the environment or civil rights. There's no enemy. You can't blame Grandma and Grandpa. And you can't make FICA the enemy, since not enough people even know what FICA stands for. Actually, *I'm* not even sure what FICA stands for.”

CONSIDERING all these difficulties—difficulties revolving around the group of voters that should be Dick Lamm's natural base—it would be easy enough to conclude that he and, by extension, his daughter face an impossible task. The logic of that conclusion is reinforced by the events of 1995, a year when the Republican Party (whatever else might be said of it) made the first relatively serious effort in a long time to restrain the growth of one of the federal government's major entitlement programs, Medicare, and was so thoroughly eviscerated politically that the G.O.P. has yet to recover. It's not hard to imagine that a similarly grisly fate would await Lamm's proposals—which include Medicare cuts that make the G.O.P.'s look anemic, as well as a plan to partially privatize Social Security—if Bill Clinton were to train his finest demagogic fire on them.

Before having to cope with Clinton, however, Lamm will have to get past Perot. On learning that the manic billionaire had declared his intention to run, Heather gasped, “I'm pretty shocked, and very disappointed. We always knew it was a huge possibility, but he could have acted in better faith. If this was his decision two days after my dad's announcement, why couldn't

ILLUSTRATIONS BY MICHAEL WITTE

he have told us two days before?" Collecting herself, Heather said that although Perot's entry hurt her father's chances, "we've had an incredible response from people—it could still catch fire. And even if it doesn't, at least these issues will get more exposure than they've ever had before." As for herself, a year ago she was quoted as saying that she didn't "know what crazy individual is willing to take the elderly on, when they vote and young people don't." Now, at least, she does.

DAMN GLAD TO FINANCE YOU

When Robert Kiley, the president of the New York City Partnership and Chamber of Commerce, scrutinizes the city's EKG, he sees encouraging flickers of life. Recently, he and the financier Henry Kravis announced that they had raised fifty million dollars for a venture-capital fund designed to funnel money into promising startup companies and firms looking to expand. The fund, along with Kravis's role as prime mover and chairman, was ballyhooed on the front page of the *Times*, but it is Kiley's group that will actually be allocating the money. Kiley, a pink-faced, gray-haired, slightly beaky gentleman, sees in the very formation of the fund an indicator of business confidence. "I'm not sure that this would have got off the ground five or ten years ago," he said over breakfast in his downtown office last week. "I think there's a rising belief that problems that were thought to be hopeless can be solved."

The New York City Partnership is a group consisting largely of prominent businessmen, and it's scarcely surprising that its leader sees prosperity around the corner. Kiley, however, is not known around town as a Sun Belt-style civic booster. During his tenure as chairman of the Metropolitan Transportation Authority, from 1983 to 1990, he revitalized a subway system that had fallen into disrepair—not exactly a job for a genial gladhander. In fact, he has the unusual distinction of having served in the C.I.A., from 1963 to 1970. He worked, he says, on the "operations" side, funnelling Agency money to "international voluntary" bodies like the National Student Association, which he ran after graduating from Notre Dame. And that's about as much as he cares to say on the subject.

Kiley sets great store by the Partnership's new fund, which, he explains, in flawless corporate argot, will make the kind of "opportunistic" investments that will "leverage" public and other private sources of capital, in order to create the sort of "synergy" that can lead to real job growth. But, for all his optimism, he doesn't for a moment believe that the fund can solve the underlying problems that have caused the city to lose three hundred thousand jobs since the late eighties. Since he became president of the Partnership in April of 1995, Kiley has laid out a vision of the city's future, and its immediate needs, which moves well beyond the obvious self-interest of the Partnership's members. Along with other civic leaders and some political figures, he has called for large-scale capital spending on mass transit, bridges, and schools. And he has suggested that this investment be paid for with new tolls and higher gasoline taxes, and with greater concessions from municipal unions—all of which Mayor Rudolph Giuliani vehemently opposes. The Mayor, not known for tolerating difference of opinion, retaliated earlier this year by excluding the Partnership from a mayoral advisory committee. Former Deputy Mayor John Dyson asked irritably whether the Partnership was "a business-advocacy group" or "a social-welfare group."

Kiley's answer to that question was "I'm here, and Dyson isn't"—a crack that he immediately regretted. Kiley is doing his best to keep his controversial opinions to himself these days. The Partnership's members, many of whom are staunch supporters of the Mayor, would very much prefer that he "get things done quietly and behind the scenes," he says. On the other hand, Kiley adds, to get things done privately "you have to be perceived as having the ability publicly to make a difference"—and that, in turn, means that "occasionally you have to speak and act publicly." Decoded, this appears to be Kiley's way of saying that he will not restrict himself to cutting ribbons with Henry Kravis.

MIND GAMES

"Anything that touches on the brain and technology is a very sensitive area," Tod Machover said the other day as workers carefully unpacked the electrostatic sensors, triangular scaffolding, white pods, cocoons, rubber ears, and other exotica that make up "Brain Opera," the four-and-a-half-million-dollar digital event that arrives next week from the laboratories of M.I.T. as part of Festival '96, Lincoln Center's forward-thinking convocation of art and entertainment. A bushy-haired, forty-two-year-old professor of music and media, Machover speaks in the breathless rapid fire of a composer who also happens to be an inventor. "Brain Opera" is his latest opus, and its principal goal, according to Machover's Web site, is to create an environment in which "friends and strangers, near and far, online and face-to-face, can make surprisingly beautiful music together!"

Exactly how this will happen is the tricky part. "Brain Opera," which takes place in the Juilliard lobby and the Morse Recital Hall, is divided into three parts. Visitors wander into a "mind forest," where devices such as a "melody easel" and a "gesture wall" will record their impressions. "There'll be little booths that you can put your head in," Machover promises. "And a bunch of screens where someone will ask you questions." There will also be a "virtual baton," a "sensor chair," and a game called "harmonic driving"—all invented by Machover—which visitors will be invited to play. Later, their responses will be compiled, like a latter-day opéra comique, and spoken dialogue and live feedback from the Internet will be added. Then the whole shebang will be blended together with prerecorded music and projected images. If everything works out, no two performances will be the same. The effect, Machover says, will be like "walking into somebody's brain."

Tod Machover

Will the typical Lincoln Center audience actually want someone mucking about in their minds? "I hope to attract people who wouldn't normally go to Lincoln Center," Machover says. "Not that I'm trying to be anti-Lincoln Center—but the stuff we're doing is so different it requires a little time to digest."

"Brain Opera" is an homage of sorts to the work of Machover's mentor, Marvin Minsky, the Yoda-like mega-intellectual who has spent the past forty-odd years examining the relationship between music, our brains, and society. Minsky often asks questions like, Why do we spend so much time on music when it has little or no practical value?

"I think one of the big taboos is this kind of 'right-brain, left-brain' thing," Machover explains. "One of the things that 'Brain Opera' puts on the table is that thinking and feeling are a lot closer than we ever thought—that logic ain't so logical. I find it all very exciting."

CROSS CRIME SCENE DO NOT CROSS CRIME SCENE

RIVER RENAISSANCE

WHAT many people believe is the best Italian restaurant in Europe sits on the Thames in London, in a neighborhood that until recently was a dark province in the empire of fried fish and wilted sandwiches. The restaurant is Ruth Rogers and Rose Gray's River Café; it is in a reclaimed-warehouse space designed by Rogers' husband, the architect Richard Rogers; and not long ago its cooking became the subject of a book, written by Rogers and Gray and entitled "The River Café Cook Book," which, when it appeared in England, last year, was called by one reviewer, flatly, "the best cookery book ever published." Even our own Wolfgang Puck has praised it as "the most delicious Italian cookbook I have ever put my hands on," and anyone who has cooked up Rogers and Gray's *penne alla carbonara* or their *spaghetti al limone* would probably agree, or, anyway, be too busy eating to argue. This month, the book was published in the United States, under the title "Rogers Gray Italian Country Cook Book." (There is a perfectly nice River Café on a barge in the East River, and nobody wants to confuse readers or antagonize its owner.) Both the restaurant and the book are an expression of a renaissance of the London Modern sensibility—the century-old William Morris-to-Rayner Banham sensibility, which insists that a faith in common sense, clean lines, English river air, and imported Mediterranean folk culture will make England young again.

The other evening at the River Café, Ruth Rogers talked a little about the origins of the restaurant and the book as she stood not far from the pure interior's only decoration, a giant projected-shadow clock. On this night, there was a nice mix of improbable types—movie people (Steve Martin is a regular); art people (Lucian Freud is, too); and a sprinkling of Saatchis—but mostly it was filled with ordinary people out for a good dinner. It is a casually democratic restaurant, and Rogers sometimes has to spend a lot of energy trying to dissuade visiting Americans (she is American herself) from their conviction that there is a best table in the house, and that they are not at it. "Americans are strange about tables," she said. "The other night I had to say, 'But this is where Richard sits.' " As she spoke, she noticed, with pleasure, that an intense two-year-old had escaped from his parents' table on the restaurant's terrace and had been picked up by a waiter, who was holding him on his hip as the parents watched.

"You see," Rogers went on, "in 1987 Richard and his partners had found these warehouses on the Thames and had the hope that they could become a sort of community. We had a record company, a small architect and designer, even someone making stained glass. Richard tore down one of the warehouses and made a green space, with the vision of having a place to eat for that community. Rose is an old friend, and from the very first discussion we realized that we had the same conception. She had lived for four years with her family near Lucca; I went to Italy every summer, since Richard's family is Italian; and we both wondered why we couldn't have the kind of food here that you eat in Italian homes. Neither of us is a trained cook. We had learned to cook by cooking for our kids, and we decided to run the whole restaurant on domestic terms, the way we run our lives. We change the menu twice a day by looking in the fridge and seeing what's there. Our zabaglione ice cream is Richard's mother's recipe, from when they were here during the war. When she couldn't get Marsala, she substituted Bristol Cream sherry and rum, and we still do. A lot of people say that our recipes are easy, because we use so few ingredients and most of them come from home."

There are people in London who believe that the renovated warehouse area, with the Café as its heart, is a kind of purposeful demonstration piece on the part of Richard Rogers (Labour's cultural éminence rose)—a vision of what he would like London to be in the next century. People think that he wants to show how wonderful the city would be if it were opened to the river, as it hasn't been since Shakespeare's time. A new balance would be struck between the north and south banks, and there would, of course, be a powerful Italian influence everywhere—the full Elizabethan recipe, in fact, which someone mislaid in the seventeenth century. Ruth Rogers deflects the suggestion, though she says she is glad that London is beginning to reclaim its river. "Well, it would be nice if this place could be a model for something, though I would love it if more places like this opened on the river and oh, my God, I think now the baby is serving cappuccino to the customers." Then she laughed, because he was. ◆

"Baby Lamm," John Heilemann; "Damned Glad to Finance You," James Traub; "Mind Games," Andrew Essex; "River Renaissance," Adam Gopnik.

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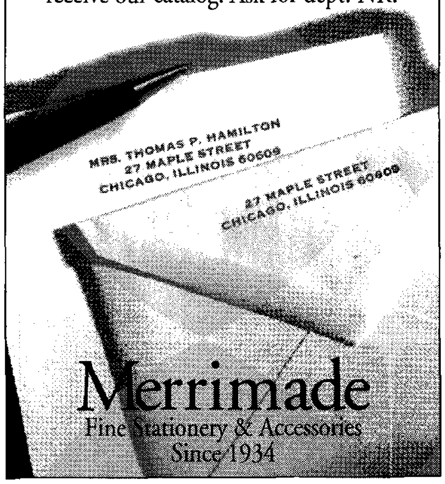

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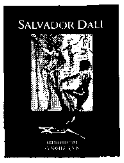

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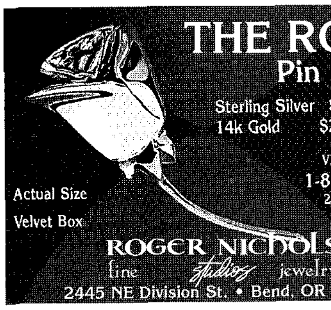
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ANNALS OF LAW ENFORCEMENT

DON'T SHOOT

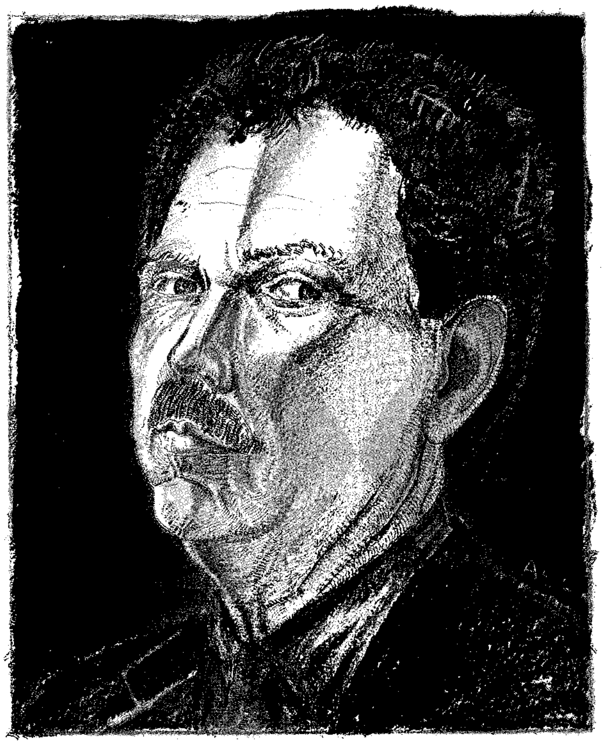
In the new F.B.I., patience comes first.

BY LUCINDA FRANKS

IN April of 1995, a few days after the bombing of the Oklahoma City Federal Building, Clinton Van Zandt, an agent with the Federal Bureau of Investigation, and various colleagues were called to a meeting by Director Louis J. Freeh to discuss ways of approaching militia groups for help in investigating the bombing, without further inflaming their fears of the government.

Van Zandt, who was about to retire after twenty-five years with the Bureau, had considerable experience in this area of law enforcement. As a member of the F.B.I.'s Behavioral Science Unit, he had worked on profiles of numerous serial offenders. More prominently, he had served as the Bureau's chief negotiator with various kinds of hostage-takers, from skyjackers and bank robbers to members of heavily armed religious cults. Recently, he had been involved in the two most widely publicized F.B.I. operations in years: the sieges of the right-wing militants at Ruby Ridge, in Idaho, and the Branch Davidian sect, near Waco, Texas. On both occasions, Van Zandt had argued for the use of persuasion over force. Both times, he had been overruled by his superiors, resulting in a disastrous loss of lives.

At the meeting, Van Zandt warned Freeh that the F.B.I. was in danger of appearing to become a "superspy" agency. "I said that we should be careful not to feed the paranoia about government as an evil force," he recalls. "I suggested that we didn't need to spy on these groups—we could reason with them. Sitting down with them on a porch and drinking iced tea out of Mason jars long before the crisis occurred would be more effective than pointing guns at them."



Former chief hostage negotiator Clint Van Zandt: From G-man to psychologist.

ALAN E. COBER

Two months later, Van Zandt was again called in by the director, this time to discuss a crisis-response team that had been set up to deal with what the Bureau refers to as "barricade situations." He recommended to Freeh that the new unit include at least two or three of his fellow-members from the Behavioral Science Unit. "I outlined some of the techniques we had used to crack the superglue that holds these messianic groups together," he says. "Freeh seemed to understand. I felt that he wanted to create a new kind of F.B.I. out of the ashes of Waco."

AS the Bureau's conduct during its recent operation in eastern Montana against the Freemen militants has demonstrated, the country's premier law-enforcement agency is adopting a radically new approach in dealing with violent extremist groups. Throughout the Bureau's eighty-one-day siege of the Freemen farm, not a single shot was fired. Time abetted the strategy of psychological attrition, so that when the Bureau finally cut off the farm's electrical power the militants' resolve disintegrated and a surrender was negotiated.

Director Freeh views the Freemen affair as a turning point in F.B.I. history, resulting from the harsh lessons learned at Ruby Ridge and Waco. "Our policies there were seriously flawed," he says. "We were letting the tactical-assault-team commander control the situations, and negotiations came second. In Montana, for the first time, we were all on the same sheet of music. In fact, the negotiators were calling the shots and the tactical teams were in the background."

This victory of patience over force has given Van Zandt and other behavioral scientists now retired from the Bureau an enormous sense of vindication. "During my years with the F.B.I.," he says, "we agents who believed that outsmarting the bad guys was better than trying to outshoot them were fighting an uphill battle against the Bureau's traditional mind-set, which held that you didn't try to figure out who the enemy really was, you just said, 'Come out with your hands up or I'll blow you away.' As far as I'm concerned, the Freemen operation was a demonstration of *real* strength. It showed that the giant had nothing to gain by crushing the fly when he could achieve his goal by cupping his hands around it. The fact that everything ended without a single loss of life proved the critical importance of using a psychological approach to crime."

ATTEMPTS to infer the personality and motives of offenders have of course always played a part in criminal investigations. But the scientific application of psychology to smoking out fugitives or solving baffling cases is of relatively recent origin. In 1957, a behavioral profile developed by a psychiatrist, James Brussel, finally led police to the notorious Mad Bomber, who had set off twenty-three explosions in New York City. Brussel's profile, which was based on his analysis of the method of planting explosives, of letters by the bomber to newspapers, and of his own experience treating the disorder of paranoia, proved to be so accurate that it correctly predicted even the culprit's fondness for double-breasted suits.

It was in 1972 that the Bureau established its Behavioral Science Unit—then consisting of nine members—at the F.B.I. Training Academy, in Quantico, Virginia, to instruct young agents in the behavioral patterns of repeat offenders. This development signalled the Bureau's first—if tentative—move out of the J. Edgar Hoover era, during which criminal detection was driven by the "Just the facts, Ma'am" approach, as portrayed by Jack Webb in the television series "Dragnet."

Instead of relying on the accumulation of empirical evidence—fingerprints, hair samples, eyewitness reports, and the like—to lead them to the offender, the psychologically trained agents looked for clues to the offender's personality, habits, and whereabouts which were derived from studies of patterns of behavior typical of his particular crime. For example, early studies of serial killers suggested what has since become a guiding principle of criminal profiling: such offenders invariably begin killing close to home, then expand their activities outward.

In response to the skyjackings and politically inspired violence of the seventies, the F.B.I. created an élite assault unit called the Hostage Rescue Team in 1983. Increasingly summoned to barricade situations, the H.R.T. required the assistance of behavioral-science agents trained in the nascent techniques of negotiating for the release of hostages. In 1980, the Bureau assigned one agent, John Douglas, to work full time on criminal portraiture and established a nine-person unit devoted to hostage negotiating.

The Bureau's behavioral scientists gained national recognition in the early eighties when John Douglas, the lead profiler, was asked for his opinion on the serial killer suspected of murdering more than twenty black children and young adults in Atlanta. Douglas made

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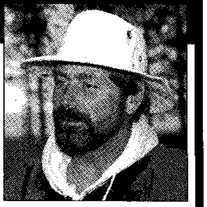

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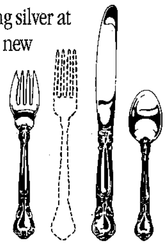

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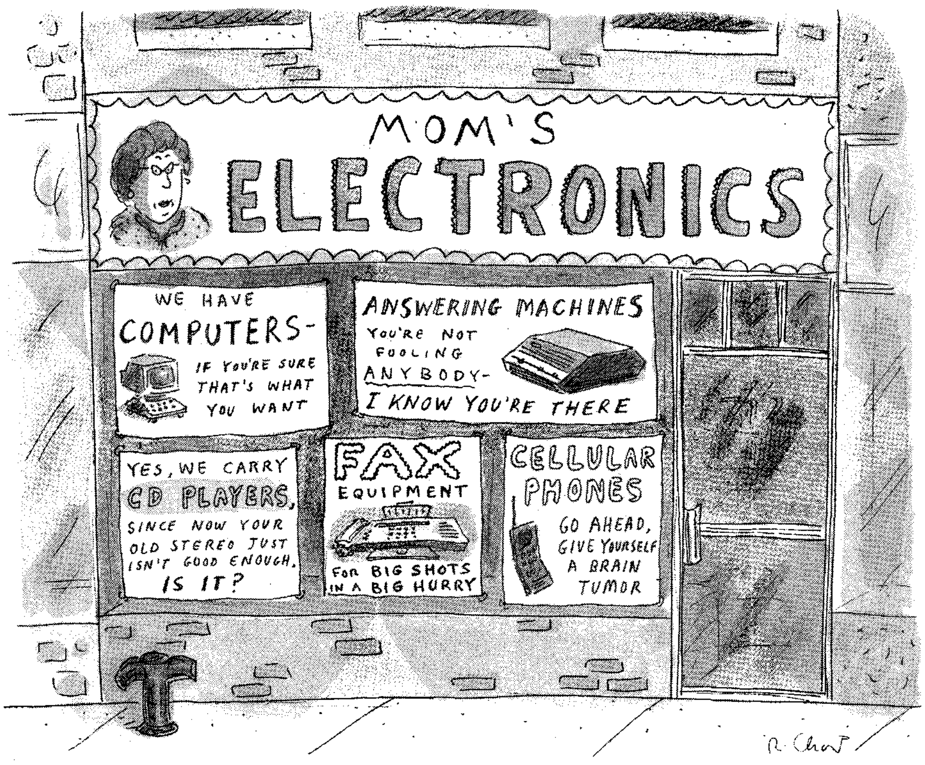
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the controversial statement that the culprit was probably a young black male, and he drew up a detailed profile of the suspect. This profile helped lead to the arrest and conviction of Wayne Williams, who fit Douglas's description in important respects, and it lent new credibility to the science—or "art," as the behavioral scientists themselves call it—of profiling. Earlier, Douglas and his colleagues had interviewed dozens of child molesters, rapists, and murderers in penitentiaries to develop prototypes of various kinds of serial offenders. By analyzing such psychological "footprints" as the type of weapon used, the position and size of wounds, the language employed in threatening notes, and the choice of crime scene, investigators could more quickly eliminate false leads, and—so the theory went—track the suspect right up to his door. By 1985, the profiling program had become so successful as an aid to local police investigations that the workload of the five full-time behavioral agents had expanded from fifty to five hundred cases a year.

Even so, within the Bureau these agents continued to be viewed with skepticism. "The older guys called us the 'B.S. unit,' and that did not mean 'behavioral science,' " John Douglas recalls. "They tended to think of us as weirdos sitting around humming mantras and playing with a Ouija board until a face magically appeared." Situated in an obscure basement room sixty feet below ground at Quantico, Douglas and his colleagues turned out profiles that the Old Guard considered to be crude, speculative, and—since they could not be introduced as evidence in court—largely pointless.

In no recent case did this intramural conflict redound to such effect as it did during the eighteen-year hunt for the Unabomber. In 1980, after the fourth bombing attack, Douglas developed a profile in which he described the offender as a white male in his late twenties or early thirties, an "asocial obsessive-compulsive loner of above-average intelligence," who—in the light of the Northwestern University setting of the first two bombings—was probably from the Chicago area and had connections with academe. Sixteen years later, this profile proved to be a remarkably prescient portrait of Theodore J. Kaczynski, the Chicago-raised former mathematics professor, who has been indicted in four of the bombings.

Although the F.B.I. will not comment on the Unabomber case, it seems clear that while Douglas's profile was never entirely disregarded by investigators, it was superseded by a rival theory. Using physical evidence of certain fragments found at the sites of several of the bombings, proponents of the "just the facts" approach developed a portrait of the suspect as a blue-collar airplane mechanic. As the bombings continued, Douglas's arguments for a more behavioral approach lost ground. He recommended that his profile be publicized in the media as a proactive strategy designed to lure the suspect out of the shadows—and prod people who might recognize him in the description to come forward—but his requests were turned down by superiors who adhered to the Bureau's traditional practice of not tipping the F.B.I.'s hand to offenders.

In 1993, a far more detailed updating of the Douglas profile, which described the bomber as a neo-Luddite with a degree in the hard sciences, was put aside in favor of the airplane-mechanic theory, and this became the overriding thrust of the investigation. Douglas, along with various retired members of the Unabom Task Force, now voices sharp criticism of what he sees as the F.B.I.'s wrongheadedness. Others involved in the case say that the investigation was far too complex for one theory to have resulted in the suspect's capture, but Douglas insists, with the considerable benefit of hindsight, "The Bureau dropped the ball so many times. The behavioral scientists had a guy like Kaczynski pegged from the beginning, and if the Bureau had used our proactive strategies after the traditional ones had failed for so many years it might have caught the suspect ten years and three lives sooner."

No agent's career has been more emblematic of the F.B.I.'s evolution into a psychologically sophisticated intelligence agency than that of Clint Van Zandt, Douglas's former colleague in the B.S.U., who joined the Bureau as an old-fashioned agent in 1970, became an ardent behavioral scientist, and retired in August, 1995. Van Zandt and his wife, Dianne, live outside Fredericksburg, Virginia, in a Cape Cod-style house that also serves as his office for a private security-consulting business, Van Zandt & Associates.

Van Zandt, who is fifty, is a slim man with a round, dimpled face and a bushy salt-and-pepper mustache that rather startlingly suggests a disguise. His stepfather was an assistant fire chief in Granite City, Illinois, and he grew up in an atmosphere where responding to crises was routine. An indifferent student, he dropped out of Southern Illinois University twice before graduating, in 1971, with a degree in psychology. In 1966, he had joined the Army serving in Intelligence and spending a year in South Vietnam. Although his patrol duties qualified him for a Purple Heart, he did not apply for the decoration, he says, because he felt that his wound, from shrapnel, was too insignificant.

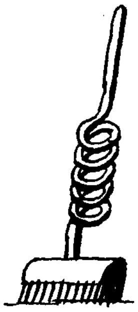
Of his early years in the F.B.I., Van Zandt speaks with self-deprecating bravado. "I made a hundred arrests in my first year, and I loved it," he recalls. "I was corny as hell. I remember kicking open the door of a boarding house, and this felon's hands were creeping toward a shotgun. I pointed my revolver and growled, 'What color roses do you want at your funeral?' "

Before long, however, Van Zandt wearied of playing the tough guy. He had been raised a Baptist, but in 1979 he became a "born again" Christian. "I needed a faith that was simple and strong to sustain me out there every day," he said. "I needed to be able to go into a critical situation, say a quick prayer, and feel that I had turned things over to God and could only do my best."

Van Zandt's faith in himself was seriously shaken in June, 1981, when he was called to a bank in Rochester, New York, where a gunman had taken eight hostages. The man had positioned a female teller between two sets of glass doors and was threatening to kill her at three in the afternoon unless the police came in and executed him. "As far as I knew, nobody had ever killed a hostage on deadline in the history of the United States," Van Zandt says, "so I suggested, 'Let's hold off.' I was terribly wrong. At exactly three o'clock, the guy aimed his shotgun at the woman. She cried out that she was the single mother of a young son, but he paid no attention. He shot two rounds into her back. Afterward, he stepped in front of a window knowing that a sniper was across the street. He was killed instantly. I had two little boys and a girl of my own. Watching that young mother die made me realize just how valuable human life is."

In the mid-seventies, Van Zandt, prompted by his interest in psychology, enrolled in the F.B.I.'s courses in hostage negotiations and behavioral profiling. He took night courses at the State University of New York College at Brockport, and eventually received a master's degree in public administration, specializing in crisis management. An avid reader of pop-psychology books, Van Zandt admits that he's no intellectual. "I'm a horse-sense man," he says. "I liked going through the coal fields, picking up diamonds here and there."

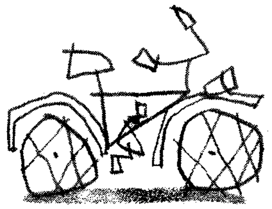
VAN ZANDT joined the hostage-negotiation program at Quantico in July of 1984. His first opportunity to put psychological theory to the test came in April of 1985, when he was sent to rural Arkansas to negotiate with a survivalist group called The Covenant, the Sword and the Arm of the Lord: its members were barricaded inside a compound, heavily armed in preparation for an imagined takeover of the world by Jews and blacks. In the eyes of the tactical agents, Van Zandt cut an odd figure. One of them recalls, "Here was this guy going around telling us not to cross our arms when we talked to the Covenant leaders, because that might convey hostility. Nor should we cuss, because that might offend their religious beliefs. We thought, Who is this guy? Does he know what the hell he's talking about?"



Van Zandt acknowledges that trust—and truth—are highly elastic commodities in barricade situations. "There were kids in there," he explains, "and, of course, you say anything to try to get them out of a situation like that. I remember sitting under a tree, blathering away on a portable phone to one of the nuts inside that I was a born-again Christian. I said that he and I weren't so different, really, and wouldn't it be too bad if this whole thing ended in a shoot-out and the blacks and the Jews stood over our tombstones and laughed at two stupid Christian white men who had killed each other? Then I rattled off these statistics—I don't know where *they* came from—about how the chances that our judicial system would send someone like him away were only about seven per cent. The tactical agents were holding their noses." A day and a half later, all eighty-five men, women, and children in the compound surrendered.

In certain situations, Van Zandt, who was named the Bureau's chief hostage negotiator in the early nineties, tempered his ardor for talking things out. He had come to realize that negotiators can, in effect, be accomplices in a crime if they fail to recognize that continuing to talk may only give the hostage-taker more time to prepare for violence. In 1988, he and other negotiators confronted a man who was holed up in a house in Sperryville, Virginia, having abducted his common-law wife and their three-year-old son. The man threatened to kill the woman if he wasn't provided with safe transport out of the area. After a night of fruitless negotiations, he demanded the use of the F.B.I. helicopter parked nearby. Using a classic strategy of negotiation, Van Zandt rejected the kidnapper's demands before finally pretending to relent, then made sure that the man could see food being loaded onto the helicopter. Because he'd been informed that the kidnapper was a drug addict with little to live for, Van Zandt figured that the man would kill his hostages if things went on much longer. At last, when the helicopter was loaded, the kidnapper emerged from the front door holding a knife to the woman's throat and a gun to her temple, with the terrified child perched on his shoulders.

"Clint made the most difficult decision anyone can make," Terry O'Connor, the local F.B.I. chief who was in charge of the operation, recalls. "He decided that negotiations just wouldn't work and the man would have to be killed to save innocent lives." A sniper was positioned seventy yards away in long grass, and when the kidnapper realized that he was trapped he dropped to his knees, jammed the gun to the woman's head, and said, "Goodbye, kitten." At that moment, the sniper fired into the kidnapper's head, severing the man's brain stem, so that he couldn't pull the trigger as he went down. The woman and child were unharmed. Later, Van Zandt made a point of talking things over with the sniper. "I wanted him to know that he had to do what he did," Van Zandt says. "He replied that he thought of himself not as having taken one life but as having saved two."



One of Van Zandt's operating principles was that you could defuse a violent situation if you tapped into the hostage-taker's deepest desires. In 1987, negotiating by telephone, he helped bring about the capture of a man who was holding two chambermaids in a Louisiana motel by agreeing to allow him to marry one of the hostages. "We got a minister to perform the mock ceremony over the telephone," he recalls, "and then we persuaded the man that he had to come out and sign a certificate before he could consummate the marriage. Sure enough, out he came with Addie, his bride, on his arm. She was followed by Mary, the maid of honor, carrying the shotgun."

In several such operations, the negotiators and the Hostage Rescue Team meshed perfectly. In November, 1987, Van Zandt was called to a federal prison in Oakdale, Louisiana, where more than a thousand rioting prisoners, most of them illegal Cuban immigrants who were fearful of being deported, were holding twenty-eight hostages. Van Zandt arrived to find the Cubans barricaded behind a wall of rubble in the prison yard. "They were yelling and cursing and aiming a homemade flamethrower at us," he says. "The Hostage Rescue Team and the Bureau of Prisons had snipers positioned on the roof. The Cubans had tied a guard to a chair and doused him with a flammable liquid, and were holding a knife to his throat. To an outsider—which is really what a negotiator is—the whole spectacle seemed unreal. I turned to one of my colleagues, a terrific Hispanic agent, and said, 'Fernando, this looks staged to me.' He agreed. The Cubans were indulging in machismo. I felt they were not going to harm that guard. I ran up to the fence and said to the Cuban leader, 'Hey, this is nuts. This is going to be another Attica.' The guy ripped open his shirt and said he was prepared to die. I said, 'Brother, today's not the day. Listen, for every step back we take, you take one, too. Let the guard go and then we'll talk.' The guy looked at us curiously, shrugged, and said, 'O.K.' "

Van Zandt explains, "As a negotiator, you learn not only to psych out individuals but also to psych out the atmosphere. A prison riot has a life cycle. Often, the prisoners need to revel in their freedom for several days before they're ready to sit down and work a deal."

SUCH coöperation between the assault teams and the negotiating teams owed less to F.B.I. official policy than to the good will of individual agents. In recent years, as antigovernment groups became more visible and more violent, the tactical agents, whose job was essentially to heat things up, found themselves increasingly at odds with the negotiators, whose aim was to cool things down. (The tactical agents often contemptuously referred to the negotiators as "social workers," and the negotiators called the tacticals "knuckle-draggers"—gorillas.) Part of the hostility resulted from the Bureau's diffuse chain of command, a leftover from the Hoover era, which put the agents who ran the regional offices in charge of those who were sent out from Washington to handle barricade situations. Since the majority of the regional heads had risen through the ranks under Hoover, they tended to regard the negotiators as upstarts at best and nuisances at worst.

Leon Blakeney, a retired agent who was a member of one of the first SWAT teams trained by the F.B.I., in the early seventies, maintains that the tactical agents had good reason to be wary of the negotiators. "In the early days," he says, "negotiators seemed to think that they actually had to befriend their subject in order to reach him. Sometimes you'd see these guys identifying so much with the hostage-takers that they got what amounted to the Stockholm syndrome."

In August, 1992, tensions between the two camps erupted during the F.B.I. standoff with the armed Weaver family at Ruby Ridge. Van Zandt, who was coördinating negotiations from the F.B.I. academy at Quantico, advised that the key to resolving the standoff was to talk patiently with Vicki Weaver, the woman of the house. Van Zandt feels that the tactical agents badly overestimated the dangers posed by the Weavers, which compromised negotiations and led to the shooting death of Mrs. Weaver while she was standing behind the front door holding her baby daughter. Disgusted by Ruby Ridge, Van Zandt transferred in October of 1992 to the Behavioral Science Unit, where he became a profiler under John Douglas.

Then, a few months later, came Waco. Three weeks into the F.B.I. siege of the Branch Davidians' compound, Van Zandt was pulled out of the B.S.U. to help with the negotiations. Neither side was budging, and the conviction had begun to grow that further attempts at negotiating would only postpone the inevitable showdown. John Cox, an agent who was at Waco early on, recalls that Van Zandt arrived "full of hope and enthusiasm," and explains, "He had all these new concepts, and, of course, we'd already tried them all. We weren't making any progress, because Command occasionally would break off negotiations whenever David Koresh"—the Branch Davidian leader—"did something they didn't like."

Van Zandt maintains that negotiations were often stymied by the actions of the tactical team. "It seemed like every time the Davidians were about to soften, the H.R.T. would drag away their cars on the theory that they might use them for cover in a firefight. We kept showing that we couldn't be trusted."

One night, Koresh asked if he could talk by phone to a "Christian." Van Zandt was summoned. For the next two hours, the two men debated Scripture. "He was trying to persuade me that the Bible allowed him to have sex with young girls," Van Zandt recalls. "I said, 'Hey, David, you're taking everything out of context, buddy,' but he kept leaping all over the place for justifications. Finally, he said, 'Brother Clint, do you know who I am? I am the Christ.' "

Although Van Zandt came to the conclusion that Koresh would never give himself up, he now feels that further talking would eventually have driven a wedge between the self-styled messiah and many of his followers. "If, from the very beginning at Waco, we had exercised the infinite patience that Freeh's crisis team did with the Freemen," he maintains, "there's a good chance those women and children would have come out, one by one."

Five days before the disastrous F.B.I. raid, Van Zandt sent a long analysis, prepared with a psychiatrist, to the Bureau's headquarters describing Koresh as "probably a functional, paranoid type psychotic" who would rather die than lose face. The response was oddly off-target. According to Van Zandt, he was asked to delete "functional, paranoid type psychotic" on the ground that Koresh's lawyers might try to use it in an insanity defense.

Many of the twenty-four children who died at Waco were known to the negotiators by sight. "It took a big toll on everyone who was there," John Cox recalls. "Van Zandt was especially crushed. He's a born-again Christian, and the fact that there was nothing he could do to save those lives really got to him."

WHEN Van Zandt retired from the Bureau, last August, he was, he says, "emotionally worn out." "There were all those faces—women, kids, the weak ones with knives pressed to their throats—whom I had had to turn my back on because I was calling the bluff of the hostage-taker. Once you see that utter horror of someone who thinks he's going to die, you own it forever."

Then, a few months into his retirement, Van Zandt found himself once again pressed into behavioral work of a dramatic kind when he was asked, confidentially, by a private investigator to compare family letters written by Ted Kaczynski with the Unabomber's anti-technology manifesto, which had been published in the Washington *Post* and the New York *Times*. Van Zandt reported to his client that it was likely that all the documents were the work of the same man. He heard nothing more about the matter until one afternoon last April, when one of his sons, Jon, pulled him over to the family television to see the just captured Kaczynski. At the sight of the gaunt, shaggy-haired recluse, Van Zandt shouted, "That's him! That's the guy who wrote those letters!"

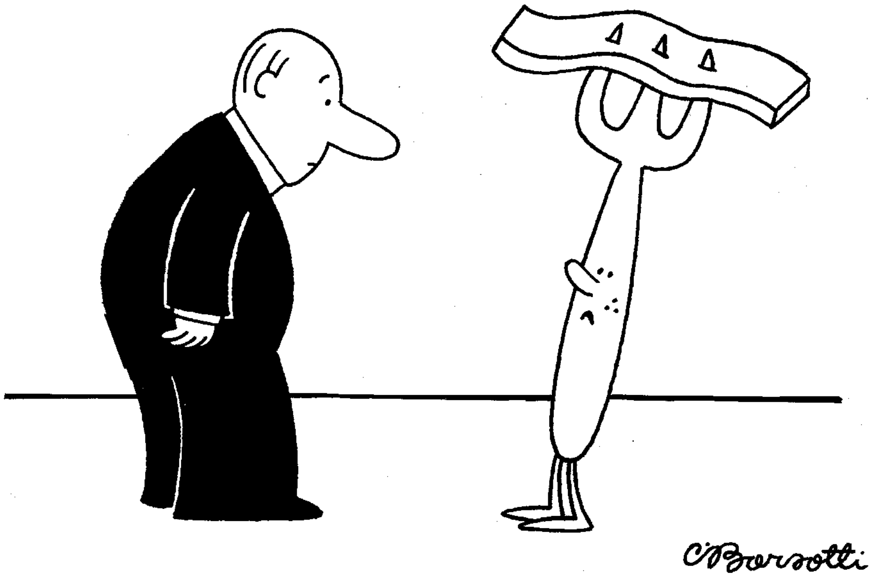
Van Zandt was further elated by the nonviolent end to the Freemen affair, in which he played a small but vital role. Louis Freeh says, "In one of my meetings with Clint, he suggested something that would have been unthinkable in the old days, which was that we use third-party negotiators who were antigovernment. Well, in the Freemen siege we did use people like that, and it proved extremely helpful."

Freeh, who became director in 1993, declares that the battle between the behavioral scientists and the traditionalists is largely over. "In Montana," he says, "there was so much understanding between the two teams that at times they reversed traditional roles. The SWATs wanted the negotiators to keep going back to the table, while the negotiators kept wanting a little military persuasion, such as an occasional parade of armored tanks and flybys."

According to Freeh, the old-fashioned F.B.I. agent, who tended to do things strictly by the book, is becoming an extinct breed. "We have three hundred and fifty new agents at Quantico," he says, "and they're a different generation: very diverse in their backgrounds and apt to ask challenging questions instead of blindly doing what they're told. They *must* use behavioral psychology. This is what good investigators have always done, of course, but now they have a discipline—a whole new system of expertise, set up by pioneers like Van Zandt—to help them do it better. I have such a high regard for behavioral science that in barricade situations I've given the negotiators equal status with the SWAT teams. This is essential for the kind of flexibility we must have. We've got so many different types of criminals and terrorists out there that you have to divine what their end plan is before you can begin to handle it."

Freeh sees the Freemen operation as having been a "testing ground" for the Bureau's new approach. He points out that a big mistake at Waco was keeping the Hostage Rescue Team on duty far too long, which left them exhausted. "In Montana, we rotated thirty-five different SWAT teams so that no one group worked more than two and a half weeks," he says. "I think we did everything pretty much right."

Van Zandt agrees, but he is perfectly content to stay well clear of any more barricade situations. "I've been too close to the abyss too many times not to have a healthy respect for the black hole—I mean the one in your soul," he says. "A new generation of agents is coming up, and they are going to be much better equipped—emotionally and intellectually—than I was to deal with the inhumanity of people to one another." ♦



"He ain't heavy, Father. He's a noodle."

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THE SPORTING SCENE

FEEL NO PAIN

Rowing's unlikely hero has dedicated his life to the most gruelling sport.

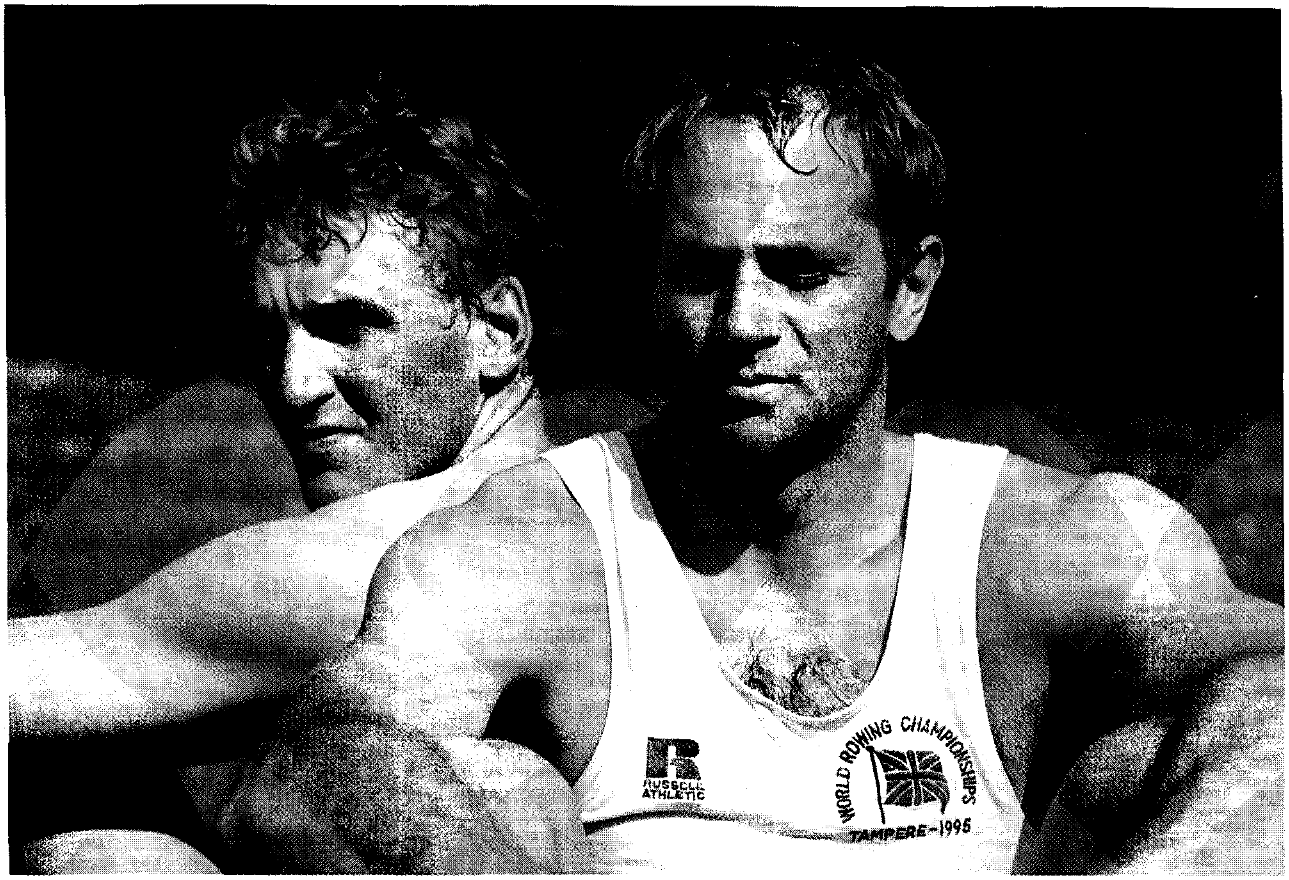
BY JOHN SEABROOK

EARLY one morning in June, I rode a bike along the towpath next to the Thames, watching the three-time gold-medallist Steven Redgrave and his partner, Matthew Pinsent, row up and down the Henley Reach, the most famous stretch of water in the rowing world. They won the gold medal in the coxless-pair event in Barcelona, in 1992; they have won the last three world championships; and they hope to add the coxless-pair final in Atlanta, on July 27th, to their string of victories. They looked smooth and powerful as they glided past the other, slower crews, and although they have somewhat different rowing styles—Pinsent, in the stroke seat, was stiff and upright, while Redgrave looked more relaxed, his shoulders rounded over the oar—the boat moved as if it had entered the quasi-mystical state of oneness that rowers call "swing." Redgrave, who is the "toe" in the boat—the steersman, so called because you steer with your foot—was hugging the riverbank, where there was flat water and shade.

Redgrave has won thirteen events at Henley since 1981, and last year, after he and Pinsent won the Silver Goblets race, they did a ceremonial paddle past the Stewards' Enclosure and the cheering grandstands, because Redgrave, who is thirty-four, had announced that this was going to be his last Henley. Sixty years ago, Redgrave, a workingman's son, would probably not have been allowed to row at Henley at all, because of the Amateur Rowing Association's rule excluding anyone "who is or has been by trade or employment for wages, a mechanic, artisan, or labourer, or engaged in any menial duty." This is the famous rule that is said to have kept Jack Kelly, Grace's father, who won three gold medals in sculling in the twenties, from competing in the Diamond Challenge Sculls race, because he had once worked as a bricklayer.

Among Olympic oarsmen, virtually all of whom are university graduates with their careers on hold while they do the training necessary to row at the Olympic level, Redgrave is the exception. He has a wife and two kids, and is for all practical purposes a professional oarsman—probably the only rower in the world who earns enough from sponsorship deals, product endorsements, and motivational-speaking fees to support himself above the poverty line. Unlike the twenty-five-year-old Pinsent, whose father is a country vicar, and who is an Old Etonian and an Oxford Blue—a classic representative of the upper-crust side of the sport, which I encountered when I spent a year at Radley, an English public school—Redgrave was a poor student, because of a learning disability, and left school at sixteen. (Sometimes, when he is giving autographs and a fan asks for a special inscription, he gets flustered, and worries about reversing the letters or misspelling the words; Pinsent helps him out with inscriptions when he can.) Redgrave is not going to be a doctor, a lawyer, or an investment banker, like most of the other athletes you see rowing in the Olympics: young men and women from good schools who are enjoying one of the last refuges of amateurism—the chance to play in their own versions of "Chariots of Fire"—before getting on with their real lives. For Redgrave, rowing in the Olympics *is* real life.

As I cycled along beside the pair, I was also thinking about my own rowing career. I was good enough to make the Princeton heavyweight varsity as a sophomore, and I like to think I might have made a good bowman in a national boat if I had reordered my priorities. I was remembering in particular a timed piece I rowed on this course with a guy from Radley, who was trying out for the British Junior Olympic team. He was the dominant personality in our boat, just as Redgrave is in his, although I secretly thought I was the better oarsman; Pinsent no doubt thinks he's better than Redgrave, too. This is how rowers are. In a pair, the central dynamic of rowing with other people, which is that you need each other absolutely but you compete with each other relentlessly, is boiled down to its essence. If one oar is pulling harder than the other, the toe will have to use the rudder to keep the boat straight, and this will slow the boat down. It's not unusual to hear pairs oarsmen screaming at each other as they go down the race course, and this is not necessarily a bad thing: if you have two oarsmen thinking, You bastard, I'm going to pull you around, you can have a very fast pair.



Steve Redgrave (right), with Matthew Pinsent, will be trying for his fourth consecutive gold. Photograph by Walter Schmitz.

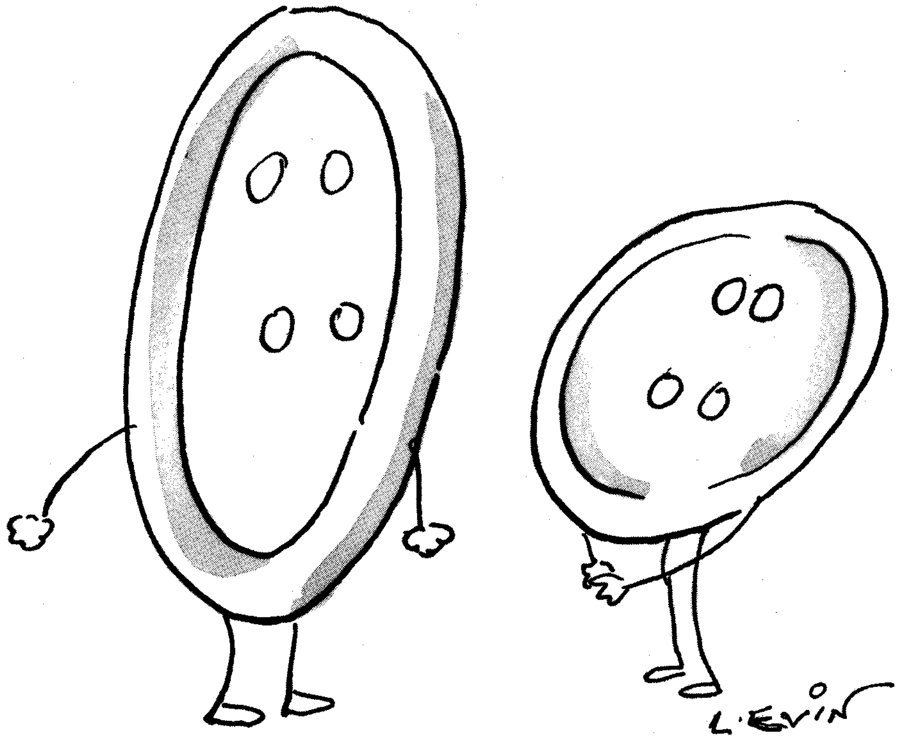
BILDERBERG

AFTER their row, Redgrave and Pinsent showered in the Leander Club and went upstairs to the Members Bar to have breakfast. Each of them drank a pitcher of squash and ate a bacon sandwich. The plan was to rest for an hour before starting the second workout of the morning, a session of heavy weights. Both men are six feet five and weigh about two hundred and twenty-five pounds, which is large for pairs oarsmen. Heavyweight oarsmen have the approximate strength of weight lifters and the metabolic capacity of cross-country skiers, a combination that gives them their unique balloon-chested physique. The pectorals are pushed high and squashed nearly flat by the amazing oxygen-into-energy processing machines underneath. The back is more muscular than the chest: it looks like a second chest, facing the other way. The thighs are the most "cut"-looking parts of the body, but the calves are oddly slender; rowing is not a "weight-bearing" sport.

Redgrave, who is handsome in a slightly haunted way, was chewing his sandwich slowly, as though to conserve as much energy as possible, even in his jaws. Exhaustion was written in his face; he looked older than thirty-four, like someone who'd been breaking rocks every day for twenty years. Pinsent looked fresh and healthy, sitting in his characteristic correct posture, with his head thrown back—a schoolboy god. Watching them interact, I was thinking that rowing with an oarsman as famous as Redgrave, who ranks with Nick Faldo and Torvill and Dean in terms of name recognition in England, cannot be easy. Redgrave's first partner, Andrew Holmes, with whom he won a gold medal at Seoul, became so fed up with his fame that they split up after the Olympics, and Holmes dropped out of rowing. Redgrave's second partner, Simon Berrisford, was injured in 1989 and dropped out of rowing, too. It says something about Pinsent's resilience that he has kept up with Redgrave for six years.

The sport of rowing actually has a bias against superstars, which is one reason that it seems somewhat out of place in modern sports culture. In both boarding school and college, we were taught that rowing wasn't about personal glory but about doing what's best for the crew. The very best rower on the crew was the same as the worst in the boat, and believing this was the only way to achieve swing. Of course, there were silent stars—standout athletes who were three or four levels above the rest of us—but generally only the other oarsmen knew who they were.

To a certain extent, Redgrave's success has meant flying in the face of the crew ethic. Redgrave was once quoted in the *Sunday Telegraph* as saying, "My biggest failing is that I have to rely on other people if I'm to win"—a statement that is the very antithesis of the team ideal I learned as a rower. He demonstrated early in his career that he was not particularly interested in rowing with men who did not have the same commitment to the sport that he had—which was virtually everyone else on the national squad. Why should he, who was giving his whole life to rowing, haul along a boatload of student amateurs (like me), who were dividing their loyalties between rowing, school, and their careers? It is not surprising that Redgrave's first ambition was to be a



"You're cute, too."

• •

single sculler. "The eight is a country's blue-ribbon event," he told me in Leander, "but can you name the people who were in the gold-medal-winning eight in the last Olympics? Whereas you would at least stand a chance of naming the winning single sculler." But Redgrave wasn't good enough to beat Kolbe and Karppinen, of West Germany and Finland, respectively, who dominated that event throughout the eighties. In the 1985 world championship, Redgrave, trailing in a semifinal, stopped sculling in the middle of the race. This is a famous event in international rowing circles, because it is, as one oarsman put it to me, "the only proof we have that Redgrave is mortal." (Redgrave maintains that he injured his back during the race, and points out that he had to be carried from the boat.) After that, he gave up his dream of single sculling and focussed on the pair.

PINSENT got up and said he was going downstairs to start on the weights. I tried to get Redgrave, slumped in an ergonomically incorrect position in a chair against the wall, to talk about the small pleasures of rowing, or to wax poetic on the mystical pursuit of the perfect stroke (Steve Fairbairn, the longtime coach of Jesus College, Cambridge, used to say that you could never really row; you can only imitate the act of rowing in a boat), but Redgrave didn't seem interested in my collegiate enthusiasm. He said, "I don't row for pleasure, I row to win gold medals." He doesn't pay much attention to his diet, or take vitamins, or stretch before workouts. He hates to train. Nevertheless, he works out six hours a day, seven days a week—all this for perhaps ten six-and-a-half-minute races a year.

The paradox of rowing is that this most physically demanding of sports is about eighty per cent mental, and the higher you rise in the sport the more important mental toughness becomes. Rowers have to face the grim consequences of starting a two-thousand-metre race with a sprint—a strategy no runner, swimmer, cyclist, or cross-country skier would consider using in a middle-distance event. Since rowers race with their backs to the finish line, the psychological advantage of being ahead in the race—where you can see your opponents but they can't see you—is greater than the physiological disadvantage of stressing the body severely so early in the race. If you get behind, something like "unswing" can happen: the cumulative effect of the group's discouragement can make the individuals less inspired. Therefore, virtually every crew rows the first twenty or thirty strokes at around forty-four strokes a minute (which is pretty much flat out) before settling down to around thirty-seven for the body of the race.

As a result of this shock to the system, the rower's metabolism begins to function anaerobically within the first few seconds of the race. This means that the mitochondria in the muscle cells do not have enough oxygen to produce ATP, which is the source of energy, and start to use glycogen and other compounds stored in the muscle cells instead: they begin, as it were, to feed on themselves. These compounds produce lactic acid, which is a major source of pain. In this toxic environment, capillaries in the hardest-working muscles begin to dilate, while muscles that aren't working as hard go into a state of ischemia—the blood flow to them partially shuts down. Meanwhile, the level of acid in the blood continues to rise. Mike Shannon, a sports physiologist who works at the new Olympic training center, outside San Diego, told me that the highest levels of lactic acid ever found in athletes—as measured in parts per million in the bloodstream—were found in the blood of oarsmen, about thirty parts per million. "That's a tremendous amount of pain," he said.

Marathon runners talk about hitting "the wall" at the twenty-third mile of the race. What rowers confront isn't a wall; it's a hole—an abyss of pain, which opens up in the second minute of the race. Large needles are being driven into your thigh muscles, while your forearms seem to be splitting. Then the pain becomes confused and disorganized, not like the windedness of the runner or the leg burn of the biker but an all-over, savage unpleasantness. As you pass the five-hundred-metre mark, with three-quarters of the race still to row, you realize with dread that you are not going to make it to the finish, but at the same time the idea of letting your teammates down by not rowing your hardest is unthinkable. Therefore, you are going to die.

In a sense, all the training you do as an oarsman is to prepare you for this critical moment in the race, which is extremely dramatic, though it doesn't show up on television. But heavyweight oarsmen are famously laconic by nature, and they almost never talk about pain; it's a taboo subject. The feeling is that if you talk about pain you might begin to fear it, and the fear will get into your head in funny ways, both in the specific dread of racing and the long-term dread of training, like a psychic version of repetitive-stress injury. When I asked Redgrave about the pain, he said, "What pain? There's no pain," as though he didn't even know what I was talking about.

If Redgrave and Pinsent win the final in Atlanta, as they almost surely will, Redgrave will become the first athlete in an endurance event ever to win gold medals in four consecutive Olympics. After that, he says, he is going to retire. He sees no point in coaching rowing, either, since if he's coaching he may as well be on the water. For the last eighteen years, his life has been devoted to one thing—winning gold medals—and now, more than most athletes, he is facing an affliction that might be called post-gold-medal-trauma syndrome.

"I've got no plans," Redgrave said when I asked him what he saw himself doing when he retires. "I'm taking the kids to Disney World. That's the only plan I have."

"No more rowing?"

"That's it. Finished. I have no plans to row after this race," he said. He added that his wife, Ann, wants him to retire, so that he can be more available to do things with their two young daughters. "She would like to lead a more normal life, whatever that is. Not having weekends is tough. That's the big family time."

"But what are you going to do?" I asked. "You have no idea?" It seemed strange that someone who would prepare so fanatically for one six-and-a-half-minute race would not be the least bit prepared for life after that race.

"No idea," Redgrave said. The subject of life after rowing, it seemed, was like the subject of pain—untouchable. "Whatever I do, it won't be a nine-to-five job. I've been my own boss for twenty years and I'm not going to work for someone else."

I asked Redgrave what his gold medals meant to him.

"Once you've won them, they don't mean much," he said. "You look to the next one. I suppose knowing what you've achieved is a way of enjoying them."

When I asked Ann, who is the doctor for the British rowing squad, whether she thought Steve really was going to retire, she said, "I doubt it. He has lived with the job so long now he doesn't know any other way. My training as a doctor tells me people just can't switch off like that."

I said, "Maybe he could just row at Henley."

"That wouldn't be enough for Steve. It's the Olympics or nothing for him. The rest doesn't matter. The thing that has driven Steve all along is the desire to be the best—and that's what the Olympics means. So he wins four gold medals, and that makes him one of the very best, but if he won five that would make him *the* best."

I asked Ann what motivates Steve to win.

"Oh, I don't know," she said. "I suppose it comes from his dyslexia, his learning disability. That made it very difficult for him in school—until he found rowing, which was something he could do well. The others he went to school with who had that problem had to face it earlier, but because of Steve's rowing he never had to, and now it's a bigger problem, because he's put it off that long. Rowing's given him an avenue away from facing it."

Steve disagreed with this. "If I don't stop rowing, it's because I love to row. My dyslexia is not a factor."

The central tenet in the amateur ideal of rowing, as I received it, is that the principles you learn in rowing will be valuable to you when your athletic career is over. According to this philosophy, Redgrave's incredible mental tenacity, discipline, and commitment will be invaluable to him in anything he wants to do. While I was in England, I tested this ideal on Richard Budgett, whom I rowed with at Radley, and who was the two man in the coxed four that Redgrave stroked in the Los Angeles games for his first gold medal. (The boat was a decent one until Redgrave got into it; then it flew.) "Success helps breed confidence," Budgett, who is now a doctor, told me, sitting in his garden in London. "I'm a lot more confident now for having won a gold medal." He added that his gold medal had definitely helped him in his career. "I could get into whatever hospital I wanted to," he said, "just by putting the gold medal on my C.V.—because people were interested to meet me. And I'm not a complete idiot. Two years ago, when the job of chief medical officer of the British Olympic Association became available, I applied for it, and I'm sure my medal helped me get it."

Budgett talked about his life as an Olympic athlete as though he were talking about living in an ashram in India or sailing around the world—as a higher life, totally outside his daily existence. "Until about three years ago," he said, "I was telling myself that I could drop everything, train full time, and have another go at the Olympics. But of course I couldn't. I have my practice and Sue and the children. It's over."

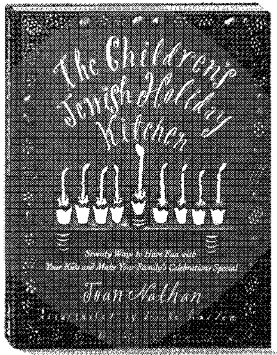
I also ran this credo past Michael Evans, the god who stroked the boat that I rowed in at Princeton; he won a gold medal in 1984, in the Canadian eight, and is now an investment banker at Goldman, Sachs, in Fleet Street.

"You mean do I think, Last five hundred! when I'm in a tough situation? No," Michael said. The phone rang, and he said into the receiver, "What do you mean it hasn't been priced yet? . . . O.K., but I need you at this meeting." He hung up. "Let me tell you something," he said to me. "Nobody in the business world gives a rat's ass if you win a gold medal in the Olympics." (A classic Evans line, which took me right back to that boat.) "They say, 'Oh really? That's very interesting! Now let's get to work.' They have no idea what it takes, of the dedication and the time and the training. Most of them are weekend warriors who play tennis or do a little running—and they think they can understand. And they have no clue!"

He added that he thought Redgrave was probably the greatest oarsman ever, and that even if his gold medals don't count for much in life outside the Olympics they have great meaning to the few people who understand what it took to win them.

"Last month, we were doing an offering for an athletic-footwear company," Michael said, "and a colleague introduces me to one of the guys from the company and says, 'Oh, you two have something in common,' and I go 'What's that?' and he says, 'You both won gold medals in the Olympics.' And I just looked at the guy, and he was the softest-spoken, humblest guy you can imagine, and he didn't have to say anything. I knew what that meant to him in his life. What an enormous event that must have been for that guy, back in 1960. I didn't say anything, and neither did he. We both just knew what it meant." ♦

Make a Memory...



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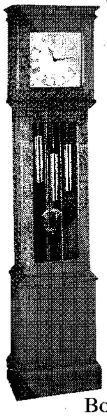

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TOMORROWLAND

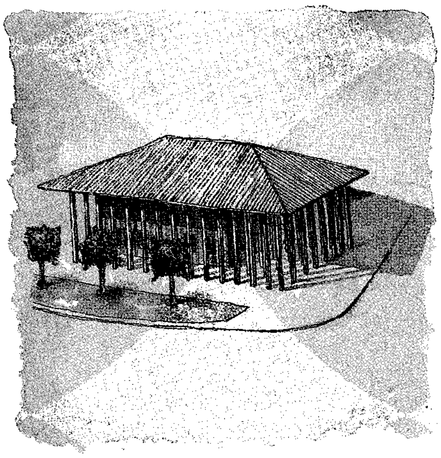
Living in a community planned by Disney has to be a nightmare, doesn't it?

BY WITOLD RYBCZYNSKI

Famous firsts are recorded by sports statisticians, academic journals, and the Guinness Book. Everyday firsts are not. I've never heard of a statue to the suburbanite who sprinted through the first mall, or to the person who punched into the first ATM. I have these thoughts while I'm standing in front of 931 Jasmine Street. It is unlikely that there will ever be a commemorative plaque here, but perhaps there should be. The building itself, while attractive, is unremarkable. It is a one-story house of a type that is not uncommon in the South. The hipped roof extends over a deep front veranda. The walls are clapboard; the double-hung windows are shuttered. There is a U-Haul van in the driveway. I'm standing on the sidewalk watching Larry Haber move into his new home. He is a good sport and pauses so that I can take a photograph. Larry and his wife, Terri, and their two young children are the first residents of an unusual town: a town that is being built by an organization whose chief business is storytelling and make-believe—the Walt Disney Company.

It was Walt himself who had the idea of building a town. Exactly thirty years ago, he announced that he was going to create a showcase for advanced technology—a kind of urban laboratory. It would be called EPCOT, for Experimental Prototype Community of Tomorrow, and it would be an actual community. But Disney died before he could realize his vision of a city of the future, and his successors were unable to reconcile his coercive brand of social engineering with the demands of American home buyers. When EPCOT finally opened, in 1982, it did feature futuristic technology, but there were no residents. It was a theme park.

EPCOT is situated in Walt Disney World, on the enormous tract of land—twenty-eight thousand acres—that Disney owns outside Orlando, in central Florida. There are two other theme parks there—the Magic Kingdom and the Disney-MGM Studios—and a fourth, Disney's Animal Kingdom, is slated to open in 1998. Even so, about a third of the land remained unused. The idea of building a residential community had lingered on in the Disney Company's corporate memory, and when a master plan was being prepared under the aegis of the current C.E.O., Michael Eisner, it was determined that it was finally time to implement Walt's vision. There were also practical considerations: highway access to the theme parks and various wetlands restrictions made residential use attractive. "At that point, we could have gone in any direction," says Disney's Tom Lewis, who oversaw planning during the first five years of the project. "It could have been a second-home community or a resort or a retirement village. Instead, we decided that it would be a place where families would have their primary residences. We wanted it to be a real town."

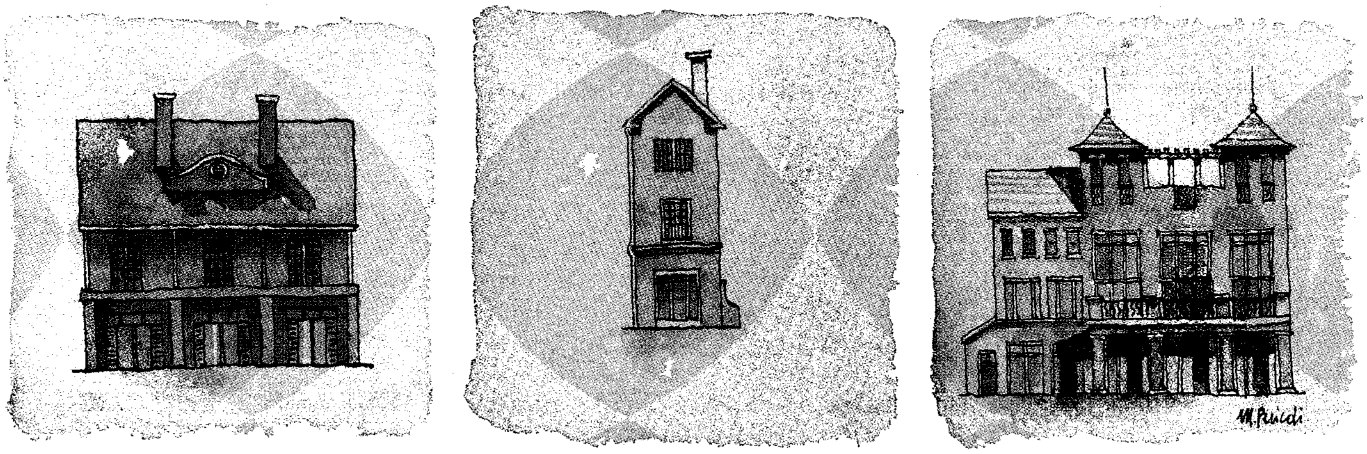


The notion that Disney World could be a setting for real life will strike most people as improbable. Yet the town promises not only to be real but to be a model for others to follow. Celebration, as it is called, is not a theme park. It is an unincorporated town under the rule of Osceola County. There will be a school, a health campus, and an office park.

MATTEO PERICOLI

Planned recreational facilities include a golf course, a lake, and miles of walking trails and bike paths. The town center will have restaurants, shops, offices, a supermarket, a bank, a small inn, and a cinema. When Celebration is completed, in ten or fifteen years, it could have as many as twenty thousand inhabitants. It is the most comprehensively planned new town since Columbia, Maryland, and Reston, Virginia, were built, in the mid-sixties.

Celebration's temporary preview center opened last August. Although no houses—not even a model home—had actually been built, twenty thousand people visited the site during the next two months. So many of them expressed an interest in buying homes there that it was decided that the only fair way to sell lots was to draw names out of a hat. (Entrants were not screened, and Disney employees were not given preference.) About twelve hundred prospective residents put down refundable deposits of up to a thousand dollars for the chance to become one of three hundred and fifty-one home buyers or a hundred and twenty apartment renters in Celebration's first phase. Lots were drawn that November. "Things have moved very quickly," I was told by Don Killoren, who is the general manager of the Celebration Company, a Disney subsidiary. "But I'm not really surprised. We did a lot of research. We knew the type of houses that people wanted."



Downtown Celebration: Philip Johnson's town hall; Jaquelin Robertson's apartments (two views); Robert Stern's shops and restaurant.

Killoren is being slightly disingenuous. Undoubtedly, one reason people wanted the houses was that they were *Disney* houses. (A 1990 international study identified the five brand names that were most widely recognized and most highly esteemed around the world. They were Coca-Cola, Sony, Mercedes-Benz, Kodak, and Disney.) The house that the Habers are moving into was built by David Weekley Homes, of Houston—one of two home builders chosen by Disney after an exhaustive national selection process. House prices range from about a hundred and thirty thousand dollars for a town house to more than three hundred thousand dollars for the largest detached house. A rigorous selection process was also used to arrive at eight local builders who are building more expensive, one-of-a-kind houses, which constitute a quarter of the total in the first phase. Prices for these custom-built houses start at around four hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars.

You would look in vain for manifestations of any of the current vogues in high-fashion architecture. There is no free-form deconstructivism here, no corrugated-metal high tech. Instead, there are gable roofs with dormers, bay windows and porches, balustrades and columns. Like all houses built commercially in the United States today, these houses favor distinctly traditional styles. The Habers' house, on Jasmine Street, is an example of Coastal, which is a loose interpretation of the type of house that was built in the South Carolina low country. It is a style characterized by deep one- or two-story porches, high ceilings, full-length windows, and first floors raised off the ground. Coastal is one of six—and only six—architectural styles permissible in Celebration; the others are Classical, Victorian, Colonial Revival, Mediterranean, and French. The six styles are defined in a pattern book, which insures that the builders achieve a degree of architectural clarity that is missing in most builder homes. Unusual, too, is Celebration's approach to parking. Alleys running behind the houses give access to garages in the rear, and many of these garages have rooms above them. Larry Haber has built a suite for his mother-in-law above his garage.

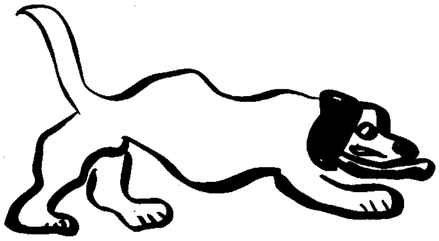
Leaving the Habers' house, I drive down Campus Street, which has town houses on one side and the site of the future school on the other. The town houses are still under construction, but ahead of me is a group of about twenty completed buildings: the downtown. Most of them are three stories high, fronting narrow streets. There's not a pedestrian mall in sight. The buildings seem vaguely familiar, like the sort of small-town architecture that is found across America—or used to be, for this looks, at first glance, like a nineteenth-century downtown, and actually recalls Disneyland's Main Street, U.S.A. The buildings line up to the sidewalk, and I can't see any parking lots. (I later discover that the lots are shoehorned into the center of the blocks, behind the buildings.) The sidewalks are shaded by trees; the main street—Market Street—is lined with palm trees. At the base of Market Street is a small lake. The street beside the water is called Front Street, as it is in many old river towns. The downtown doesn't really feel historical, however, for there is no consistency to the architecture. There is a plain office block that might be of the late eighteen-hundreds, a two-screen cinema—the only building not quite finished—that looks as if it might turn out to be Art Deco, and a bank with colored horizontal streamlining stripes that are straight out of the nineteen-twenties. There are also buildings—including the town hall, the post office, and a visitor center—that look quite modern.

Michael Eisner is an architecture buff who has previously commissioned such world-famous architects as Arata Isozaki, Michael Graves, Frank Gehry, and Aldo Rossi to design buildings for Disney. Celebration, too, has a cast of celebrated architects: Graves designed the post office, Philip Johnson the town hall, Robert Venturi and Denise Scott Brown the bank, Cesar Pelli the cinema, and the late Charles Moore the visitor center. I dislike the town hall: as with so much of Johnson's work, it tries to be monumental and manages to be merely bombastic. Most of the other signature buildings appear to me to be lacklustre rather than inspired; Graves's post office, though, is delightful, and Pelli's cinema will be appropriately dramatic. But I am most impressed by what architects call the "background buildings"—the ordinary buildings that give character to a town. Here they manage to be both unpretentious and charming, which is more difficult to achieve than it sounds. They are all the work of either Robert A. M. Stern or Jaquelin Robertson, of Cooper, Robertson & Partners.

Stern and Robertson are also the planners of the town, although the credits for the design of Celebration resemble those of a Hollywood screenplay. (With an estimated cost of two and a half billion dollars, however, Celebration is much more expensive than any movie.) First, in 1987, Disney held a design competition. It invited Andres Duany and Elizabeth Plater-Zyberk, whose concept of traditional neighborhood development is a major influence on Celebration's residential areas, along with Charles Gwathmey, of Gwathmey Siegel & Associates, and Stern to submit plans. Then, instead of choosing a winner, Disney asked the architects to work together to develop a consensus design. An expanded program, including more commercial uses and a new expressway, required a revised plan, which was prepared collaboratively by Skidmore, Owings & Merrill, and Cooper, Robertson & Partners. And, ultimately, Stern and Robertson were commissioned to prepare the final master plan, and also to design the health campus (Stern), the golf clubhouse (Robertson), and all the background buildings downtown.

The downtown buildings are owned by Disney and are leased to retail tenants. But there is no Banana Republic here. Instead of major national chains, Disney has chosen only local and regional shops and restaurants. The intention is to attract the public by creating an experience different from that found in a typical shopping mall, Don Killoren told me. Though a downtown like Celebration's, with but a single landlord, does resemble a shopping mall, there is one crucial difference here: this is a commercial area where people will also live. All hundred and twenty apartments are in the downtown area, many of them above shops or restaurants. As I walk around, I see construction workers putting finishing touches on four apartment buildings; the tenants are due to start moving in this month. When the bank, the post office, and the town hall open to the public, which will be in August (the formal opening of the downtown is scheduled for November), the mixture of tourists, shoppers, residents, and office workers should provide precisely the sort of daylong activity that is the hallmark of a successful downtown.

A LIVELY downtown, apartments above shops, front porches, houses close to the street, and out-of-sight garages all add up to an old-fashioned sort of place. But there is more to Celebration than nostalgia and tradition. What families like the Habers really want—what most Americans really want—has less to do with architecture and urban design than with good schools, health care, safe neighborhoods, and a sense of community. "We understand that community is not something that we can engineer," I was assured by Todd Mansfield, who is an executive vice-president of Disney Imagineering, the division that oversees the design and construction of all the company's enterprises. "But we think that it's something we can foster." Despite Disney's reputation for obsessively leaving nothing to chance, fostering has not meant controlling. The Celebration school (kindergarten through twelfth grade) will be owned and operated not by Disney but by the Osceola County School District. The school will open next year and will eventually serve about fourteen hundred students—from the surrounding county as well as from the town. What is unusual about the school, apart from pedagogical innovations, is that it's in the center of the town. Children will be able to walk and bike to class. This fall will see the opening of the Teaching Academy, a teacher-training facility that is owned by Disney, run by Disney and Stetson University, and housed in a handsome building designed by William Rawn, who is also the architect of the school.



The health campus, now under construction on the outskirts of town, is a large facility belonging to Florida Hospital and including outpatient surgery, advanced diagnostics, primary-care physicians, and a fitness center. A fibre-optic network will eventually link both the school and the health facility to individual homes. This is just the sort of technological innovation that Walt Disney imagined would be the cornerstone of life in the future. But Michael Eisner's Celebration is actually the opposite of Walt Disney's urban vision. Walt Disney imagined a world in which problems would be solved by science and technology. Celebration puts technology in the background and concentrates on putting in place the less tangible civic infrastructure that is a prerequisite for community. Home buyers agree to be governed by their own homeowners' association and by a set of restrictive deed covenants whose purpose is to strike a balance between individual freedom and communal responsibility. You can park your cars in front of your house, for example, but no more than two cars. You can sublet your house—or your garage apartment—but you can't lease individual rooms. You can hold a garage sale, but only once a year. Writers and artists can work out of their homes, but not dentists—unless they live in the "home business district," where professional offices are allowed. A real sense of community can't develop in a vacuum, however, and Disney seems to have gone out of its way to insure that Celebration will not become a hermetic place. It is neither walled nor gated, unlike many recent master-planned communities. None of the streets are private. Policing is by the county sheriff's office, not by hired security guards (although the homeowners' association may hire additional security if it chooses to). The golf course, designed by the Robert Trent

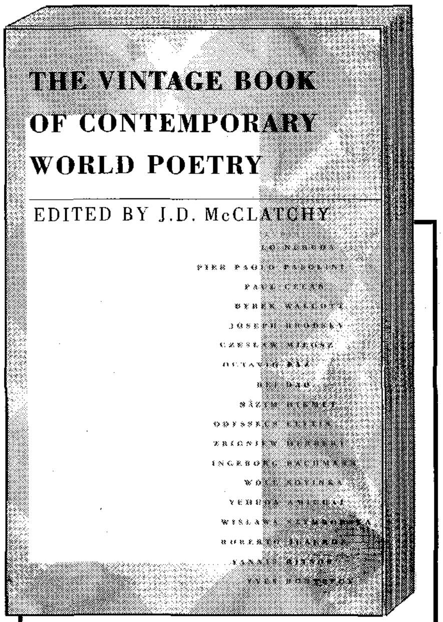
Joneses—father and son—is a public daily-fee facility, not a private club.

Yet, in spite of these efforts to make Celebration open to the outside world, much of the public assumes—or, at least, hopes—that a Disney town will be a perfect town. "It's one of my fears," says Todd Mansfield, who is himself going to build a house in Celebration. "We have people who have purchased houses who think they're moving to Utopia. We keep having to remind them that we can't provide safeguards for all the ills of society. We will have everything that happens in any community." He's right. I'm confident that despite the advanced Honeywell security systems there will be break-ins. Despite the fibre-optic networks, there will be children with learning problems. Despite the state-of-the-art medical technology, there will be sickness. And, despite the sociable appearance of the front porches, there will be neighborly disputes. If there weren't, Celebration would not be the real place that Disney says it will become.

CHARLES E. FRASER has thought a great deal about creating real places. He is the creator of Sea Pines Plantation, on Hilton Head Island, in South Carolina; between 1956 and 1982, he oversaw the building of about thirty-four hundred homes there. Fraser pioneered the post-Second World War application of many of the concepts such as deed covenants, architectural-review boards, and neighborhood planning which are today standard practice in master-planned communities. I ask him how a sense of community was created at Sea Pines. "My wife and I gave a party every Saturday night for the first ten years," Fraser says. "We invited all the new residents and second-home owners who were on vacation. I was only twenty-seven and not very knowledgeable, but I knew it was important to introduce people to each other." It was a good idea: by the time there were two thousand residents, Sea Pines had as many as two hundred clubs and social groups. Modern mobility means that the process of neighborhood creation, which previously took decades, must be "jump-started." Fraser adds, "I've come to the conclusion that relatively small groups—two hundred or three hundred families—that share a common responsibility such as a swimming pool or a park are the answer." At Celebration, where he has been a consultant for the past seven years, innovative covenants have been written to permit the creation of precisely such small sub-neighborhoods.

According to census projections, the population of the United States will increase by more than twenty-six million people during this decade. Most of this growth, Fraser points out, is now occurring randomly in metropolitan areas that are too large to have a single focus, like the old center-city downtown. What is needed, he suggests, is smaller planned communities at the edges of urban areas, which can offer people a sense of belonging. "Celebration is a model of such a smaller-size town," he says. "It can offer the range of neighborhood services and amenities—schools, churches, shops—that used to be the benefits of small-town living."

After leaving Celebration, I drive to Winter Park, which is just the sort of small town that Fraser has in mind. Winter Park, with a population of about twenty-five thousand, is not far from greater Orlando. It started life in the eighteen-eighties, as a master-planned community. The main commercial street, Park Avenue, was laid out beside a twelve-acre strip of green, named—what else?—Central Park. The focus of the park was a railroad depot, which was the chief place of arrival for winter visitors. The surrounding residential neighborhoods have comfortably shaded curved streets and a variety of houses. Park Avenue is lined with low buildings containing shops and restaurants with offices and apartments above. I'm sitting in a bar that opens out onto the sidewalk. It's five o'clock, and people are stopping by for a drink before going home. The bar is noisy, bustling, and convivial. People appear to know one another. It isn't hard to imagine that this is what Celebration will be like. More than thirty years ago, the developer James Rouse (who went on to build the town of Columbia, Maryland) called Disneyland "the outstanding piece of urban design in the United States." Disneyland radically transformed the amusement park. Celebration, with its curious mixture of old-fashioned values and newfangled organization, is a far cry from Walt Disney's vision of the future. Still, it will change the way we think about planning new communities, which is, after all, what Uncle Walt had in mind in the first place. ♦



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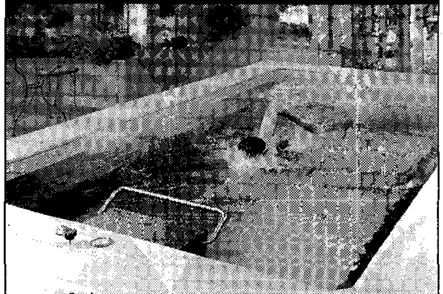

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LETTER FROM RUSSIA

THE WAR FOR THE KREMLIN

The real story behind Boris Yeltsin's victory—including a cancelled coup in March—could make the Russian novel obsolete.

BY DAVID REMNICK

THE SPYMASTER

IN the last, nervous days of the Russian Presidential campaign, the message came in terms both precise and absurd: At exactly nine in the morning, I was to stand in the doorway of a McDonald's on the Old Arbat in Moscow and look for one Igor Trelin, a middle-aged man "with a short white beard and dark hair." Trelin would then lead the way to the apartment of Vladimir Kryuchkov, who was the last chief of the Soviet Union's Committee for State Security—the K.G.B.—and the man who had led the botched coup d'état of August, 1991.

It was no exaggeration to say that the outcome of the election would greatly influence the course of Russian history, and every day for half a year the campaign had been so crowded with Kremlin intrigue and tension that few people had time to notice that Kryuchkov, the embodiment of the old regime and its vast secret police, had published a two-volume memoir called, fetchingly enough, "Lichnoye Delo"—"A Personal File." I snapped up the two volumes one day at the bookstand in the State Duma—the Russian legislature—and devoured them over the next couple of nights. Kryuchkov had much to answer for: as a young operative in Budapest, he helped crush the Hungarian uprising of 1956, thus launching a career that ended only in 1991, when he was arrested and charged as a "betrayer of the Motherland." He was released from prison in 1993, when the government of Boris Yeltsin seemed to sense that, with nationalist and Communist opposition on the rise, there would be no political wisdom in pursuing the prosecution. While some of the plotters returned to politics—there are a few in the present Duma, in fact—Kryuchkov retired, a defeated man.

On the appointed morning, it poured, and to stay out of the rain I stood inside the restaurant, next to a life-size plastic Ronald McDonald. I had come with my friend Masha Lipman, who is the deputy editor of *Itogi*, a new weekly magazine in Moscow. Masha and I had worked together at the Moscow bureau of the Washington *Post* in the days when an interview with the head of the K.G.B. was beyond hoping for. One could more reasonably have applied for an interview with Augustine of Hippo.

"Are you sure this is really happening?" Masha asked. Since her teens, she had been friends with various refuseniks, dissidents, and others whom Kryuchkov would surely have deemed "anti-Soviet elements."

While Masha and I were cooking up some questions, McDonald's was doing a brisk breakfast trade, mostly to mobsters finishing up a long night on the streets and in the casinos and to a few tourists hoping the rain would stop so that they could cruise the pedestrian mall outside. All around was the good American smell of coffee and grease.

At nine o'clock, Masha and I walked out the front door of McDonald's, and there, standing outside, was our man. Trimmed white beard, dark hair, expectant eyes.

"Igor Nikolayevich?"

"It's you?" the man said. "You came early."

"A few minutes, yes."

"Then let's go."

Trelin snapped open an umbrella and walked quickly along the Arbat and then turned right onto a side street. We entered a ten-story apartment building that was much cleaner than most. Having put his President under house arrest during the 1991 coup seemed to have done Kryuchkov no harm in the real-estate department; he was obviously well fixed. Trelin explained that Kryuchkov spent most of his time at a dacha outside Moscow.

We got out of the elevator and came to Kryuchkov's door. Someone had slashed it with a razor or a knife, leaving a zigzag gash.

"The 'democrats' were here," Trelin explained as he pressed the buzzer. "They did this."

It was quiet for a while behind the door. We waited. Then we heard a faint scratching sound, followed by a frail and distant voice.

"Who is it?"

"It's me," Trelin said.

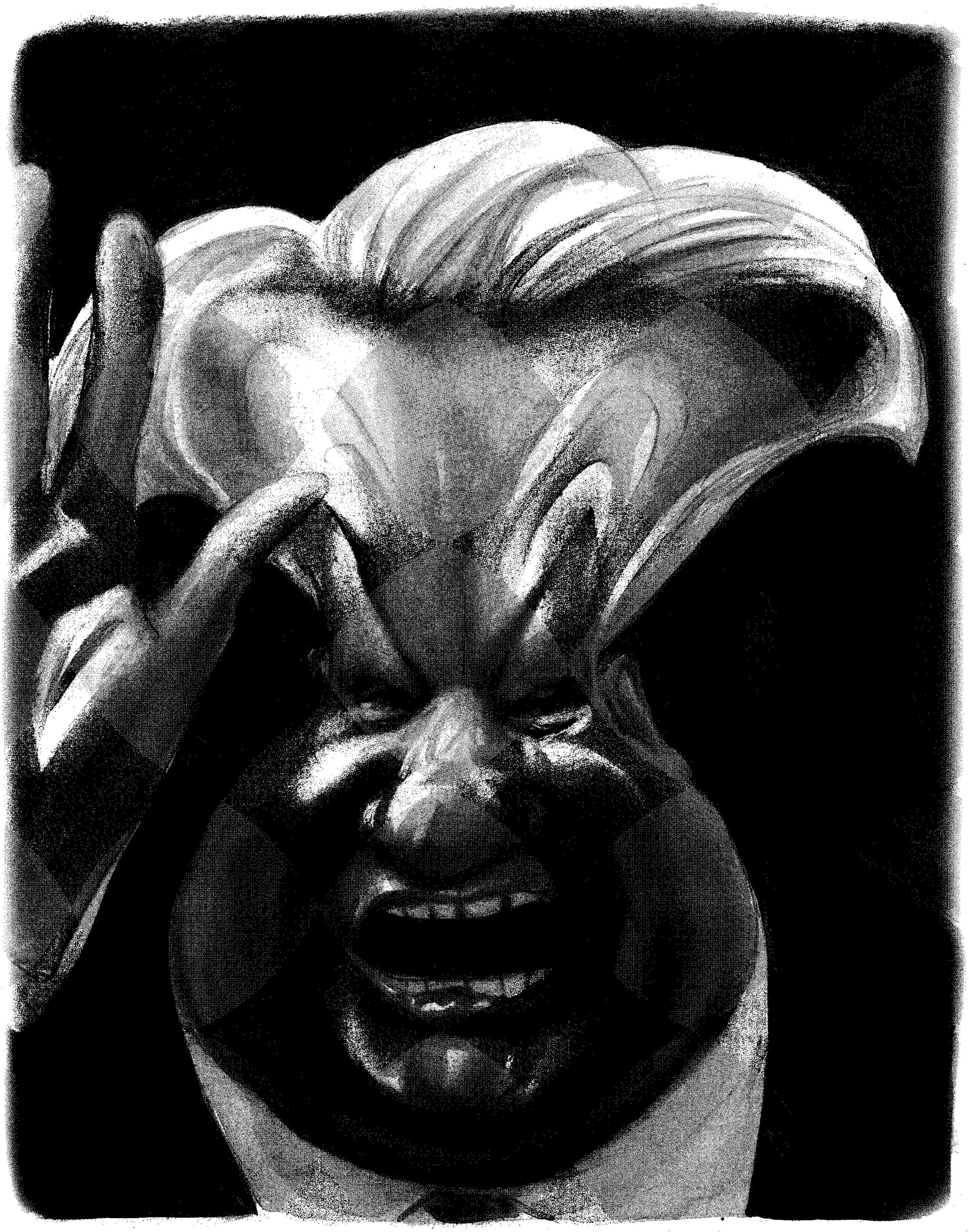
The bolt clicked open. Vladimir Kryuchkov, dressed in a dark suit, stood in the doorway.

"You are welcome," the spymaster said. "Please come in." His wife, stooped and silent, stood at his side. Then she padded down the hall and out of sight.

THE apartment had an empty look. There were no more than a few dozen books on the shelves, and only one volume—Boris Yeltsin's memoir, "Notes of a President"—bristled with bookmarks; each one, I had no doubt, had been stashed there by Kryuchkov to note another outrage. Yeltsin had defeated the coup, and now, to make the agony more intense for Kryuchkov, he was hoping to win reëlection against the Communist Party candidate, Gennady Zyuganov. The restoration was in doubt.

Kryuchkov led us into the living room. On the walls were paintings of generic seascapes and dawns of the sort that the Holiday Inn orders by the gross. There was no sign anywhere of a human hand, of decoration, of taste or non-taste, or of life of any kind. The apartment seemed more like a safe house than a home. Kryuchkov, for his part, looked more lived in, more worn out,

ILLUSTRATIONS BY STEVE BRODNER



What Yeltsin benefitted from was not Californians telling him to go anti-Red but, rather, rich Russians who would keep his campaign green.

"Can Jennifer come out and work?"

• •

than I had remembered. He was distinctly less vigorous, moving with a sad deliberation, as if guarding against a fall. His small, cherubic face was pale, and his eyes were narrow and lifeless behind glasses. He squinted against the light of the world.

"We don't have much time," he said soon after we sat down. "I'm in a rush."

Where Kryuchkov was rushing to, what urgent business awaited him, he did not say. It seemed to me an old gambit, in case he wanted to get away early; but, as it happened, he was in no rush. We had plenty of time to talk.

I began with a few dutiful Cold War questions. I asked about Lee Harvey Oswald's prolonged stay in Minsk, and the Kennedy assassination, about spies and suspected spies, about Alger Hiss. I was rebuffed with dutiful answers.

"The Soviet Union had nothing to do with the assassination," Kryuchkov said. "I know that for sure, because I was at the head of Soviet intelligence and it goes without saying that I took an interest in the assassination. Any insinuation otherwise is ill-founded."

He went on to say, cryptically, "I do, however, think a time will come when you will know. The forces responsible are still not allowing you to find the truth or make it public. Some time will have to pass—five or ten years, maybe—but I hope this will be as short as possible. Anyway, I think the Oswald case is one of the most disgraceful phenomena in the States, because one person after another was killed who was involved in it."

When I asked about Hiss, Kryuchkov looked bewildered.

"Alger who?"

"Hiss. Alger Hiss."

"Who is that?"

Trelin, it turned out, was Kryuchkov's "press secretary," and he jumped in to help his boss, explaining that Hiss had been a State Department official in the Roosevelt Administration and had been suspected of spying for Soviet intelligence.

"Ah," Kryuchkov said. "Well. If there had been something, I wouldn't know."

Finally, I asked about a contemporary case—the mole Aldrich Ames, a C.I.A. official who had spied for the Soviet Union for nine years before American intelligence began to wonder how one of its own could possibly afford to pay for a Jaguar and a half-million-dollar house on a government salary.

The subject brought a look of infinite satisfaction to Kryuchkov's face—a contented look, as if he had just finished a good meal and were halfway through a Don Diego.

"I think Ames behaves well," Kryuchkov said. "He is a man of convictions. High politics meant a lot to him and urged him on to action."

"Really?" I said. "Wasn't it a matter of money?"

"I'm sure money played a certain role, but not the determining role," Kryuchkov said. "If you look at our special services, money was not the top priority. We had many ideological allies in the United States who looked at us favorably in the political sense. I am sure that at least a part of American society cannot be seen as antagonistic to Ames. I don't say the majority, but a sizable part."

I said that Americans were still debating what had been decisive in the Soviet Union's collapse. Reaganites were sure that it was the economic pressure of Star Wars. Others had more complicated explanations. How did he see it?

"Despite the fact that the external pressures were strong, the decisive factors were domestic," he said. "I don't think there was any objective necessity to destroy the Soviet Union. The entire world is moving toward integration, and we are collapsing! The main role was played by subjective factors connected to very specific people—Gorbachev and his advisers Yakovlev and Shevardnadze—and their supporters."

"You were the head of a powerful K.G.B.," I said. "How could you have let them dupe you? Why did you wait so long to act?"

"We were hostages of our own illusions," Kryuchkov said sadly. "You know how it is with a President: you come to him with some material, he agrees with you and tells you you're right, things are bad, he'll carry on the struggle, but then it turns out to be all lies."

It was an odd tack. Kryuchkov, who had tapped Gorbachev's phones and stuffed his memos to the General Secretary with reams of disinformation, was now feigning gullibility.

"How could you have been so easily deluded?" I asked, as if in sympathy.

The answer was remarkable. "It all happened because by that time we had turned into law-abiding people," Kryuchkov said. "We obeyed the law and the President, and Gorbachev had one quality: his hypocrisy was so great that it was not easy to tell the difference between truth and lies."

Kryuchkov was quick to defend some of the most notorious K.G.B. operations, including the invasion of Hungary, in 1956. Speaking of that period, I asked how he now felt about the K.G.B.'s assault on dissent—the attacks on Sakharov, Solzhenitsyn, and the rest.

Kryuchkov smiled thinly. "I wouldn't want to deny anything, but in fact I had nothing to do with the struggle against dissent," the former chairman of the K.G.B. said.

Kryuchkov seemed perfectly capable of lying with a serene sense of self-possession and righteousness. When I asked about the August, 1991, coup—an assault he led with a grotesque lineup of leaders who were either incompetent or drunk, or both—he simply smiled.

"There were no others to work with," he said. "I myself am a sober person. Of course, you can't resort to many 'if's in high politics. If you could rewind your life's tape, probably I would change some frames. . . . We didn't really want to perform a putsch. If we had been real putschists, I could have assumed all the power, but we had different goals. The integrity of the Union was more important than anything else. The reason we didn't go to the end was that there would have been blood."

At one point, I said, "Mr. Kryuchkov"—"Mr." has become a part of the post-Communist lexicon, replacing "Comrade," and it was a treat to use it now—"Mr. Kryuchkov, isn't it a wonderful thing to live in a country where a former K.G.B. man can publish his memoirs without any censorship?"

Kryuchkov screwed on a frown and thought awhile. He took off his glasses and rubbed his eyes.

"As for this country's being free, I think we had more freedom in 1991 and before," he said. "You think America is a free country, but you can't do everything there. Some things are banned, and there are punishments. Before 1991, we didn't have any restrictive laws. The law allowed anyone to act against the state. That is banned in the States! We paid a high cost for that."

"Mr. Kryuchkov, people talk a great deal about repentance these days," I said. "I wonder if you, as a former chief of the K.G.B., feel compelled to repent for anything?"

This did not please him at all. "If there has to be repentance, then let everyone repent," he said. "You should repent for what you've done to the Indians. I haven't heard that from you. If you repent, we will, too. My attitude toward Stalin is clear: I condemn the repressions. I condemn the totalitarian forms of rule that Stalin developed. But Churchill was right when he talked about Stalin's historic role. He became the head of the Soviet state when there was only a plow, and he left it when the state had an atomic bomb. Stalin is far from being a simple figure. Believe me, in twenty or thirty years, no matter what we think, Stalin will be referred to as a kind of genius."

Finally, Kryuchkov had had enough. Yes, he said when I asked, he would be voting for Zyuganov, and he thought that Zyuganov would win. But when I had shut off my tape recorder Kryuchkov and Trelin asked me to switch it back on. Be sure to tell your audience, they said, how fine Kryuchkov's memoir was, how there was someone in Maryland helping him to bring out an English-language edition. "I even want to write another book," Kryuchkov explained. "I wrote the memoir in prison. Now I'll work here. I think I have real potential."

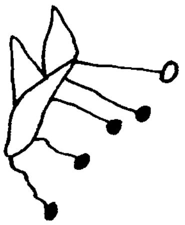
THE STALIN QUESTION

In 1991, Russians would sooner have believed that a spymaster would be hustling an American visitor for publicity than they would have believed that, in 1996, they might be facing the possibility of a return to power of the Communist Party. And yet, by December, 1995, the Communist Party of the Russian Federation had won a decisive victory in elections to the State Duma. Under the leadership of Gennady Zyu-

"Hi, Doc. We're from da union."

ganov, a fifty-two-year-old apparatchik from the old ideological sector, the Communists seized on Yeltsin's plummeting popularity and made themselves into the odds-on favorite to win the Presidential election. Zyuganov was a dull and edgy personality who wrote book after book filled with paranoia about Western banks, the Jews, and the Council on Foreign Relations. But he was not the point—his party was. The Communists were the only political party with a degree of organization and an identifiable set of myths enabling them to connect with the amorphous opposition to Yeltsin.

In the days leading up to the first round of elections, on June 16th, I visited the offices of numerous Communist Party politicians, workers, and ideologues, and found them all confident of victory. I began by visiting the Communists' designated rabble-rouser, Viktor Anpilov, who led the radical group Workers of Russia. His rank-and-file members were all too often furious old men and women who carried portraits of Stalin, and nasty unemployed kids who could be counted on to hurl rocks at the police. Anpilov, who had helped stir up anti-government violence on the streets of Moscow in 1993, worked out of an abandoned house in a muddy courtyard near the Paveletsky train station; in the old days, he had been a Party propagandist for Radio Moscow, and he was loath to relinquish the old truths. Even though Zyuganov was usually "too hesitant"—too soft—to be a true revolutionary, the Party's "inevitable victory" would lead to a "democracy of a new type," Anpilov said. "If we win, it will be a great breakthrough, like October, 1917. We will get rid of private property, we will end the exploitation of man against man. Look at what this so-called democracy has accomplished! Nothing! Socialism, on the other hand, gave us progress. It gave us literacy, it gave us electric-power stations, an end to unemployment, it gave us buildings to live in—no one slept on the streets."



I noticed that among Anpilov's home decorations were portraits of old General Secretaries and, incongruously, a map of Israel. Anpilov, unlike other, cleverer Party leaders, did not bother to hide his anti-Semitism, and his followers often carried signs like "Save Russia, Destroy the Yids!"

"What's with the map?" I asked.

"Oh, it's not a Jewish map," he said, taking it down from the wall. All the place-names, I now noticed, were written in Arabic. "This is the true Palestine."

But with an American visitor Anpilov felt he had to go through the motions of ceremony and tolerance. "We are not anti-Semites, we are internationalists," he went on. "And yet when we turn on the television we see nothing but Jewish faces on every station. This insults us, because, after all, we live in an international country."

And what about the Stalin portraits his followers carried?

"The people were happy under Stalin," Anpilov said. "There was bread, food to eat. The prices were low. He was one of the greatest figures in the history of the country. He gave this country its true independence. After all, Stalin refused your General Marshall when he offered us help after the war. It was we, the Soviet Union, that rebuilt the country after the war."

Zyuganov and his circle of advisers relied on Anpilov to get people on the streets for demonstrations but distanced themselves from him when it came time to talk to more mainstream voters. Still, Anpilov was far from alone in his views. General Valentin Varennikov had helped lead the 1991 coup but had a soft landing, winning a seat in the Duma. At a closed session of Army generals this spring, he told a collegium of officers that they should set aside any fears that Zyuganov was a mere social democrat, a pink. In fact, he told them, the Party had put out an economic-recovery plan called Program Minimum for public consumption but also planned to implement a secret Program Maximum once in power. Program Maximum, he reassured them, would certainly make any Bolshevik proud.

"I told the officers, 'We cannot reverse history, we cannot undo what has been done by betrayers of our motherland,' " Varennikov told me when I called on him. "I said, 'We must be realists. If we talk about our Program Maximum too soon, it would be too strange and utopian. But that is our aspiration, our striving for human justice. Remember, the program of the Communist Party of the Russian Federation and the Bible do not much diverge.' "

There were some in the Communist Party who tried desperately to modify its image and its history. A businessman named Vladimir Semago ("Hi, I'm just back from my factory in Cyprus!") greeted me in his Duma office wearing a sharp Italian suit. Semago was the Communists' designated millionaire. He talked about having a mixed economy and a free press and various other trappings of modernity. He said that the government should work like "a giant management company," more or less "the way they do it in China."

Semago runs the Moscow Commercial Club, a popular haven for the business élite which is modelled on an English gentlemen's club; he is familiar with the jargon of the boardroom. But when it came to the Stalin question he, too, could go only so far.

"Well, if we leave to the side the tragedies of the Stalin period and the position of Stalin in Communist ideology, we must remember that Stalin, if he had lived another five, six, seven years, would have created an even stronger Soviet Union," he said. "The portraits of Stalin you see in demonstrations really represent a form of protest. When you hear 'Beat the Jews,' that's a weakness of the national patriotic movement. These are manifestations of the temper of the times. We absorb these people into the body of the movement, but we also want to change their outlook and their tactics."

THE hardest thing to capture about the Communist Party was its sullen darkness, its quality of strangeness. Somehow, Zyuganov's strained appearances on television, with his wan attempts at humor ("I drink more than Gorbachev but less than Yeltsin"), too easily papered over the eccentricity of his schizophrenic ideology of National Bolshevism and the aides who had shaped it.

One morning during the campaign, I went to visit Aleksei Podberiozkin, a shadowy figure who used to be an instructor of young diplomats and K.G.B. officers, and now ran something called the Spiritual Heritage Society. He published a magazine that promoted the very sort of nationalist-Communist mélange that Zyuganov himself had adopted. And, like so many others in modern Russia, he also ran a little bank on the side.

Podberiozkin proudly (and not incorrectly) pointed out that since 1991 Yel-

MIDSUMMER

Bashō says the body is composed of one hundred bones and
nine openings.
Within which flimsy structure the spirit dwells.

Floating by the park at dusk, through the heavy trees,
the white building glides like a ship.

An amber lamp is lit in a top-floor window
and a woman in her robe is leaning on the sill, eyes closed to
the sunset.

A violet shadow is pouring down the side of the building from
her long hair.
Two pigeons are perched in the next window, against a black room.

Beyond the trees, down a rough slope, the river is winding
around the island, flowing into the sea.

Slowly the mist off the river coils around the building, concealing it.
And just as slowly it lifts.

Only now the woman's lamp is extinguished.
Her window remains open, the curtain flutters,

but there is no sign of her, laid down to sleep in the darkness—
her pale body with its one hundred bones and nine openings

from which the spirit will one day slip, like the mist seeping
back through the trees, along the river, out to sea.

—Nicholas Christopher

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tsin himself had gradually jettisoned a purely Western democratic outlook and taken on nationalist trappings. Certainly he was talking more about the need for a strong state, about the glories of Russian history and power. "In fact, Mr. Yeltsin himself accepts more and more of our positions, and it becomes harder and harder for us to argue with him," Podberiozkin said.

But, as the conversation went on, Podberiozkin unveiled his crackpot side. By way of discussing the demographics of the electorate, he wrinkled his brow, leaned forward across the desk, and said, "Usually, about three per cent of the Russian population is crazy. But now, in our troubled times, I would say it's higher—maybe seven per cent is crazy."

It turned out that at the root of Zyuganov's ideology was something called the noösphere, a concept popularized by a scientist-philosopher named Vladimir Vernadsky. I am not expert enough to recount the theory either as Podberiozkin explained it to me or as Vernadsky wrote about it; suffice it to say that there is much concern about "the interrelated world."

"Vernadsky proved that we live in a nature larger than the dead one, and so on," Podberiozkin said.

"If all this is the case, then why," I asked gamely, "does Mr. Zyuganov tend to talk more about Communism than about the noösphere?"

"Of course, we did not explain the noösphere to the people," he said. "We tried to use terms the people were familiar with. So we used older terms."

The trick of the neo-Communists was to try to have it both ways. They forgave themselves for the persecution of religion, the better to win over a population that now saw the Russian Orthodox Church as a powerful element of the new state. They forgave themselves for the purges, saying that it was the Party that had suffered most of all. They forgave themselves for the suppression of dissent, saying that the Party would have been even stronger if it had learned the art of political debate.

One afternoon, I paid a visit to Svetlana Goryacheva, the Deputy Speaker of the Duma and one of Zyuganov's closest allies. Before coming to Moscow, Goryacheva had been a prosecutor in the far east. She had a high hairdo and the stern gaze of a hanging judge. A small crucifix nestled in her bosom, so I asked her if she was a believer.

Goryacheva fixed me with a glowering look. "I was baptized on October 4, 1993, in the White House," she said, recalling the days of the armed battle between the Parliament, in what is known as the White House, and the Yeltsin forces. "When I saw the tanks firing and at the same time I saw priests inside with us, with their icons and crosses, I decided that this force of Russian Orthodoxy must be far greater than the forces outside. I met a priest who had turned an office in the White House into a monk's cell. I told him, 'If I am doomed to die, then I would like to die with the faith of my fathers.' I realize that the repression of the Church was a terrible mistake of the Communist Party."

We talked awhile about her youth and her years in the Party. She seemed to relax, and even to warm to the subject.

"As for Stalin, you must know that both my grandparents on my father's side were repressed in Ukraine," she said. "They were sent to the camps—to Solovki—and they died there. They were arrested because they belonged to the sect of Old Believers. My father was an orphan by the time he was five years old. I read Solzhenitsyn in the late nineteen-eighties, and my soul was filled with outrage. I won't justify these repressions. But I also remember how my father, who was born in 1918, told me when I was a girl, 'Soviet power took away a great deal from me. It took my parents from me. But I also got an education. I built a house. I started a family.' So I can't judge Stalin too strictly. These were difficult times, and it was tough to distinguish between friends and enemies."

A CANCELLED COUP

It hardly mattered what I or any other Westerner thought about such an inability to judge: the Communist Party was still the best-organized party in Russia, and at the beginning of the year Zyuganov's chances looked excellent. His popularity rating was in the teens and twenties, while Yeltsin's was at five or six per cent. Yeltsin's health had become the visible embodiment of conditions in so much of the country. He had suffered two heart attacks. He drank, and frequently made an ass of himself on trips abroad. He was deteriorating.

Yeltsin had also developed an insular style of rule that resembled a Byzantine court. His most trusted aide was his bodyguard, a former automobile mechanic named Aleksandr Korzhakov. Korzhakov was a bearish man with a comb-over. He and Yeltsin were inseparable—"two of one soul," according to a Kremlin aide. Korzhakov had stood by Yeltsin through all his trials: his firing from the Politburo in 1987, his stand against the coup in 1991, his war with the Parliament in 1993. There was no vassal more loyal. Yeltsin, in turn, rewarded him by letting this lightly educated career K.G.B. man give advice on high politics and control access to the President. They were together all the time: they played tennis, took saunas, stayed up through the night talking and drinking. A Kremlin aide told me that the only one capable of telling the President he'd had enough to drink was Korzhakov.

"Of course, Korzhakov is not very well educated and has some odd ideas about human rights, but he was extremely loyal to Yeltsin," one former Kremlin adviser and now a Duma deputy from St. Petersburg, Galina Starovoitova, said. Korzhakov's address certainly reflects his status: he lives at No. 4 Osennyaya Street, in southwest Moscow, the same building that houses Yeltsin; Viktor Chernomyrdin, the Prime Minister; Yuri Luzhkov, the mayor of Moscow; former ministers of defense and state security; and other top officials. The only other people who could claim a greater intimacy with Yeltsin were his wife, Naina, and his younger daughter, Tatyana, who played the role of personal gatekeeper. No one else could even feign to know his moods, the source of his abrupt decisions.

"There is not a single person in this country who can pretend to know what goes on inside that head," Igor Malashenko, who ran Yeltsin's media campaign and is the president of the independent NTV television network, told me. "It's like the black box in cybernetics: you can look at the inputs and the outputs but never inside the box. Yeltsin never really shares his concerns. He is an extraordinarily closed person."

Inside the Kremlin, Korzhakov led a hard-line team of advisers and ministers known collectively as the party of war. It was Korzhakov, together with the secret-police chief, Mikhail Barsukov, and the First Deputy Prime Minister, Oleg Soskovets, who in late 1994 had encouraged Yeltsin to embark on the disastrous invasion of Chechnya. Now, as 1996 began, the party of war was encouraging Yeltsin to call off the June Presidential elections. As it happened, the only thing that seemed to prevent a summary cancellation was the President's own befogged notion of his standing in the country. When his Presidential council convened at the end of February to discuss a campaign strategy, the polls were hopeless. And yet Yeltsin got up at the meeting and said that surely his rating was the highest of any politician.

"It was crazy," Emil Pain, one of Yeltsin's more moderate advisers, told me. "And yet we all sat there in silence. We were shocked, wondering, Where did he get this idea? A few tried to suggest, very gently, that maybe the numbers were not so high—but only gently."

At the beginning of the year, Yeltsin had appointed Soskovets to run the campaign. He and Korzhakov, in turn, invited a number of their friends in the media and the emerging business world to attend meetings. They even invited a trio of American consultants who had worked on campaigns for California Governor Pete Wilson. Despite one overgenerous account, in *Time*, the Americans were adept at little else but self-promotion. They were described to me as "touchingly naïve" by one Russian aide, and generally offered advice of the most self-evident sort. What Yeltsin benefitted from was not Californians telling him to go anti-Red but, rather, rich Russians who would keep his campaign green. Boris Berezovsky, the head of a vast conglomerate of car dealerships, media outlets, banking concerns, and other companies, is one of the richest men in the country. He had met Korzhakov and other members of the Presidential entourage several years ago, when he was invited to join one of Yeltsin's pet projects—the Presidential tennis club. Berezovsky, who operates out of a mansion that once belonged to the Smirnoff-vodka family, told me that he joined the campaign team thinking that he would be contributing to a real election.

"But after two or three meetings in January I could see that these meetings were not at all constructive," he said. "These were very primitive people—ministers of metallurgy and the like, absolutely *Homo sovieticus*. They just did not understand the media or elections. I said this to Mr. Soskovets, but he said, 'Don't worry, be quiet, everything will be fine.' After some time, though, I realized that there were two games going on at once. One was to guide the elections. The other was to cancel them and to hold on to power by force. O.K., I said to myself, this is not my game. We need to use only legal means. Otherwise, we will have a President who is nothing more than a marionette."

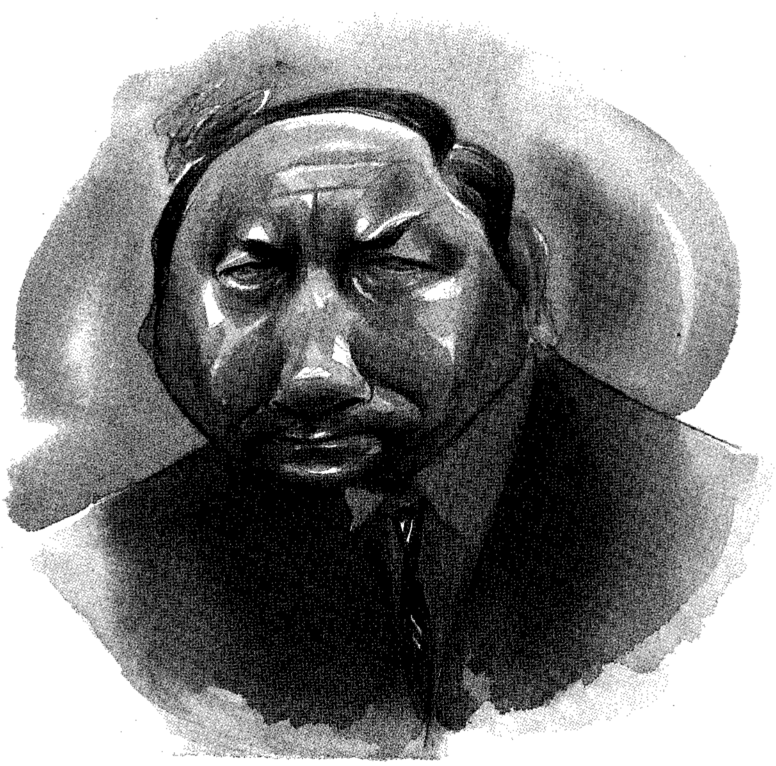
In February, a wide range of Russian officials and businessmen went to the World Economic Forum, an event held every year at the ski resort of Davos, Switzerland. Zyuganov tried to win over Western businesspeople by sounding less like a Soviet Communist and more like a social democrat. Some of those people even believed his act. Elsewhere in Davos, Berezovsky met privately with several Russian businessmen, including Vladimir Gusinsky, who owns NTV and Most Bank, and Anatoly Chubais, the former head of Yeltsin's privatization program. Berezovsky and Gusinsky had despised each other—they had once bid on the same properties, gone after the same capital—but now their interests coincided. Without Yeltsin in office, they would no doubt go down the tubes: they would lose their media properties to the state, and the Communists would set up their own banks, their own élites. Chubais, a red-haired young man in a thousand-dollar suit, looked more like an executive at Salomon Brothers than like a Russian pol. He was hated by the Communists, and even feared indictment for his role in privatization.

"We talked, and decided to work together," Gusinsky told me. "There was no other choice."

The businessmen proposed to form a new campaign team, and when they got back to Moscow they asked for a private meeting with Yeltsin at the Kremlin. Yeltsin was certainly not prepared to jettison Soskovets and Korzhakov, but he agreed, in effect, to establish a parallel campaign group, which would work just a floor away from Korzhakov's crew, in the President Hotel. The new team, led by Chubais, held out the promise of millions in capital, control of television, and media expertise. Yeltsin was already growing displeased with Soskovets, who had almost botched the campaign to gather a million signatures to get on the ballot—a legal requirement.

From the start, the two teams fought and conspired against each other. Korzhakov, for example, would approach various politicians and try to prove to them that people within the campaign—on the other team—were out to betray Boris Nikolayevich. "When I met with Korzhakov, he tried to show me how his opponents were trying to undermine or sabotage Yeltsin," Galina Starovoitova said. "Here is one tiny detail. Yeltsin was going to visit a military plant in Akhtuba. In the speech he was to deliver there Yeltsin was supposed to say something to the effect that the conversion of military factories to nonmilitary production is not like collectivization in the twenties but is a long and serious process. As written, Korzhakov claimed, the speech said, 'Before you were producing missiles, now you are making useful consumer products, like phallo-imitators' "—commonly known in the West as dildos. "Korzhakov showed me the paper, and we were both shocked. In his view, this was proof that he had to control the rest of the campaign. Yeltsin, of course, never read this passage, because, Korzhakov claimed, it was cut just in time.

"Korzhakov also told me, 'I worry about Clinton's influence on Boris Nikolayevich. He's convinced him that we should have elections.' Korzhakov felt that elections were too risky, that elections are just a Western idea, and that 'democracy could be preserved without them.' It's not as if Korzhakov were a devil. He is out to save himself and his boss, and he thinks, Why risk everything just to have some people put pieces of paper into something called a ballot box?"



Aleksandr Korzhakov was reportedly the only one capable of telling the President he'd had enough to drink.

Korzhakov and his team tried to get Yeltsin to see that he was going to lose—that he could even lose to the Communists in the first round of voting. Cancellation of the election would surely bring disapproval from the West and from liberal circles in Moscow, they said, but it would be a greater sin to give up power to the Communists. In the meantime, Korzhakov, Soskovets, and other figures on the team were writing scenarios for cancellation. They thought about using the war in Chechnya as a pretext, or terrorism in Moscow, or a reunification with Belarus.

In early March, Yeltsin himself started to lean in the direction of cancelling the election. He instructed Korzhakov to look more deeply into how it could be done, and Korzhakov gladly complied.

On Friday, March 15th, Korzhakov and his team identified what they thought might be the perfect excuse. The Communists and nationalists in the Duma pushed through a resolution denouncing the so-called Belovezh Agreement of 1991, in which Yeltsin and the leaders of Ukraine and Belarus declared the dissolution of the Soviet Union. Korzhakov and Soskovets tried to convince Yeltsin that the resolution could well be a step toward a greater confrontation—even, in the case of a loss at the polls, arrest and prosecution.

"They were pressuring him every single day," Berezovsky said. "And so, on March 16th, Yeltsin decided he would take a final decision."

In the early morning of the sixteenth, Yeltsin came to Moscow from his dacha. He was inclining toward the Korzhakov option. One of Yeltsin's aides had already drafted a series of *ukazi*—decrees—on the dissolution of Parliament, the banning of the Communist Party, and the cancellation of the June 16th elections. The paperwork, at least, for what was called inside the Kremlin the *silovoi variant*—the force variation—was in place. Democracy would end with the stroke of Yeltsin's pen.

Korzhakov's men, however, did not want to repeat the tactical mistake of 1993, when members of the legislature, finding out that the Parliament was about to be dissolved, holed up inside the building—a move that led to a violent showdown. According to sources in various opposition parties and inside Yeltsin's own campaign, troops used the pretense of a bomb threat to seal off the Duma building on Sunday, March 17th, and searched the office of Valentin Kuptsov, one of the leaders of the Communist Party in the Duma. Two military vehicles parked outside the building.

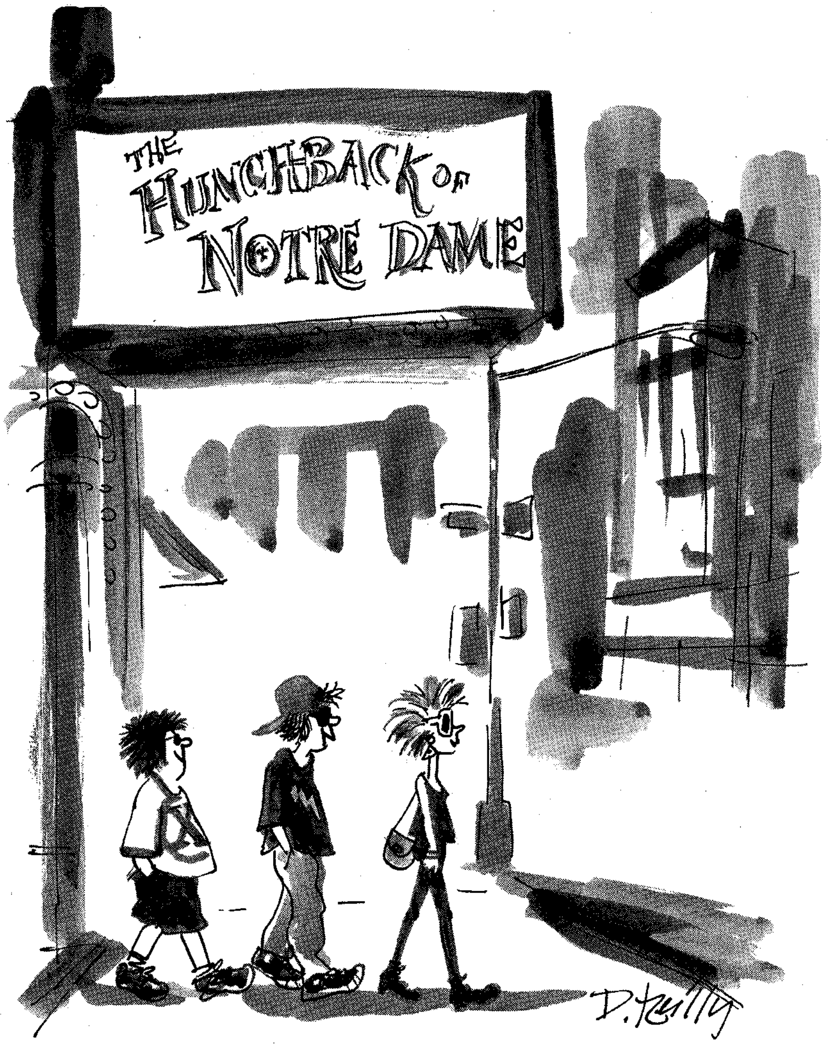
As these preparatory maneuvers began, Yeltsin held a series of one-on-one meetings at the Kremlin to discuss the force variation. He immediately encountered resistance. Prime Minister Chernomyrdin said that he was against the plan, "but said so in a shrugging sort of way," a senior diplomat told me. Chubais made the same point, and made it more vigorously. The decisive meeting, however, was with the Minister of Internal Affairs, Anatoly Kulikov. A career police chief, Kulikov had been brought in to clean up the ministry after it bungled the hostage-rescue attempt in 1995 in the town of Budyonnovsk, near the Chechen border. Yeltsin respected Kulikov as an honest broker, so when Kulikov told the President that he could not guarantee the loyalty of his troops in such an action—that it could lead to bloodshed in the streets of Moscow—Yeltsin was taken aback.

Yeltsin balked more out of a sense of politics than out of ethics. For decades, he had been steeped in the methods and tactics and habits of the Communist Party; only in 1989 did he join ranks with liberal intellectuals in the democratic opposition. Even that was a marriage more of convenience than of conviction. Gennady Burbulis, Yeltsin's closest aide in his early years of power, told me that Yeltsin had "two hearts, two motors, two ideas" inside him: authoritarian methods and "purely situational" democratic principles. "He swings back and forth between those two poles," Burbulis said. Over the past few years, Yeltsin had abandoned Western-leaning men, like his former Foreign Minister, Andrei Kozyrev, and his former economic adviser, Yegor Gaidar. Even the American Administration had been of little help. Top-level advisers told me, with great frustration, that Clinton seemed ready to forgive Yeltsin anything, including showing up for a summit meeting at Hyde Park, New York, with an obvious hangover. The Russian President, they said, had lost respect for Clinton and had come to feel that he himself could do anything and say anything and never lose the support of Washington.

"But if there is one factor that is still capable of pushing Yeltsin in the right direction it's history itself," Kozyrev told me. "He desperately wants to be thought of as a force for good in history."

And so, for reasons of both fear and history, Yeltsin made his decision. He told Korzhakov that he would go forward with the Presidential elections. The team headed by Chubais would take the lead role in the campaign. The troops retreated from the Duma. On Monday morning, deputies arrived for work as usual.

Until the crisis was over, the banker Vladimir Gusinsky said, "no one slept." But the crisis was not over at all.


THE HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME

"It would be cool to have your own tower where you could dump stuff on people."

NEGATIVE CAMPAIGNING

YELTSIN, having decided to run, had to pull off the trick of winning. Zyuganov, the Communist, was still leading in the polls. A potential "third force," headed by the liberal economist Grigory Yavlinsky and the gruff and popular Army General Aleksandr Lebed, threatened to drain off voters who were in favor of reform but had grown disgusted with all the ills of the post-Soviet era. Lebed, especially, seemed a threat—he was, like Colin Powell, amazingly adept at portraying himself as the last honest man.

To get his campaign moving, Yeltsin established an election council of fourteen members drawn from Korzhakov's and Chubais's teams. Like a traditional politburo, the council met privately in Yeltsin's Kremlin office around a huge oval table. It soon became apparent, however, that the council was untenable. Korzhakov's people were not going to work with Chubais's people, and vice versa.

"In reality, for two months there was not a single meeting," I was told by Igor Malashenko, Yeltsin's chief image-maker. "When we did have a meeting, there was always a critical voice against the mass media—that the media were doing a lot of terrible things to the image of Boris Yeltsin, talking about the Chechen war, blah-blah-blah. It was always Barsukov or Korzhakov or Soskovets. So then there was a decision that I should present a report on how I saw the mass media and how we could get the media to cover Yeltsin in a more positive way and bring him toward a victory. Korzhakov and Barsukov were appointed my official opponents in the discussion. I came up with a brief presentation, saying we had to make news every day, so that these things would be covered by the press. That way, if we made the right sort of news we'd get the right sort of coverage and the right perception of Yeltsin. Very primitive. I talked about advertising strategy, images, slogans. Then Korzhakov made a presentation. He was reading from a paper, of course. On his own, he can talk only in brief sentences. He criticized television, especially NTV, and said it was undermining the President. He said that we, the media, were enemies of Boris Yeltsin and were trying to get him defeated. Well, at that point I relaxed. I knew it wouldn't be a discussion. It was just a matter of black and white, and if Yeltsin was ready to agree that this piece of white paper is black—well, then, what could I say? But actually Yeltsin got mad at Korzhakov and attacked him, complaining that all he was saying was a bunch of nonsense, that he didn't understand the media, that Korzhakov wanted to make another Brezhnev out of him."

Yeltsin had already made an important concession to the campaign: he had stopped drinking. Now the trick was to get him to appear in public, to create at least the *image* of vigor. Malashenko and members of his team tried to convince Yeltsin that he would have to travel widely in the provinces and devise a "message of the day" strategy, straight out of the Michael Deaver–Ronald Reagan handbook. So far, his travels had been counterproductive.

"We discussed a trip that Yeltsin had taken to Krasnodar, which had been a real disaster," Malashenko said. "The trip had been managed by the others, and it was just like an old-fashioned tour of the provinces by a General Secretary of the Communist Party: no one too close, and frozen, artificial smiles on the faces of all the local big shots. The pictures were absolutely terrible. So, afterward, Chubais and I came to Yeltsin and showed him pictures of the trip. Then we showed him pictures of himself in 1991, surrounded by crowds, practically swimming in them—a man of the people. Yeltsin looked at these pictures and immediately grasped the problem. After that, the campaign started to roll."

THE Yeltsin campaign gave new meaning to the phrase "the advantages of incumbency." Those of delicate sensibility might even say that his team, with the help of friendly media, was determined to win at any cost. Those of delicate sensibility would be right. While Zyuganov travelled on commercial flights with a small team of aides, Yeltsin was cosseted in the Presidential jet, free of the rigors of Aeroflot. While Zyuganov depended mainly on a door-to-door campaign and on a series of clumsy television ads, Yeltsin was guaranteed constant and flattering attention on the networks (which were owned by the men supporting him) and in the newspapers (which, quite reasonably, feared being shut down or censored under a new and vengeful Communist regime). The vast majority of journalists did not need any extra incentive to report favorably on Yeltsin, but now some operatives, working at arm's length from the campaign, distributed money to the few journalists who were not already on board for love.

Yeltsin, taking thirty-three trips in four months, went from town to town, acting like a czarist-era governor: he promised every sort of favor, from a cultural center to Muslims in Yaroslavl to a telephone for an old woman who had been on a waiting list for eight years; from tax breaks for ailing industries to billions of rubles in back pay to miners and workers. To capture the youth vote, rock stars and other entertainers were sent across the country putting on pro-Yeltsin concerts—a tour culminating in early June, in a concert that drew a hundred thousand people to Red Square. Yeltsin strategists even began pouring money into the Lebed campaign, because they thought that Lebed, with his image of blunt honesty and strength, could siphon off voters from both Zyuganov and the nationalist fanatic Vladimir Zhirinovsky, and that Lebed might then deliver those votes in a second round of voting, in July. And, in case that was not enough, some Yeltsin aides, especially in Korzhakov's orbit, spoke of falsifying the results, if necessary.

In the end, economists estimated, Yeltsin's campaign-related junkets and promises would cost the state budget as much as eleven billion dollars and make a farce of his commitment to contain budget deficits and keep within guidelines set by the International Monetary Fund.

Zyuganov and his advisers were, not surprisingly, enraged. Anatoly Lukyanov, another 1991-coup sympathizer who was now back in the Parliament, told me, "Whitewater made a big splash in your country, but I must tell you that the corruption in these elections—call it Yeltsingate—dwarfs anything you have imagined. Imagine if your President were to banish Bob Dole from the airwaves and take funds from the state budget for his campaign, and all the rest. What would be the response?"

The response among the Yeltsin backers was unabashed pride. Plutocrats, like Berezovsky and Gusinsky, and television and newspaper journalists said that the election was unlike anything in the West. Russia, they said, was faced with a stark choice between two social systems: a transitional system of state capitalism and "half democracy" that held out promise for the future; and a system of Communism that, for all Zyuganov's promises, meant a return to a familiar, and even brutal, past. That Igor Malashenko ran both NTV and the Yeltsin ad campaign, for example, shocked most Westerners. Dan Quayle, on a visit to Moscow, said that it was the equivalent of having Dan Rather give advice to Bill Clinton. Yeltsin's supporters dismissed such rhetoric as self-righteous cant.

"Look, there were two ways to influence the electorate," said Leonid Radzikhovsky, a journalist who wrote speeches for Lebed and tried to "liberalize" the General's image. "There was the way of force, and there was the way Malashenko did it. In essence, Malashenko's way saved hundreds of lives that might have been lost to the tanks and guns that would have been used in the cancellation of elections and the rise of Presidential rule. Yeltsin had alternatives before him. It's true that in a truly fair election he might have lost. He violated various rules in the end. So call it the softer variant of what might have been. Yeltsin plays cards only when he knows he can be a winner. He always requires having a fifth ace up his sleeve. Otherwise he'll take out the Smith & Wesson and start firing. In the election, Malashenko played the role of the fifth ace. Let's at least praise Malashenko for that."

While the more visible part of the campaign reaped its rewards—Yeltsin's ratings were pulling even with Zyuganov's everywhere but in the southern farming areas and industrial cities known as the Red Belt—Korzhakov's team had not shut down its operations. Korzhakov started to shift his attention to gaining credit and power after the election. He was determined to make sure that Yeltsin would not forget his old allies in the security forces—would not surround himself once more with outsiders and liberals like Chubais and Malashenko. "There was still an atmosphere of hate among the President's assistants," one Kremlin aide said.

It is, to say the least, an advantage in a political campaign to be able to accuse your opponent's party of, among other things, the murder of innocents, so in the last days before June 16th Yeltsin flooded the airwaves with the ultimate in negative campaign propaganda. Television showed a series of films meant to fuel an anti-Communist fever: there were documentaries about collectivization and the purges, and films like Nikita Mikhalkov's anti-Stalinist allegory "Burnt by the Sun," which had won an Oscar in 1995. One short documentary showed black-and-white footage of Stalin voting at a Communist Party ballot box in the forties; in case anyone missed the point, the narrator asked whether Russians wanted to return to this sort of "democracy" in the near future.

Meanwhile, Korzhakov's people seemed to be keeping up their dark game. In early May, Korzhakov told a British newspaper that the elections should be called off—a suggestion that was quickly slapped down in public by Yeltsin himself. There were rumors that Korzhakov was in contact with the Communist Party hierarchy, trying to attract support from the "moderates" by promising that both sides would expel their radicals—democratic liberals and orthodox Communists alike. More ominously, in early June a bomb exploded in a subway station in southern Moscow, killing four people. A candidate for deputy mayor of Moscow was nearly killed in an assassination attempt. With no evidence at hand, everyone was free to blame everyone else.

To win in the first round, one of the candidates—there were ten—would have to score a majority. None of the polls suggested that anyone would do that well, but Yeltsin said that he expected to win reëlection on the first try. His advisers discovered, to their astonishment, that he really meant it. What was more troubling was that Yeltsin showed no sense of an orderly transfer of power. "I will not allow the Communists into power," he said.

On June 16th, Election Day, I went to Yeltsin's campaign headquarters and met there with Sergei Karaganov, a foreign-policy expert who is a member of Yeltsin's Presidential council. There were computers and wire machines all around, and early information coming in from the far east—from places like Vladivostok and Khabarovsk—was not encouraging.

Karaganov frowned as he scanned a computer screen. Yeltsin, he said with a long sigh, was far from being an ideal candidate for reëlection. "He carries with him the baggage of his mistakes," he said. "He's not a candidate that people would just love to vote for. They vote for him more with the mind than with the heart, if they vote for him at all. His main negative is the suffering the whole society has had to endure because of transformation. If he wins, it will be one of the rare moments in history when someone who leads a revolution is not swept away by it."

"And if he loses?" I asked. "Would he pack his bags and greet the moving vans at the Kremlin gates?"

"If Yeltsin loses, he will not give power to the Communists," Karaganov said. "He has said that more than once."

"I'm sorry. You said . . ."

"I would say that he could give up power, but not to Communists."

This was getting more cryptic and more chilling. In Russia, power still depended mightily on the politics of its "force structures"—the Army, the K.G.B., the police—and would go on doing so until the country experiences a peaceful and uneventful transition.

At about nine that night, I went with Masha Lipman and her husband, Sergei Ivanov, who is a Byzantine scholar, to the apartment of their close friends Maria Volkenshtein and Igor Primakov. Maria runs a polling and market-research company called Validata, and in recent months she had been doing some polling on the political situation. She had travelled to more parts of the country than anyone else I knew—through the depressed cities of the Red Belt and to the comparatively prosperous cities in Siberia and the Urals—and realized just how disenchanted Russians had grown with Yeltsin. But she also saw that Zyuganov was no savior in the eyes of most people, that the memory of the Communist past—the empty shelves of the eighties as much as the purges of the thirties—was still vivid.

"If it's a matter of slogans, Yeltsin will win because of 'Forward, not Backward' or the Communists will win because of 'Let's Be Great Again,'" she said. Exit polls showed Yeltsin slightly ahead of the field, but Maria had no confidence that he would win.

As we watched the various election-night specials on television and waited for the first returns to be announced, at eleven, we all ate greedily—all of us except Maria. "I'm too nervous," she said.

We tuned in to NTV. The anchor, Yevgeny Kiselyov, did not look at all well. He was an unabashed Yeltsin supporter. His expression hinted at defeat. The people at NTV undoubtedly knew some of the voting trends.

Then, at eleven exactly, the polls closed, and Kiselyov could announce the first returns. He seemed relieved, but he spared us the indignity of a smile. Yeltsin was running three points or so ahead of Zyuganov. General Lebed was making an extraordinary showing, at about fifteen per cent. Grigory Yavlinsky had won enough liberal votes to place fourth, and Zhirinovsky was fifth. The rest of the field was marginalia, and included the most important historical figure of the postwar era, Mikhail Gorbachev. By the time the night was over, Gorbachev would have a grand total of half of one per cent—only a pinch more than a former Olympic weight lifter, Yuri Vlasov, and an oddball businessman, Vladimir Bryntsalov. As much as Gorbachev was hated, one wondered why he could not surge past the likes of Bryntsalov on name recognition alone. Bryntsalov was known mainly because he was rich and his wife was young. (On television, Natalya Bryntsalova had volunteered that her husband gave her

SAMUEL'S
COFFEE • TEAS
Habitu
Crawford

“Here's a cappuccino place. Oh, forget it—too many nose rings with sketchbooks.”

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eighty thousand dollars a month for sex; on another show, she had turned her back to the camera and pulled down her pants, revealing a spandex-covered bottom. Gorbachev may have put an end to the Cold War and to decades of repression, but he never did that.)

At about two-thirty in the morning, Maria finally got up from her chair and piled some beef on a plate. She could eat now with impunity. There would be a runoff between Yeltsin and Zyuganov in July, and there were already signs that both Lebed and Yavlinsky would, in one way or another, back Yeltsin.

A little while later, NTV switched from its election coverage to an episode of its hilarious political puppet show, “Kukly.” The episode featured all the Presidential candidates aboard a luxurious boat floating down the Moscow River. Yeltsin, of course, was a bear, while Zhirinovsky was a nut, Yavlinsky a boyish prig, Zyuganov an unsophisticated bore. But it was Gorbachev who got the most bruising treatment: he was portrayed as a pathetic *boltun*, a chatterbox. At one point, Gorbachev despaired of finding someone to talk to, and he took out a cellular phone and called a local sex line.

“No one will listen to me,” he said sadly into the phone. There was obviously a sex worker at the other end of the line.

After a long soliloquy, he said, “I still have great potential.”

But even the sex worker, it seemed, was barely listening.

“Stop moaning,” Gorbachev said.

The next day, the real Gorbachev gave a press conference. About a hundred reporters were there at the start. Gorbachev declared that he was “not discouraged” by his vote count, and he went on, “I felt that in all these dramatic events I have the chance to continue in my efforts, and I will do this.” By the time the session ended, two hours later, there were just a handful of reporters left in the room.

THE GENERAL'S VOICE

THE real morning-after story was not Gorbachev or Zyuganov, or even Yeltsin; it was General Lebed. Less than a year earlier, Russian liberals had despaired of Lebed's popularity and worried that he would try to become a Russian Pinochet, a crude authoritarian welcomed by a poor and crime-ridden nation. But now many of those same liberals spoke highly of Lebed, because he seemed honest and was willing, at least occasionally, to mouth positive slogans about the market economy.

Two days after the election, following a series of meetings at the Kremlin, Yeltsin made a dual announcement: he was appointing Lebed as head of his security council—the *über* council, responsible for the military, police, and secret services—and, even more shocking, he was firing his longtime Defense Minister, Pavel Grachev. Grachev, who had ingratiated himself with the President, had been almost comically unpopular in the country. His entourage was famously corrupt—so much so that he had been known in the press as Pasha Mercedes. Grachev had promised to capture the Chechen capital, Grozny, in “two hours,” but the Army's inept prosecution of the war had led to thousands of deaths. Grachev had carried out Yeltsin's orders during the October, 1993, crisis, but only after hours of hesitation and double-dealing. Now Yeltsin could keep him no longer, for Lebed despised Grachev. The price of Lebed's participation in the

Yeltsin government was his rival's head.

Not long after Lebed was appointed, he went on television and declared that he had uncovered and quashed a potential putsch among the generals loyal to Grachev. Lebed claimed that between nine and ten o'clock that morning, in a lounge in the Defense Ministry, five generals and some other officials had talked about putting pressure on Yeltsin to stop the firing of Grachev. Lebed said that he went to the general-staff officers and told them not to take any orders from the former minister, and that he then sent a telegram to the Moscow military garrisons, instructing them to refuse any orders from Grachev, and he also visited a garrison of paratroopers near the capital and told them, "You have only one Commander-in-Chief."

Whether these statements were accurate or not, Lebed's voice was a distinct horn in the political fog. Yeltsin would have to get used to the sound of it. "Lebed's voice is worth two or three battalions," Leonid Radzikhovsky, his speechwriter during the campaign, said. "All he has to do is roar and people will obey." It appeared that Lebed's swagger was reminiscent of that of his new partner. "To me, he looks not like Augusto Pinochet but like a nice hooligan from the old neighborhood—like Yeltsin in 1988 or 1989, in fact, before Yeltsin was spoiled by civilization," Radzikhovsky said. "This was the beloved Yeltsin who was always showing his fist. Alas, Yeltsin developed a love for vodka and the bourgeois game of tennis. He became a czar and a sybarite."

The best account of Lebed's life is his autobiography, "I Pity Our Great Power," which is a lament for his country's lost honor and his own hard times. There are tales of a modest, even brutal, childhood, of military derring-do, of injuries and wounds, of humiliation and sweet revenge. He describes in excruciating detail how he broke his clavicle in boyhood and then had to have it rebroken after it was improperly set; how his face was smashed with an iron bar by a vengeful soccer opponent; how he broke his tailbone in a parachuting accident; how he had to have a painful sinus operation, the mere memory of which evokes the smell "of burning meat." Lebed also makes it clear that he loves to talk about honor and its protection. He once discovered that some soldiers were brutally hazing recruits, so he called together the offending soldiers and, one by one, slugged them all, breaking twelve jaws. Or so he says.

Lebed's military career traces a history of Soviet adventure and disaster. He was a paratroop commander in Afghanistan, and took part in the Soviet crackdown on nationalist dissent in Azerbaijan in 1990. During the 1991 coup, he led troops into Moscow only to end up defending Yeltsin—although Lebed admitted later that he barely knew what was going on during those three tense days and had to verify his orders from a phone booth. He became a kind of nationalist hero in 1992 as the leader of the Fourteenth Army, which is based in Trans-Dniestria, a Russian-separatist enclave in the republic of Moldova. Lebed had orders to keep a neutral presence, but he decided that he would use military force to defend the local Russians against Moldovan troops. Central command, in Moscow, kept imploring him to withdraw to Russian territory. He refused. Lebed humiliated Defense Minister Grachev by sending cables to Moscow telling him, in effect, to stay out of the business of the Fourteenth Army. When the American United Nations representative, Madeleine Albright, said that Washington wanted the Fourteenth Army to withdraw, Lebed responded, "It's time all those uninvited advisers got a boot in the behind."

Time and again, Lebed used his gift for rhetoric to attract political attention. A stream of journalists, Russian and foreign, came to his office in Trans-Dniestria to hear him dispense his foghorn quips. From behind his desk, and with a sour expression like that of Lurch, the butler in "The Addams Family," Lebed spoke up for the Russian military, cracked wise about corruption among the top brass in Moscow, criticized the war in Chechnya, and expressed his admiration for the Chilean autocrat Pinochet. Lebed said that Pinochet had been able to revive the Chilean economy while killing "no more than three thousand people. In Russia, sometimes more people get killed and no one is held responsible," he added helpfully. "Pinochet found a way to legitimately transfer power to a civilian government, and now the country is stable and flourishing." Later, though, Lebed said he preferred de Gaulle as a role model.

In 1995, Lebed finally ended his war with the Kremlin and was forced to resign from the Army. He ran for Parliament last December, at the head of a small party called the Congress of Russian Communities, or K.R.O. Thanks to his straight talk about crime and Chechnya, Lebed won a single-mandate seat in the Duma, but the K.R.O. took only four per cent of the vote and failed to win a party slate in the legislature.

The results indicated that Lebed's chances for the Presidency were almost nil, but he ran anyway. Although he was fond of lobbing verbal grenades at the Kremlin, he hired a pro-government member of the Parliament, Aleksei Golovkov, to help run his campaign. Golovkov, in turn, helped refashion Lebed. He dismissed some Soviet-style economic advisers and installed Vitaly Naishul, an economist of the Chicago School. The imagery of the campaign also changed. Suddenly, Lebed had a new suit, a new haircut, new scripted one-liners, and a political future. When the history of the Russian transition is written, it will describe how Vladimir Zhirinovsky, playing the clown in the early nineties, introduced nationalist sentiment to politics and how Aleksandr Lebed went on from there.

"Lebed stole my act and he stole my votes," Zhirinovsky told me. "I should take him to court."

The Yeltsin forces foresaw this development and made a deal with Lebed. Word from both the Yeltsin and the Lebed campaigns has it that money from the Yeltsin side began streaming to Lebed in March—with the clear understanding that the General would eventually get a high-level job in exchange for a few kind and supportive words. "The idea was to put Lebed on track, and it was understood that this would be at the expense of Zyuganov and Zhirinovsky," Radzikhovsky told me. "If Lebed took these votes, they would not turn back so easily to Zyuganov. Lebed, after all, was talking, in his own style, about democracy and the market. Maybe, we thought, the people could somehow get used to these words in the second round, and not return to Zyuganov. So Lebed had his game, and we had our game. Our interests coincided."

After Lebed was installed as security adviser, however, he lost control of his rhetoric. With Yeltsin now exhausted from his travels, ill, and mainly out of sight, everyone focussed on Lebed's blithe comments on everything from the presence of foreign missionaries in Russia ("mold and scum") to the influence of Western pop culture on Russian television ("sexual trash"). He managed to insult Mormons, though no one I have ever met in Russia has ever met a Mormon. His anti-Semitism was also made plain. At one meeting, a Cossack got up from his seat rather shyly and started to ask a question. Lebed interrupted, saying, "You call yourself a Cossack, but you talk like a Jew." Eventually, Lebed apologized for all his remarks, but it was becoming ever clearer that a loose cannon had been rolled onto the political stage.

"Lebed is atrociously educated. He is unimaginably stupid," Sergei Kovalyov, a former Yeltsin aide on human rights, who quit the Administration over the Chechen war, said. "The whole idea of a Yeltsin-Lebed team makes me extremely nervous."

Finally, Lebed said he would not campaign for Yeltsin. After all, he had already said he didn't really care for the President, and, what was more, he wanted to know, "Do I even remotely resemble an entertainer to you?"

When General Lebed was denied access to Yeltsin on Election Day, he threatened to go on CNN and tell the world that Yeltsin was dead.

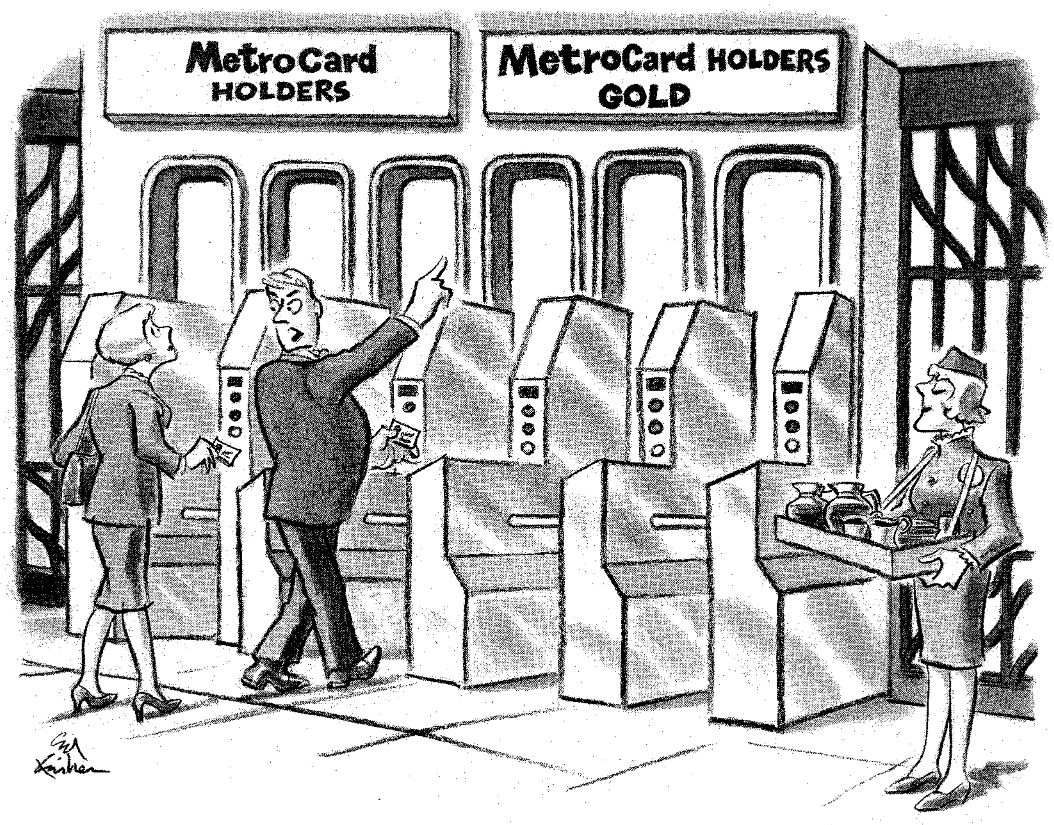
SOAP OPERAS

THE election rules called for a two-week interregnum between the first and the second round of voting, and so, with the balloting set for July 3rd, I went off for a couple of days to St. Petersburg to see friends and go to the annual Stars of the White Nights music festival. The conductor of the Kirov Opera, Valery Gergiyev, is probably the most significant figure in Russian music who has not left the country, and he was performing Shostakovich's "From Jewish Folk Poetry" and the composer's opera "Lady Macbeth of Mtsensk."

Even the flight up to St. Petersburg was instructive. Aeroflot, an airline once known for such touches as straphangers in the aisles and green chicken for lunch, now has business class on some flights. Up front, the clientele was roughly that of a Moscow casino. The fellow next to me looked like an agent of obscure commerce, and while the plane waited on the tarmac in Moscow he spent the entire time barking into a cellular phone—something about "units." While we were in the air, he drank half a dozen vodkas and napped fitfully. When we touched down, at Pulkovo Airport, he stirred to life, snapped open his phone again, and began shouting above the engine whine, "Misha! You amazing fuck! I'm already here! Yes, in Peter! Send the limo!"

Compared with Moscow, which is by far Russia's richest city, St. Petersburg seemed to be in a funk. The shelves in the stores were full, of course, but the mayor, Anatoly Sobchak, did not seem capable of paving the roads or cleaning the city in quite the way of his Moscow counterpart, Yuri Luzhkov. In any case, Sobchak was licking his wounds; just a few days before, he had been voted out of office. The news around town was not at all unusual. A local mobster, Vladislav (the Brick) Kirpichev, had been shot to death while drinking a glass of wine in the Joy Restaurant, on the Griboyedov Canal. Kirpichev had probably thought he was sitting pretty, since, not long before, he had been on trial with other members of the Malyshev gang for fifty-two crimes, but all the gang members had been released after sixty-three witnesses decided to retract their testimony to the police and three others were killed. The Brick was fifty-nine and is survived by his wife, who is twenty-five. Elsewhere in town, a huge cast and crew were shooting another remake of "Anna Karenina." And, at a meeting with the Union of Scientists, Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn made his first appearance in St. Petersburg since his return from exile. He told the scholars assembled there that he was, as usual, fed up. In the election, he said, he would mark the box designated "Against All."

With the elections coming, the timing of Gergiyev's Shostakovich concerts was astonishing. "I am terrified of a Communist return," the music critic Lev Ginzburg told me, "and the fate of this opera tells you a little bit about why." Stalin first saw "Lady Macbeth" in January of 1936, and in disgust left the theatre: the libretto is filled with sexual intrigue, and the music confused the dictator. A few days later—on Stalin's order, of course—*Pravda* denounced Shostakovich in an article headlined "CHAOS INSTEAD OF MUSIC," and starting, "From the first moment, the listener is shocked by a deliberately dissonant, confused stream of sound. Fragments of melody and embryonic phrases appear, only to disappear again in the din, the grinding, and the screaming." Shostakovich responded, in fear, by modifying the music and the story and renaming



"I knew this just had to follow!"

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the production "Katerina Izmailova."

I took my seat in the orchestra of the Maryinsky Theatre. Gergiyev is almost always late in starting his performances, and I had a chance to talk with the young woman, a doctor, who was sitting next to me. She had been going to the Maryinsky for so long that she remembered seeing Mikhail Baryshnikov dance there—"Oh, God knows how many years ago." She told me that the previous head of the theatre had been bounced for taking bribes, but that Gergiyev was keeping the place alive with a stream of new productions of operas by Tchaikovsky, Rimsky-Korsakov, and Shostakovich. She turned in her seat and pointed out one of the restorations in the Maryinsky: a czarist-era crown had been placed over the royal box. "But only as decoration!" she was quick to say. "We aren't monarchists here. We're just interested in our own past."

The curtain went up. The opera began.

Back in Moscow on the evening of June 19th, two senior aides in the Yeltsin campaign walked down a path from the White House. They were heading for a gate, where their cars and drivers awaited them. The aides, Sergei Lisovsky and Arkady Yevstafiev, were members of the campaign team close to Anatoly Chubais.

Both men knew well that they operated in a city of intrigue. Just the day before, at around midnight, Boris Fyodorov, the former head of the National Sports Fund, was parked outside Moscow State University with a female companion. A man leaned through the car window, drew a 9-mm. Luger, and shot Fyodorov in the stomach. When the pistol jammed, the gunman brought out a knife and stabbed him four times in the chest. In May, Fyodorov had been arrested on drug-possession charges and was replaced at the Sports Fund by a former K.G.B. colonel, a crony of Korzhakov's. The Sports Fund was an immense boondoggle: thanks to a decree issued by Yeltsin, it was allowed to import cigarettes and liquor tariff free—an arrangement that cost the state more than two hundred million dollars a month in taxes.

In any event, before Lisovsky and Yevstafiev could get through the gate, they were arrested by members of Korzhakov's Presidential security service. According to Lisovsky, the guards "produced" a box filled with American currency, and the two men were charged with trying to sneak half a million dollars out of a government building without proper documents. They were taken back into the White House and subjected to an eleven-hour interrogation. There had been a lot of loose money around during the campaign, and it was not beyond imagining that Lisovsky might have been carrying some; he was a wealthy advertising magnate with a somewhat dicey reputation. "People would believe anything about him," Igor Malashenko said. "That's why he was an excellent target for a frameup."

Also, that evening, at a business club on Novokuznetskaya Street owned by Boris Berezovsky, key members of the Yeltsin campaign team and some leading businessmen were talking strategy. At about ten, Chubais got a call on his mobile phone, and as he listened he paced around a long table, with a stricken look on his face. The others, including Berezovsky, Malashenko, and Vladimir Gusinsky, watched him intently. Then they began to get calls, too. The message was the same: Lisovsky and Yevstafiev, the Rosencrantz and Guildenstern of the drama, had been arrested.

"It was clear that a showdown of some kind had begun," Malashenko told me later. "Within twenty-four hours, someone would be gone: either Chubais or Barsukov and Korzhakov. It was a clear-cut situation."

Malashenko traded information with his colleagues in television; as a result, bulletins began popping up on the air. The group failed to reach Yeltsin, but it did get through to someone almost as crucial—Yeltsin's daughter Tatyana. Tatyana had played a pivotal role in the campaign, and was now siding with the anti-Korzhakov team. She came to the club and promised to arrange a meeting first thing in the morning between the President and Chubais.

"We realized on the night of the nineteenth that even if Yeltsin were to win we wouldn't be able to build a normal country if Korzhakov, Barsukov, and Soskovets kept their posts," Berezovsky said. "If they were to stay, we'd have to leave the country."

Gusinsky was even more nervous—positively operatic. "We waited to be arrested, or thought, Maybe they'll just kill us," he said. "We had no illusions. I called my wife, at our house in Spain, and said, 'Don't have any illusions.' She was furious. I can hardly repeat what she said."

Just after midnight, Chubais called Colonel-General Anatoly Trofimov, a deputy to Barsukov and the head of the Moscow secret police, to get more information, but in fact the only hard information was coming out on television. By about two-thirty, Chubais had reached Barsukov himself. Barsukov claimed he was "not very aware" of what was going on, but asked that Chubais come to his office early the next morning.

Chubais was incensed. "Look, I am not your subordinate and I want to warn you," he said. "If something happens to Yevstafiev, you are going to pay for it."

At the White House, meanwhile, the interrogators had been demanding that the two detainees reveal "evidence" aimed against Chubais and Prime Minister Chernomyrdin. (Korzhakov despised Chernomyrdin and hoped to have him replaced after the election with his own ally, Soskovets.) "Boris Yeltsin is going to win anyway," one interrogator barked at Yevstafiev, "but this victory is going to be brought to him by real patriots, not by guys like you."

But the airwaves were now flooded with news bulletins, and the interrogators backed off. They started trying to convince their two detainees that they would soon be released, and that when they were they shouldn't make too much out of it. According to Malashenko, "They were saying, 'Oh, everything is fine, we think you're also not interested in too much media attention. Let's forget the whole thing.' They were suddenly obsessed with one thing: media coverage. And they realized that it could blow up in their faces."

Lisovsky and Yevstafiev were released at dawn.

From my room at the Astoria Hotel, in St. Petersburg, I tried to follow the drama on television. But, like everyone else—even the campaign aides and the men at the business club—I could not find out how the story ended until Yeltsin himself moved to write its finish.

It was far from guaranteed that Yeltsin would side with Chubais and go after Korzhakov, Barsukov, and Soskovets. Even if he understood that the party of war was provoking the other team, trying to smear it with scandal, he was like a blood brother to Korzhakov. Over time, Yeltsin had turned on everyone except him. Why would he do it now? The early-morning hours were like a dead zone to the members of Chubais's team as they awaited their turn to meet with Yeltsin at the Kremlin. "I was extremely tense," Malashenko told me. "I was afraid that Yeltsin would not do anything, and would pretend that this frameup was a minor incident and sweep it under the rug. I had already made a clear decision for myself. I had decided that it could not be business as usual. If it had just gone on as always, I would have resigned immediately from the election campaign. Probably Chubais would have done the same."

While the Chubais team waited, it took care to get in touch with the newest and most unpredictable force in Kremlin politics, Aleksandr Lebed. He, too, had little sympathy for Korzhakov, and quickly went to his office on Old Square.

Chubais finally reached Yeltsin on the phone and told him what he knew, and reminded the President that he had a press conference scheduled for 10 A.M. Yeltsin asked him to postpone the session until later in the day, when he'd had a chance to sort out the intrigue.

Yeltsin met first with Korzhakov and Barsukov, and they gave their side of the story. Then he met with his security council, and it quickly approved the nomination of Lebed as its chairman. After that session, Yeltsin met privately with Lebed, then with Chernomyrdin, and, finally, with Chubais. All three advised Yeltsin to move quickly against the party of war. I was told that Chubais even informed Yeltsin that he had "damning" information about Korzhakov's business dealings. Within minutes of his meeting with Chubais, Yeltsin walked blockily in front of the television cameras and declared that it was time "for fresh faces" in the leadership. Korzhakov, Barsukov, and Soskovets were out. "They were taking too much and giving back too little," Yeltsin explained.

The Chubais team was jubilant. In a country that had always relied on force and the threat of force as pivotal to public life, Yeltsin had jettisoned his most forceful ally. Gusinsky, a former theatre director, said that the whole affair reminded him of "Antigone," which he saw as a play about a ruler who destroys his family in order to preserve the state order. "You have to credit Yeltsin for this," he told me. "For him, this was no simple matter. Yeltsin killed his son; he allowed his son to be taken away from him."

Yeltsin's wife, Naina, told a television interviewer that the decision to fire Korzhakov was one of the most painful in her husband's career: "It was very difficult. Even the word 'very' does not do it justice. It was like losing a limb."

At noon, Chubais called a press conference and said that with the firings Yeltsin had "driven the last nail" into the coffin of a military regime.

Korzhakov, for his part, was less dramatic. "I have backed the President and will continue to do so," he said in one of his rare statements to the press. "I am not quitting the President's team and will do my best for the President's victory."

In fact, within a day or two it became known that Korzhakov had not left the Kremlin. Everyone was sure that after the election he would be back, if not as the head of the Presidential guard, then somewhere not terribly distant from Yeltsin. Chubais had won the battle, but even he betrayed no great confidence. One of his allies compared Korzhakov and his men to Papa Doc Duvalier's vengeful army of Tontons Macoutes. And Chubais, sometime after his ostensibly victorious press conference, began riding around town with a full complement of armed guards in a bulletproof Mercedes-Benz.

FALLING TO EARTH

During the last week of June, I travelled a few hours south by car to Tula, a city famous for its rifles and its samovars. Now Tula was also famous for being the home of Aleksandr

Lebed. In the Parliament, Lebed was the delegate from Tula, and the city had also turned out in droves for the General in the Presidential election. The question was whether the Lebed voters could now bring themselves to vote for Yeltsin. Or would they spurn their man's recommendation and turn to the Communist, Zyuganov? The answer would be the greatest clue to who would win.

Maria Volkenshtein had set up a series of focus groups in Tula, and I had gone along. With a little time to spare, I took a walk downtown, and saw a woman in her fifties watering the flowers outside Tula's own White House—the local government building. Her name was Tasya Kuprina. She was not a fanatic, and not even especially interested in Communism. But she had voted for Zyuganov, and she would vote for him again on July 3rd.

"Isn't it obvious why?" she said. "We live terribly now. Two, three months go by sometimes before I get paid. In the winter, I'm working outside in terrible cold. For what is it? Sixty dollars a month? Also, the collapse of the Soviet Union has been a disaster in my own life. I mean personally. Try to imagine what it's like living in a huge country and then it splits apart. My daughter lives in Ukraine, and I have seen her once in three years."

But, while there were many people in town who would vote Communist, Maria's focus groups provided a more overwhelming trend. By a clear margin, the Lebed voters—and the Yavlinsky voters as well—would go for Yeltsin.

Back in Moscow, the mood was more confident. "Yeltsin will win, but it's a question whether or not he can survive the victory party," said Leonid Radzikhovsky, the journalist who worked for Lebed. "That will be really dangerous. But, of course, for the next three or four years Yeltsin can look forward to a sea of vodka and endless tennis tournaments and the great, warm hug of Bill Clinton. Isn't that reason to live?"

As it happened, the days leading up to the final ballot were nerve-racking. Yeltsin cancelled one appearance after another; it became plain that he was, at best, completely worn out, or, at worst, quite ill. His aides said that he had merely caught a cold, and his voice had given out. Reporters at television stations and news bureaus everywhere in Moscow watched nervously over the wires. Finally, on July 1st, Yeltsin appeared, giving a two-minute speech. He seemed unfocussed, thick-tongued, a (barely) living evocation of the last days of Brezhnev and Andropov. "The man is a living corpse," the ever-solicitous Vladimir Zhirinovsky told me. "We're just waiting for him to drop dead."

A few days before the final balloting, I managed to attend the happiest event I had seen in Moscow for a long time. The Russian State University for the Humanities—a new university, run by the perestroika-era leader Yuri Afanasyev—was awarding degrees to its first crop of graduate students in Jewish studies. Since the university was established, in 1991—it had once been the Higher Party School, an institute for aspiring Communist leaders—Afanasyev had been bringing in support and top-level scholars from the Jewish Theological Seminary in New York and from the YIVO Institute for Jewish Research.

I arrived just in time to see YIVO's research director, Allan Nadler, get up, in his gown, and speak to the graduates and their families. Cameras clicked and babies cried: it was just like a graduation anywhere. "There is a verse in the Psalms that says that when God returned the exiles to Zion it was as if we were living in a dream," Nadler said. "And, although Russia is for most Jews not Zion, there was the feeling that this country would harbor great hopes and be a source of knowledge. That dream was shattered over the years of totalitarian rule. But now we live in a different dream—the return of freedom and Jewish knowledge."

While Nadler was speaking, I remembered that I had spent a lot of time in this auditorium: in 1989, I had heard a debate about the future of the Communist Party; in 1991, I had watched a crowd of visiting Communists from Vietnam enjoy a dubbed version of Michael Douglas playing the greedy investment banker in "Wall Street."

"We are witnessing a mystifying inversion of the trends of recent history," Nadler went on. "The surreal moment for me, the dreamlike state, was when a professor, a Russian professor from the institute, recommended to one student that he ought to take more time to look at the K.G.B. documents on the repression of Jewish dissidents."

Then one of the best of the students, a young woman named Irina Astashkevich, took the podium and delivered a speech first in Russian and then in gorgeous English. "In August and September, 1991, it was impossible to imagine what, if anything, would come out of the putsch," she said. "It turns out this was a coup not only in our politics but in our culture and our history. . . . I now look at a diploma that says I am a specialist in Jewish studies. I feel like a pioneer in a new land. . . . It is a great feeling not only to be a witness to a historical event but also to participate in it. I feel as if I were standing in the center of the world."

The Yeltsin strategy in the last days was simple: get out the vote, hide the President, and scare the hell out of the population. The ad campaign on television dropped any pretense of subtlety and ran haunting footage of Bolshevik atrocities and disasters. "No one in 1917 thought that whole families would be executed and entire peoples destroyed," a narrator said gravely as footage of an execution, coffins, prison camps unspooled. "Now the Communists have not even bothered to change the name of their party. . . . It's not too late to prevent a civil war. Save and preserve Russia. Don't allow the Red storm." Zyuganov's ads were, in the main, Zyuganov speechlets. He was, in terms of Madison Avenue, out of his depth. With a day or two to go, Zyuganov sensed defeat and tried to appeal for a "coalition government." It was far too late for that.

Once more, my friends and I gathered at Maria Volkenshtein's place, but no one was very much in doubt about the result. Yeltsin won by fourteen points. Zyuganov's voters in the Red Belt seemed resigned at the end, and many did not bother going to the polls.

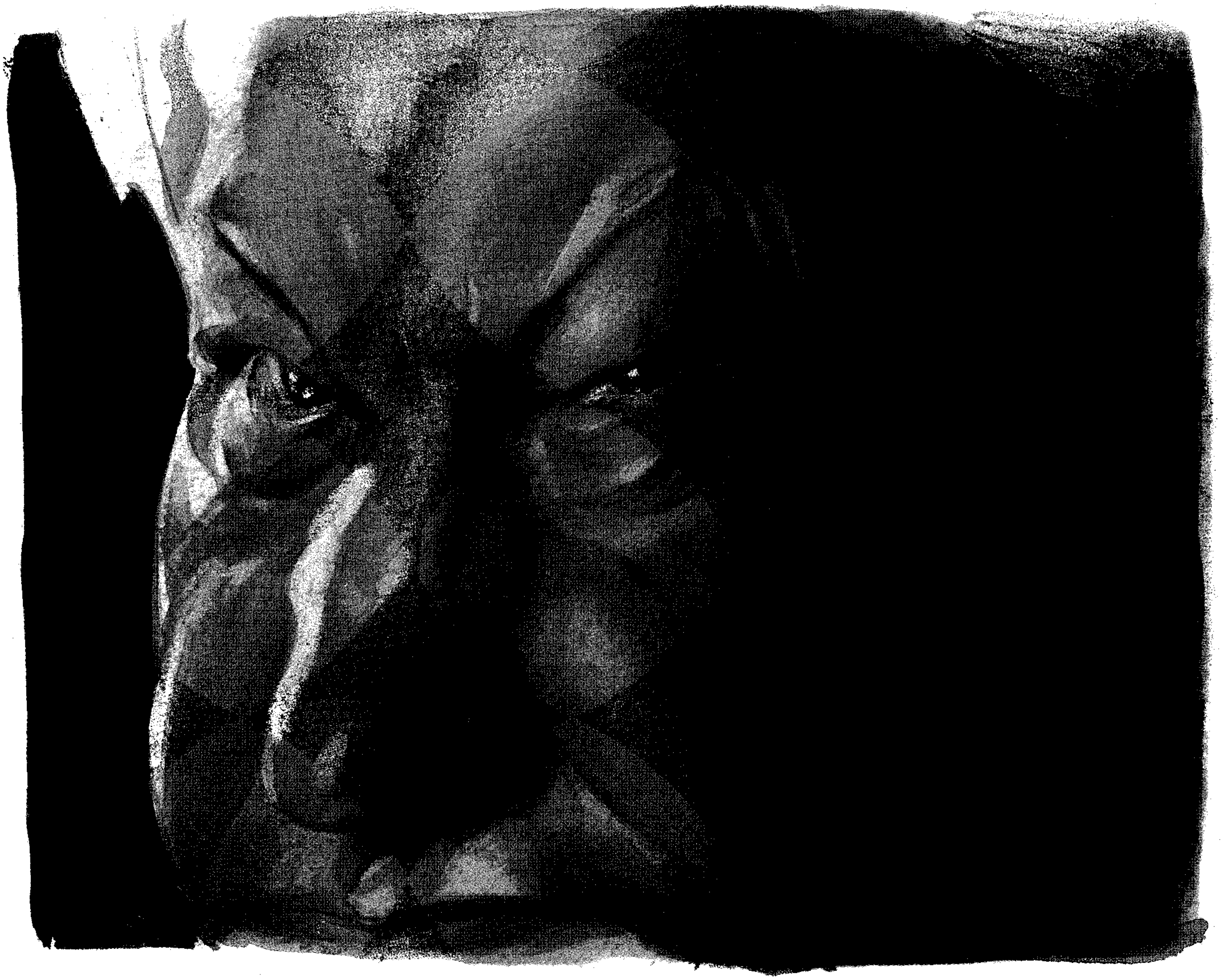
Yeltsin, for his part, made no appearances on the night of his victory: no victory speech; not even a statement for the press. His new security chief, however, had already taken to throwing his weight around. A well-informed Russian journalist told me that at one point on July 3rd Lebed asked Yeltsin's top aide, Viktor Ilyushin, for an appointment with the President. Lebed was told that such a meeting was not possible. Lebed was furious. He informed the Presidential staff that if he was blocked from seeing Yeltsin he would drive straight to the Kempinski Hotel, where CNN was broadcasting around the clock from the roof, "and tell the world that Boris Nikolayevich is dead." Lebed got his meeting.

Businessmen and oligarchs like Berezovsky and Gusinsky were immensely relieved, and looked forward to their rewards. Berezovsky even talked about the triumph of "capital over ideology." Gusinsky was looking forward to expanding his television enterprises; with the help of a huge investment from Gazprom—the natural-gas behemoth once run by the Prime Minister—he was preparing to establish a satellite system that would cover the entire former Soviet Union. "I'm thinking big," Gusinsky said.

AND so the Russian state will now move on: half democratic, half authoritarian, with elements of oligarchy, constitutionalism, and chaos; in all, a society of horizonless transition. And, atop it, in the Kremlin, is Boris Yeltsin, who personifies all those contradictory qualities and impulses. There is no telling how long he will live or how well he will be able to rule while he does live. For two years, at least, he has limited his active working day to four or five hours. What happens in Russia will depend, however, less on the Kremlin intrigues that are sure to come and more on the Russians themselves, on what they make of the freedoms they have gained, and on the legal order they must build.

"The quality of a democracy depends heavily on the quality of the democrats," Sergei Kovalyov, the human-rights activist and former Yeltsin aide, said. "We have to wait for a critical mass to accumulate—a critical mass of people with democratic principles. It's like a nuclear explosion: the critical mass has to occur. Without this, everything will be like now, always in fits and starts."

It seemed to me that Kovalyov, like so many other Russians I'd come to know, had changed since 1991; he was less dramatic and fantastical but more deeply filled with a sense of Russia as a series of problems rather than as a monster. "Our era of romantic democracy is long over," Kovalyov said wearily. "We have finally fallen to earth." ♦

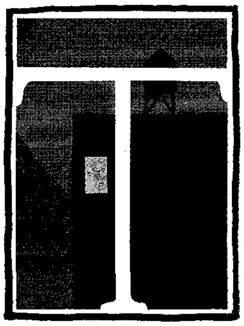


The Yeltsin campaign gave new meaning to the phrase "the advantages of incumbency."

FICTION

PRIVACY

BY RICHARD FORD



THIS was at a time when my marriage was still happy. We were living in a large city in the Northeast. It was winter. February. The coldest month. I was, of course, still trying to write, and my wife was working as a translator for a small publishing company that specialized in Czech scientific papers. We had been married for ten years and were still enjoying the strange, exhilarating illusion that we had finally survived the worst of life's hardships.

The apartment we rented was in the old factory area, on the south end of the city, the living space only a great empty room with tall windows front and back, and almost no electric light. The natural light was all. A famous avant-garde theatre director had lived in the room before and put on his jagged, nihilistic plays there, so that all the walls were painted black and along one were wooden riser seats for his small, disaffected audiences. Our bed—my wife's and mine—was in one dark corner where we arranged some of the old black canvas scenery drops for our privacy, though, of course, there was no one for us to need privacy from.

Each night when my wife came back from her work, we would go out into the cold, shining streets and find a restaurant to have our meal in. Later we would stop for an hour in a bar and have coffee or brandy, and talk intensely about the translations my wife was then working on, though never (blessedly) about the work I was by then already failing at.

Our wish, needless to say, was to stay out of the apartment as long as we could. For not only was there almost no light inside but each night at seven the building's owner would turn off the heat, so that by ten, even on our floor—the highest—it was too cold to be anywhere but in bed, piled over with blankets, barely able to move. My wife at that time was working long hours and was always fatigued, and although sometimes we would come home a little drunk and make love in the dark bed under blankets, most times she would fall straight into bed exhausted and be snoring before I could climb in beside her.

And so it happened that on many nights that winter, in the cold, large, nearly empty room, I would be awake, often wide awake, from the strong coffee we had drunk. And often I would simply walk the floor from window to window, looking out into the night, down to the vacant street or up into the ghostly sky that shone with the shimmery luminance of the city's buildings, buildings I could not even see. Often I had a blanket or sometimes two of them around my shoulders, and I wore the rough heavy socks I'd kept from when I was a boy.

It was on such a cold night that through the windows at the back of the flat, windows that gave out first to an alleyway, then farther across a space where a wire factory had been demolished, providing a view of buildings on the street beside ours—I saw inside a long, yellow-lit apartment the figure of a woman slowly undressing, for all appearances oblivious to the world outside the window glass.

Because of the distance I could not see her well or at all clearly, could only see that she was small in stature and seemingly thin, with closely cropped dark hair—a petite woman in every sense. The yellow light in the room where she was seemed to blaze, and made her skin bronze and shiny, and her movements through the window appeared stylized and slightly unreal, like the movements of a silhouette or in an old cinema.

I, though, alone there in the frigid dark, wrapped in blankets that covered my head like a shawl, and with my wife sleeping a few short paces away—I was rapt by this sight. At first I moved close to the glass, close enough to feel the cold on my cheeks. But then, sensing I might be noticed even at that remote distance, I slipped back again into the room. Eventually, I went to the corner and clicked off the small lamp my wife kept beside our bed, so that I was totally hidden in the dark. And after another few minutes I went to a drawer and found the pair of silver opera glasses that the theatre director had left, and took them near the window and watched the woman across the space of darkness from my own space of darkness.

And I do not know all that I thought. Undoubtedly I was aroused. Undoubtedly I was thrilled by the secrecy of watching out of the darkness. Undoubtedly I loved the very illicitness of it, of my wife sleeping nearby and knowing nothing of what I was doing. It is also possible I even liked the cold as it surrounded me, as complete as the night itself, may even have felt that the sight of the woman—whom I took to be young and lacking caution or discreetness—held me somehow, insulated me, and made the world itself stop and be perfectly expressible as two poles connected by a line of vision. I am sure now that all of this had to do with my impending failures.

Nothing more happened. Though in the nights to come I stayed awake to watch the woman, letting my wife go off to sleep in her fatigue. Each night for a week following, the woman would appear at her window and slowly disrobe in her room (a room I never tried to imagine, although on the wall behind her was what looked like a drawing of a springing deer). Once her clothes were shed away exposing her bony shoulders and small breasts and thin legs and ribcage and modest, slightly rounded stomach, the woman would for a time cast about the room in the bronze light, window to window, doing what seemed to me a kind of slow, ritual dance or a pattern of possibly theatrical movements, rising and bowing and extending her arms, arching her neck, while making her hands perform graceful lilting gestures I didn't understand and did not try to, taken as I was by her nakedness and by the sight on occasion of the dark swatch of hair between her legs. It was all arousal and secrecy and illicitness, and really nothing else.

This I did for a week, as I said, and then I stopped. Simply one night, draped again in blankets, I went to the window with my opera glasses, observed the lights on across the vacant space. For a while I saw no one. And then for no particular reason I turned and got into bed with my wife,

FILIP PAGOWSKI

warm and smelling of brandy and sweat and sleep under her blankets, and went to sleep myself, never thinking to look through the window again.

Though one afternoon, a week after I had ceased watching through the window, I left my desk in a moment of frustration and seemingly pointless despair, and stalked out into the winter daylight and up along the row of fashionable businesses where the old buildings were being restyled as dress shops and successful artists' galleries. I walked right to the river, clogged then with great gray squares of ice. I walked on to the university section, nearly to where my wife was at that hour working. And then, as the light was failing, I started back toward my street, my face hard with cold, my shoulders stiff, my gloveless hands frozen and red. As I turned a corner to take a quicker way toward my block, I found that I was unexpectedly passing before the building into which I had for days been spying. Something about it made me know it, though I had never actually walked there or even seen it in daylight. And, just at that moment, letting herself into the building's tall front door was the woman I had watched for those several nights and taken pleasure and secret consolation from. I knew her face, naturally—small and round and, as I saw, impassive. And to my surprise though not to my chagrin, she was old. Possibly she was seventy or even older. A Chinese, dressed in thin black trousers and a thin black coat, inside which she must've been as cold as I was. Indeed, she must've been freezing. She was carrying plastic bags of groceries slung to her arms and clutched in her hands. When I stopped and looked at her she turned and gazed down the steps at me with an expression I can only think now was indifference mingled with just the smallest recognition of threat. She was old, after all. I might suddenly have felt the urge to harm her, and easily could've. But of course that was not my thought. She turned back to the door and seemed to hurry her key into the lock. She looked my way once more, as I heard the bolt shoot profoundly back. I said nothing, did not even look at her again. I didn't want her to think my mind contained what it did and also what it did not. And I walked on then, feeling oddly but in no way surprisingly betrayed, simply passed on down the street toward my room and my own doors, my life entering, as it was at that moment, its first long cycle of necessity. ♦

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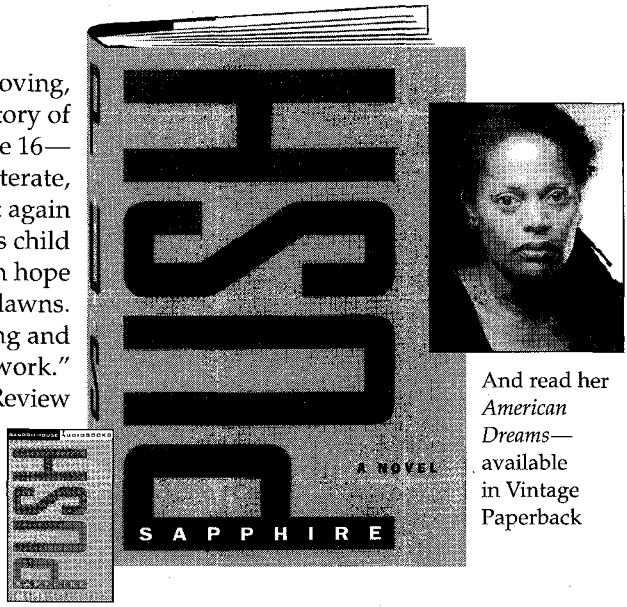

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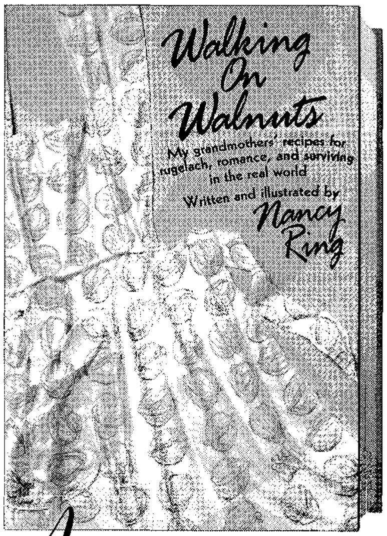
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FASHION STATEMENT

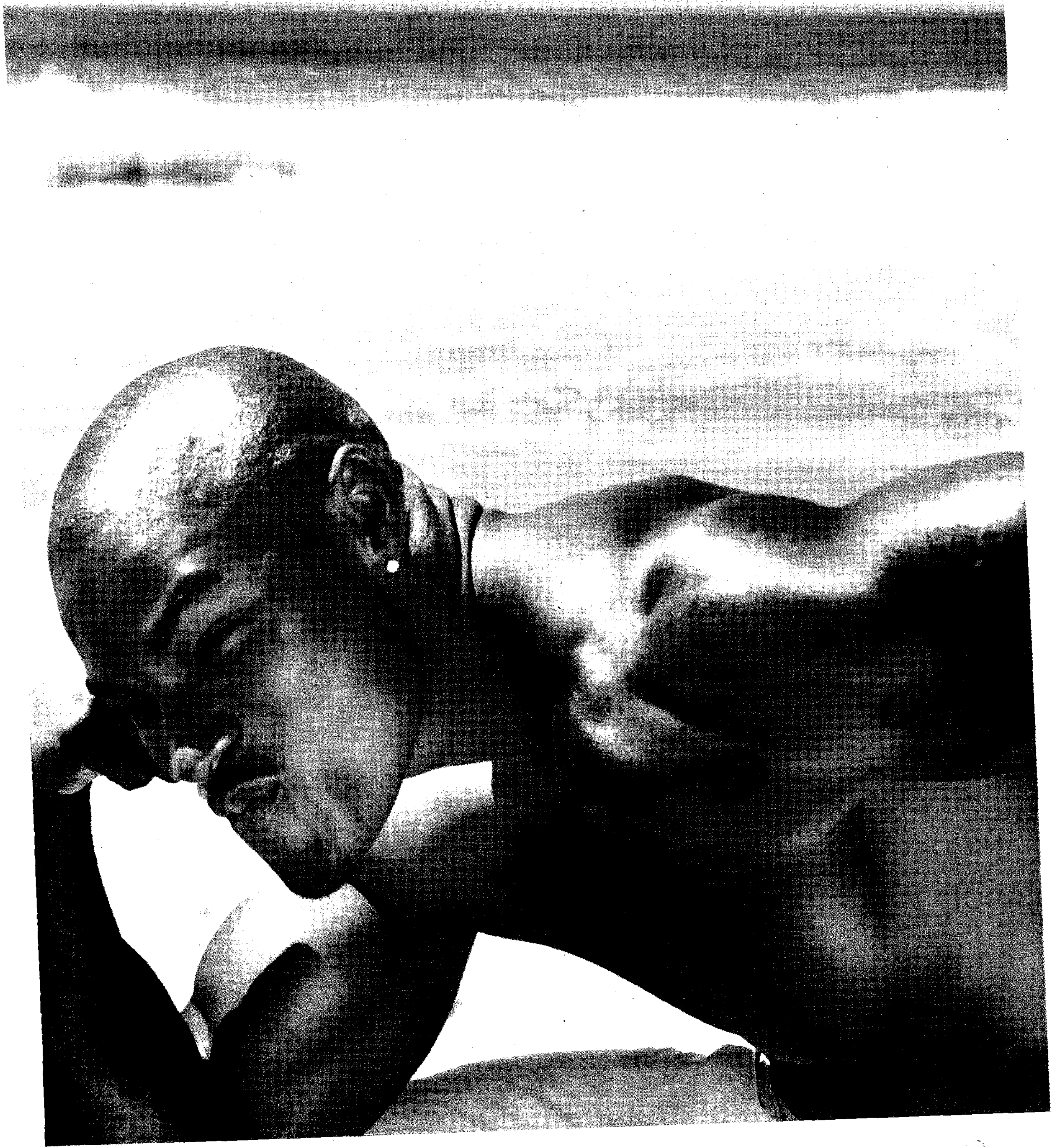
When Fashion Week begins later this month, the menswear collections will, as usual, be seen by the fashion world as subsidiary to the women's ready-to-wear shows, since men's clothes always seem staid next to the inventiveness of feminine fashions. By extension, male models have never engaged the public imagination as much as their female counterparts have. Men in suits do not bring to mind tabloid gossip or diva antics. Traditionally, the male model has served as a square shoulder for a female model to lean on as she laughs, cries, cavorts, or seduces.

It is impossible to imagine the ascendancy to superstardom of the model Tyson Beckford without the giant strides made by Naomi Campbell and her precursors, Beverly Johnson and Iman, across fashion's color line. The fashion community needed Beckford if for no other reason than to supply Naomi with a date whose striking ethnicity and magnetism equalled her own. But, unlike Campbell, Beckford couldn't rely on exotic good looks and physical authority: for the majority of people in the fashion industry, black male models still tend to generate lurid fantasies of subway "gangstas," and many American designers aren't sure that black men can *sell.* (For example, Beckford has yet to appear by himself on the cover of a glossy.) But since March of 1995, as Ralph Lauren's Polo man, Beckford has begun to make a difference in the fashion world, much as Sidney Poitier, Billy Dee Williams, and Denzel Washington made a difference in the film world by becoming crossover matinee idols.

Born in the Bronx and raised for a time in Jamaica, Beckford is represented by the formidable Bethann Hardison, herself a former model. When she first met Beckford, she knew instantly that she could "take him to the top of the mountain." She has, but he is still all alone up there.

—Hilton Als

Bethann Hardison and Tyson Beckford, Zuma Beach, California, March 27, 1996.



BOOKS

ELUSIVE EVIL

An idea whose time keeps coming.

BY JOHN UPDIKE

"EVIL," as a noun, should have died away by now, demystified by all our liberal understandings of human behavior, but in fact there seems to be more evil than ever. Perhaps the impression is produced by improved news-gathering: distant famines that would have received a paragraph or two in the Victorian press now engender televised closeups of skeletal, moribund children; atrocities that would have once been swept silently into war's chaotic carnage are investigated and their rotted victims exhumed; child abuse that used to be hushed up is publicized and prosecuted, even decades after the event, the elderly, befuddled perpetrator confronted in court by the former child, now middle-aged and outraged. We are more sensitive, it may be, and less willing to forgive the heavens than were our ancestors, who accepted fate's blows as part of God's inscrutable plan or as shortcuts to a blissful afterlife. Also, the global forum makes available an unprecedented quantity of bad news. Every day, we read of young women brutally murdered by disaffected lovers or husbands or total strangers overloaded with liquor and testosterone; the perpetrators, dragged into the light of justice, tend to look inadequate, their moment of fury spent, and their own griefs and confusions pathetically evident. The sum of so much faithfully reported daily madness and cruelty must be greater, somehow, than its miserable parts. In our metaphysical frustration, the scandalously old-fashioned idea of evil enjoys a revived chic, noticeable in the self-mutilations of young glamour-seekers and the sombre, zombified, Mapplethorpesque cast of fashion photography. Imagined as something absolute and fathomless, with a satiny gleam of satanic charm, evil exercises a hold not only on the imagination of Stephen King readers and horror-movie fans but on that of scientists, psychologists, and historians, as a recent spate of books indicates.

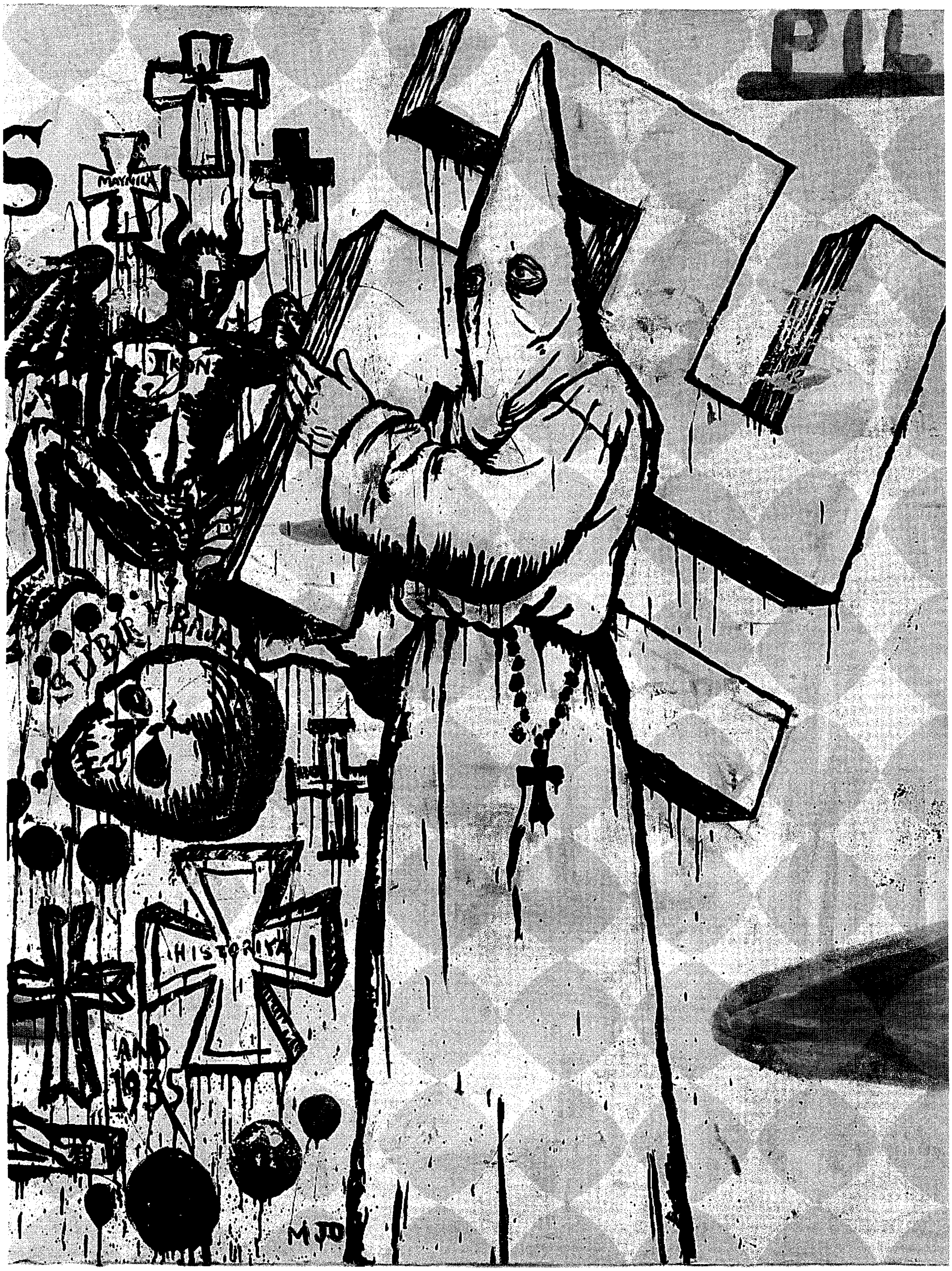
In "Dark Nature: A Natural History of Evil" (HarperCollins; $25), the prolific British biologist and naturalist Lyall Watson, who has also written books on "The Nature of Things" and "Supernature," attempts to formulate the natural context of evil. His curiosity has been piqued by recent headlines about serial killers, massacres in Rwanda and Bosnia, and—especially horrifying to the English public—the case of Jon Venables and Robert Thompson, two ten-year-old boys who in 1993 kidnapped a two-year-old boy from a mall outside Liverpool and doggedly beat him to death in broad daylight, before visiting a video store. Watson defines evil, insofar as he does, as a violation of the ecological order: "If 'good' can be defined as that which encourages the integrity of the whole, then 'evil' becomes anything which disturbs or disrupts such completeness." The word "evil" is derived from the Old Teutonic *ubiloz*, whose root meaning is "up" or "over," implying a "going beyond due measure." Good, therefore, is moderation, described by Aristotle as a "golden mean" and by Lyall Watson, more whimsically, as the "Goldilocks Effect, nature's way of getting things 'just right.' " We all have, he says, "an innate predisposition towards equilibrium," which modifies in social practice the unbridled and ruthlessly amoral competition of genes for perpetuation.

Some patterns, as in social insects, incorporate "altruistic" behavioral traits whereby siblings sacrifice themselves to the advantage of the family gene pool. Survival tactics, however, tend to be harshly selfish. Spotted hyenas usually bear well-developed twins, and "within minutes of birth one of the cubs attacks its twin, sometimes savaging a brother or sister that has not yet even emerged from its amniotic sac." There ensues, unless the mother has reason to intervene, "a fight to the death between two baby animals scarcely an hour old." This instance of survival of the fittest is vivid but not exceptional; throughout the animal kingdom siblings fight for parental nurture, the weaker perishing with their genes. Nor is infanticide uncommon, as a method of thinning demand in the nest. In such species as langurs and lions, an interloping male erases the living traces—the harmless cubs—of his predecessor. Nature is more intimately red in tooth and claw than Tennyson thought.

An impartial mathematics of advantage presides over a daily mayhem that includes attempted genocide; American marsh wrens will peck away at the eggs of blackbirds, killing the chicks within. Watson lists three rules for the game of genetic survival: "BE NASTY TO OUTSIDERS," "BE NICE TO INSIDERS," and "CHEAT WHENEVER POSSIBLE." Under this third rule is subsumed all the intricate mimicry whereby vegetable, insect, piscine, and mammalian species evade predators, capture prey, and secure sexual services. Cheating begins even in the nest, as the hatchlings who feign hunger most furiously get fed most frequently. Deception within a pack, however, works against effective coöperation and hence against genetic survival; citing such coöperative bodies as whale pods and the United States Senate, Watson concludes that "there is a ratchet in the works, a mechanism which allows something more generous to grow out of indifference, something 'good' rather than 'bad.' " He cites the collusion of nonviolence that evolved between opposing front-line soldiers in the First World War, to the displeasure of their commanders. Citizens and nations gravitate toward a state of tenuous truce wherein their competitive and selfish genes find a small but sufficient advantage in self-restraint and mutual tolerance.

In the face of sociopathic behavior such as Robert Thompson's, the biologist sees only blankness; attending the boy's trial, Watson observed "a blank face and yet not one frozen still in shock; just blank, a mask without identity, dead skin over dead eyes. I had never seen anything quite like it before." He sees it again in the face of a thirteen-year-old American murderer, Eric Smith, and in the faces of Hutu tribesmen who, fresh from massacring Tutsi, display "a killer in the eye." Such insights take us back, not very helpfully, to the concept of the evil eye and the old notion of the "criminal type," a hopeless condition diagnosed no longer in terms of phrenology or physiognomy but in terms of genes that cause, along with criminality, "low heart rate, ex-

MANUEL OCAMPO, "PROGNOSTICATIO," COURTESY ANNINA NOSEI GALLERY, N.Y.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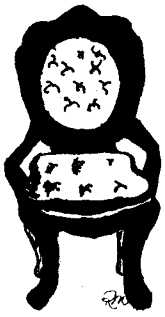
cessive slow wave activity in the brain, problems in paying attention, and abnormalities in the frontal area of the cerebral cortex." Outlaws, that is to say, have something basically wrong with them.

But one could argue that society makes criminals, by promulgating laws. A great proportion, if not an outright majority, of the United States federal-prison population is behind bars because of laws against drugs, drugs that offer the offenders a sense of escape and mastery and their sole entrepreneurial opportunity. Nature, "Dark Nature" makes clear, has no law against murder or theft; to lay the blame for criminality on an aberrant gene is to unjustifiably claim legal obedience as part of our natural inheritance. The Marquis de Sade argued that human immorality harmonizes with Nature's immorality; the pious heroine of "Justine" has this repeatedly explained to her, by one silver-tongued debaucher after another. Father Clement tells her:



> "The more an action thwarts our customs and morals, the more it clashes with our social conventions, the more it hurts what we believe to be the laws of nature, so much the more on the contrary is it useful to this same nature. Only through crimes does she enter into her own rights, those rights taken away from her by virtue."

And Mme. Dubois asks Justine:

> "Isn't it a universe vicious in all its parts and ways? . . . Why do you insist that vicious individuals displease it, since it acts itself only through vices, since all is evil and corruption in its works, since all is crime and disorder in its will! Moreover . . . from whom do our passions for evil come if not from its own hand?"

Freud, in a famous exchange, answered Einstein's question "Is there any way of delivering mankind from the menace of war?" by pointing to the violence universal in the animal kingdom. He explained the fact, astonishing to Einstein, "that it is so easy to make men enthusiastic about a war" by hypothesizing "an instinct for hatred and destruction—which goes halfway to meet the efforts of the warmongers." This "destructive instinct," he claimed,

> is at work in every living creature and is striving to bring it to ruin and to reduce life to its original condition of inanimate matter. Thus it quite seriously deserves to be called a death instinct, while the erotic instincts represent the effort to live.

Freud allowed, "It may perhaps seem to you as though our theories are a kind of mythology and, in the present case, not even an agreeable one." But this disagreeable mythology, proposed in 1932, gathered credibility as Hitler rose to power the next year and set about propelling Europe toward an orgy of death.

No discussion of evil can ignore the Holocaust; a crime so vast and methodical must, we feel, have been the work of monsters on whom a mark of Cain is clear. Watson ponders the "most successful executioner ever," the Auschwitz commandant Rudolf Hess, a devout Roman Catholic family man—a "very ordinary little man"—who to the best of his ability carried out the bureaucratic duties of running an extermination camp, one in which more than two million outsiders, as defined by the prevailing ideology, were put to death. The banal administrators of Hitler's rigorous "final solution" present another blank, refusing to satisfy our curiosity about evil. As Iago says, "Demand me nothing; what you know, you know." The essence of evil, perhaps, is *not* to know itself. Gregory Maguire, in his amazing novel "Wicked: The Life and Times of the Wicked Witch of the West," has his lovable, green-skinned heroine say of evil:

> "You figure out one side of it—the human side, say—and the eternal side goes into shadow. . . . What does a dragon in its shell look like? Well no one can ever tell, for as soon as you break the shell to see, the dragon is no longer *in* its shell. . . . It is the nature of evil to be *secret*."

Lyall Watson's book ends with a whimper, a hope that our uniquely intelligent species can give "evolution the nudge it needs in the right direction." What that direction may be we are left to guess. "We mustn't expect any help from our institutions," we are warned: capitalism too faithfully reflects the ruthlessness of natural selection, and socialism "is so out of touch with basic biology that it doesn't work at all."

THE psychoanalyst Carl Goldberg, in "Speaking with the Devil: A Dialogue with Evil" (Viking; $27.95), begins by promising to engage, face to face, the human wickedness that looks so blank to Watson, but he wanders off into an anticlimactic plea for his personal brand of companionable, non-Freudian psychotherapy. In place of the reticent persona through which the traditional practitioner of psychotherapy invites transference, Goldberg proposes a more user-friendly psychotherapist who offers friendship and an exchange of confessions: "For the patient to acquire interpersonal competence . . . therapist and patient . . . evince a progressive willingness to share reciprocal reactions to the other." Such "speaking with the devil," however, elicits dubious results in the case of Emil, a coldhearted war criminal who terminates the treatment after telling Goldberg, "You are not superior to me. You just haven't been tested. I've been alone and terribly afraid all my life. I've been to hell and forced to follow the orders of devils. What would you have done in my place? No better than me, I'll bet!"

Goldberg recognizes a need to get beyond "good" and "evil" as terms. He quotes Thomas Hobbes, who wrote in "Human Nature," in 1650, "Everyman, for his own part, calleth that which pleaseth and is delightful to himself, good; and that evil which displeaseth him." The term that Goldberg prefers is "malevolence," but his working definition leans hard on subjective adjectives: "Malevolence is the *deliberate* infliction of cruel, painful suffering on another living being." Does it follow from this that a serial killer who—like the hero of Patrick Süskind's novel "Perfume: The Story of a Murderer"—kills his victims deftly and painlessly is not malevolent? A certain inner deadness, for the psychologist as well as for the biologist, seems to control the concept: Goldberg says that "malevolence always involves treating other people without respect or consideration for their humanity"—the other either is seen as too "weak, stupid, and incompetent" to deserve decent interaction or is so threatening that "any destructive action is justified." The psychoanalyst breaks the evolution of a malevolent personality into no fewer than six components: (1) habitual childhood shame; (2) contempt defensively directed outward; (3) a developed capacity for rationalization and for (4) justification of contemptuous actions; (5) "the inability or unwillingness to self-examine one's dark side"; and (6) a reliance on magical thinking. This isn't the hard-wiring diagram of a malevolent brain which we might have been (magically) expecting, and it doesn't match with any very impressive precision the case histories that Goldberg presents from his own practice and reading. He gives us, besides Emil, a pair of unhappy lovers; a jazz musician sunk in drugs, alcohol, anger, and violence; a handsome young would-be actor who sees a devilish doppelgänger in the mirror; and a womanizing writer, with two personalities named Jason and Stud. Stud degrades Jason's conquests, by throwing one woman, for example, naked into the hall of a hotel, bolting the door, and "evidently enjoying her frantic efforts to get back in." This is certainly malevolent and sadistic, but it still leaves a leap to David Koresh and Jim Jones, deranged cult leaders who led the bulk of their followers into suicide. Crippling demands, Goldberg explains, were made on the young James Warren Jones by his parents—his father a gassed, unemployed, and misanthropic First World War veteran and his mother "a fanciful dreamer" convinced that her son was the Messiah. Jones's adult manipulations and sadistic tyrannies were efforts, we are told, "to control the shame he felt because his early caretakers had demanded unrealistically that he save them from the ills and offenses of the world."

For Dr. Goldberg, "shame" has the resonance of a key, all-explaining concept, like "dread" for Kierkegaard and *ressentiment* for Nietzsche, but its transformation into malevolence remained obscure to this reader. Abused children tend to become abusive parents, yet many do not become conspicuously malevolent, while some mass murderers, like Ted Bundy, claim a normal upbringing. A deformed character can always be traced back to the parents. Neglect and abuse are bad, but so is an overdose of attention and expectations, as in the case of the misogynistic Jason. And if an utterly painless, balanced, and sitcom-sweet upbringing could be achieved in this imperfect world, it, too, might become, in the very perfection of its parental model, a monstrous, empathy-deadening psychological burden. Although Dr. Goldberg professes to be searching for "the foundations of a psychological theory of human behavior that is not reductionist," reductionism tinges a sweeping formulation like "The madness involved in malevolence is a *moral malaise*, an impairment of the ability to feel good about one's self or confident in one's relationship to others." De Sade's malevolent spokespersons are nothing if not self-satisfied and confident; good about their crimes is just what they feel. Neither Goldberg nor Watson gets around to admitting that inflicting pain on others is an exercise in power, and that exerting power is a pleasurable sensation.

We are excessively intelligent animals. The other creatures kill out of joyless necessity; they inflict pain without knowing it. Sadism and malevolence are purely human, born of the brain and its power of conceptualization. The human imagination, which extends our sexuality beyond the chemical signals of female estrus and makes sex for our species a continuous and pervasive concern, also conceives of pain as amusement, as an expression of human will. With pain we punish others, warn the unpunished, and extract information; by tormenting others, we test our control of the society around us. Further, some of us masochistically placate our guilt and boredom with self-inflicted pain, satisfying ourselves that we feel and therefore live. Dostoyevski's Underground Man, in his great diatribe, embraces his toothache and rejects the Victorian creed of benevolent enlightenment:

> Oh, tell me, who was it first announced, who was it first proclaimed, that man only does nasty things because he does not know his own interests; and that if he were enlightened, if his eyes were opened to his real normal interests, man would at once cease to do nasty things. . . . And what if it so happens that a man's advantage, *sometimes*, not only may, but even must, consist in his desiring in certain cases what is harmful to himself and not advantageous. . . . One's own free unfettered choice, one's own caprice—however wild it may be, one's own fancy worked up at times to frenzy—is that very "most advantageous advantage" which we have overlooked, which comes under no classification and against which all systems and theories are continually being shattered to atoms. . . . What man wants is simply *independent* choice, whatever that independence may cost and wherever it may lead.

Amid the regimentation of benign social norms, hurtful behavior becomes self-assertion, even self-salvation. "Better to reign in Hell, than serve in Heav'n," many a sociopath says, with Milton's Satan. The rebellious angel promises his minions, "Here at least / We shall be free," a sentiment that Mammon echoes when he proposes that the fallen angels seek

> Our own good from ourselves, and from our own
> Live to ourselves, though in this vast recess,
> Free, and to none accountable, preferring
> Hard liberty before the easy yoke
> Of servile Pomp.

The resemblance between this language of liberty and our various American declarations of independence suggests one reason that, in a statistic given by Lyall Watson, "three out of four serial killers live and work in the United States." According to a 1988 Gallup poll cited by Carl Goldberg, "66 percent of American respondents claimed to believe in the devil, compared with only 30 percent or fewer in France, Great Britain, Italy, Norway, and Sweden." A cultural emphasis on individual freedom makes choosing evil a lively option.

THE Devil has faded to our peril—that is the surprising thesis of Andrew Delbanco's "The Death of Satan: How Americans Have Lost the Sense of Evil" (Farrar, Straus & Giroux; $23). Unlike the two volumes already considered, Delbanco's is an elegant piece of exposition. A Columbia professor of humanities whose specialty has been the Pur-

THE EXCHANGE
Bernard Schoenbaum

"It's only fair that I warn you, Margaret. I'm very subject to market fluctuations."

itans, he is wide-ranging in his erudition and confidently succinct in its presentation. He provides, in two hundred and thirty-five pages, nothing less than a history of America's moral sense, from the arrival of the Puritans to the bombing in Oklahoma City. Beautifully selected quotations from classic writers, Melville foremost, mingle with arresting details of cultural history culled from sermons, letters, physicians' handbooks, and popular literature. Progressive secularization is Delbanco's inevitable theme, as the national Zeitgeist descends from Puritan zeal to a contemporary "Culture of Irony" in which all value judgments are undermined by anthropological relativism and ideological deconstruction.

Delbanco writes, "We have reached a point where it is not only specific objects of belief that have been discredited but the very capacity to believe." In the past, old faiths gave way to new; now we have "divestiture without reinvestment." The eighteenth-century Enlightenment achieved, he says, "the dispossession of the invisible world as a legitimate object of knowledge," and in the nineteenth century the cruelties of the Civil War and the vagaries of success under capitalism replaced the notion of a presiding Providence with the pagan concept of luck. Darwin, Freud, and Derrida left not a stick standing of the old faith, though millions of churchgoing Americans haven't quite got the news. Delbanco takes a rather dour view of what used to be considered American triumphs: the Civil War, which settled the issues of slavery and secession, left "the whole nation with a kind of postcoital flatness and exhaustion, even a flustered wondering over what the exertions and excitement had been all about"; and, while end-of-the-century statistics "show that Americans enjoyed substantial growth in per capita income, reduction in the length of the workweek, and a decline in death and birth rates, there was little solace in these numbers for those who actually lived through the new age of casino capitalism." There is plenty in these pages about entrenched racist distrust and dislike of immigrants but not much about what drew the immigrants here. Never mind: this is a Melvillean reading of the republic's innermost quest, a "Moby-Dick" whose magnificent hateful object melts away in the course of the search, leaving the whaleboats circling aimlessly.

Delbanco is a thorough and tender reader of the Puritans, and his opening chapters try to describe the precious Devil that has been lost. He was a cunning, invisible, omnipresent Devil, an Augustinian Devil whose essential quality was nonexistence, an internalized negativity. St. Augustine had made the pilgrimage from Manichaean belief in good and evil as "two masses, contrary to one another, both unbounded, but the evil narrower, the good more expansive," to a Christian monism wherein evil is simply the absence of good, embodied only in the actions and hearts of sinners. The Puritans brought to the New World a "peculiarly calm self-loathing—a hatred of the self continuous with an unresentful love of God." Their Devil was impalpable and inward—"an unclean spirit," wrote the Massachusetts divine John Cotton. Samuel Willard's "A Compleat Body of Divinity" (1726) explained that Satan no longer needed the vessel of a serpent in which he appeared to Adam and Eve, because there existed "a nearer and more secret commerce that Angels can have with our spirits, than by the outward senses." Delbanco offers the vivid paraphrase "He will never be spotted with a spyglass or by any sentry peering afar, because he is the contents of our minds," and claims that "to the degree that Puritanism did acknowledge Satan as an active, independent force—that is, to the degree that Puritanism was a dualistic religion—its devil was never a brute, but a tempter."

A purely psychological tempter needed a sequestered and introspective world in which to be heard. As rationalism and mercantilism pressed upon the Puritan villages, the Devil coarsened into an external apparition, with "rank smell, reedy voice, scales," and lent himself to the Salem witch furor; after that disgraceful episode he became a comic cartoon "that educated men could not believe in." By the mid-nineteenth century, Satan and his hellish cohorts had become a fairgrounds attraction. John Greenleaf Whittier mournfully quoted Coleridge: "Dimmer and dimmer, as the generations pass away, this tremendous Terror—this all-pervading espionage of Evil . . . presents itself to the imagination." What remained was an impulse to demonize "the other"—the Indian, the Negro, the slaveholder, the abolitionist, the Roman Catholic, the heathen, the Hun, the Jap, the Red. Delbanco does some demonizing of his own in his characterization of Ulysses S. Grant as a "modern monster," a "preview of the dead-eyed murderers one meets in fictional and factual twentieth-century texts." This libel of a great general

SHOWCASE BY
RICHARD AVEDON

BRILLIANTLY BECKETT

THE buoyant and bold Rosaleen Linehan is one of the reigning stars of the Irish theatre. A quick scroll through her credits—Mme. Arcati in "Blithe Spirit," Mrs. Malaprop in "The Rivals," Feste in "Twelfth Night"—indicates that humane comedy is her *spécialité de la maison*. New Yorkers had a taste of Linehan's self-mocking light touch in her celebrated Off Broadway one-woman show, "Mother of All the Behans," in 1994, and on Broadway in Brian Friel's "Dancing at Lughnasa" (1991). On August 2nd and 3rd, as part of the nineteen-play Beckett marathon imported from Dublin's Gate Theatre by the Lincoln Center Festival, she returns to New York, this time as Beckett's brilliant scatterbrain and fusspot Winnie, in "Happy Days" (at the John Jay Theatre). Here, stranded up to her waist in a post-Apocalypse wilderness, Linehan spends her time alternating between the deliriums of despair and of order, rearranging the props of her life—mirror, handbag, toothbrush, music box, revolver.

This universe of fiasco is Beckett's tragicomic domain, and one that comics, those cavorting hybrids, are ideally suited to. Linehan is a singer and comedienne, who, with her husband, Fergus, has written several Irish musicals; she exudes what the play's director, Karel Reisz, calls "the sweet timing of the music-hall comedian." Courage wants to laugh; and Beckett's work demands a comedian's grace to leaven the gravity of his vision. Comedians, with their despairing resilience and their come-hither thing, are the metaphors that Beckett deconstructed for his meditations on the void; they also remain his great interpreters (Buster Keaton, Bert Lahr, Max Wall). Winnie is a sublime comic creation, and although she has been played by many fine actresses (Peggy Ashcroft, Madeleine Renaud, and Billie Whitelaw among them), Linehan is the first funny woman to match a comedienne's grief-struck capering with Beckett's own. —JOHN LAHR

Rosaleen Linehan, Dublin,
September 29, 1994.

applies, we gather, to all warriors, now that military technology is ever better equipped "to destroy a human target whose humanity is out of range." In our era of a universally debunking irony, as Delbanco sees it, all the old signposts of humanity—concepts like rights and responsibility and evil—are drifting out of range. The nation hankers for an external devil to replace Communism's collapsed "evil empire," and the Oklahoma bombing is the calling card of a sizable group that has found "in our own federal government a demonic substitute for the lost foreign enemy." In preference to such a devil Delbanco urges the return of the Augustinian idea of "an essential nothingness"—"a symbol of our own deficient love, our potential for envy and rancor toward creation."

This concluding plea is ardently put and impressively framed, but a Christian or Jewish or Islamic believer might call it a plea for the results of faith without doing the work of faith. This work entails not just devotions, good deeds, and self-denial but the intellectual humility—indeed, humiliation—of believing in something we cannot see or prove. Taken on its own terms, from the height of a godless empyrean, the world has no evil in it, just natural events, clashing needs, and soon extinguished egos. Delbanco quotes George Steiner: "To have neither Heaven nor Hell is to be intolerably deprived and alone in a world gone flat." The "intolerably" is hyperbolic; populations as vast as China's tolerate God's absence. Edmund Wilson wrote, "The answer to [T. S.] Eliot's assertion that 'it is doubtful whether civilization can endure without religion' is that we have got to make it endure." But mere endurance is bleak fare after the heady wine of religious consolation. William James, exponent of that supremely American philosophy of pragmatism, put the matter bouncily:

> Let our common experiences be enveloped in an eternal moral order; let our suffering have an immortal significance; let Heaven smile upon the earth, and deities pay their visits; let faith and hope be the atmosphere which man breathes in;—and his days pass by with zest; they stir with prospects, they thrill with remoter values. Place round them on the contrary the curdling cold and gloom and absence of all permanent meaning which for pure naturalism and the popular-science evolutionism of our time are all that is visible ultimately, and the thrill stops short, or turns rather to an anxious trembling.

We learn in "Dark Nature" that even as staunch and cheerful an atheist as Bernard Shaw quailed at the full implications of Darwinism: "When its whole significance dawns upon you, your heart sinks into a heap of sand within you. There is a hideous fatalism about it, a ghastly and damnable reduction of beauty and intelligence, of strength and purpose, of honour and aspiration." In the struggle to keep hold of such traditional human virtues, the Devil is an unlikely ally.

YET one does not wish to return to the more credulous times portrayed in "A Delusion of Satan: The Full Story of the Salem Witch Trials," by Frances Hill (Doubleday; $23.95). The reader's exasperation and frustration mount as the delusion takes twenty lives, in the year 1692, on no more evidence than the screaming and squealing of a pack of local girls. The author is English, but argues that she is therefore closer to seventeenth-century New England than contemporary Americans are. Building upon the socioeconomic analysis of the persecutors and the persecuted set forth by Paul Boyer and Stephen Nissenbaum in their pivotal "Salem Possessed: The Social Origins of Witchcraft" (1974), Hill provides a more dramatic and consecutive account of the events. She fleshes out the gaunt records where she can, describing the maddeningly monotonous, dreary, and anxious lives of young girls in the Puritan settlements, and acquainting us with the horrors of Puritan jail:

> The jails in Ipswich, Salem, and Boston, among which the accused witches were dispersed, were places not just of privation but of horror. . . . As the most dangerous inmates, the witches were kept in the dungeons. These were perpetually dark, bitterly cold, and so damp that water ran down the walls. They reeked of unwashed human bodies and excrement. They enclosed as much agony as anywhere human beings have lived. . . . Accused witches were worse off than the other unfortunates. Their limbs were weighed down and their movements restricted by manacles chained to the walls, so that their specters could less easily escape to wreak havoc. They were treated by wardens and visitors with deliberate cruelty, fair game for sadism since they were enemies of God and mankind. Body searches for "witches' teats" afforded ample opportunities for rough treatment.

At the height of the witch-hunt, more than a hundred and fifty persons, mostly women, many of them elderly, were thus held captive. Four accused persons died in jail, and a four-year-old girl, Dorcas Good, after being detained seven or eight months in the dungeons, was, in the words of her father eighteen years later, "so hardly used and terrified that she hath ever since been very chargeable, having little or no reason to govern herself." By "chargeable" he meant that he had to pay for a keeper for her; the child had been driven insane. Nineteen people were hanged. After a cart ride through jeering crowds to a rocky elevation outside the town, they were pushed off a ladder leaned into the hanging tree. There was no clean snap of the neck; they slowly strangled. All of the condemned—some with pious eloquence—professed their innocence to the end.

How to explain such evil, worked against neighbors and strangers in Salem? The frenzy began in a parsonage, that of Samuel Parris, a sin-and-Satan-obsessed clergyman who had been sponsored as the pastor of the breakaway Salem Village church by a conservative faction led by the Putnam family. Salem Village, now the town of Danvers, was the inland farm district of Salem, a backwater to Salem Town, with its up-and-coming port. The Putnams were farmers of declining fortune; the Porters, who led the anti-Parris faction, held land closer to the waterways and were successfully associated with Salem's mercantile interests. There were domestic tensions as well. Parris's wife, Elizabeth, appears to have been sickly (she died in 1696); his household included four children and a West Indian slave couple, Tituba and John Indian. The two West Indians' presence in the cramped parsonage, added to winter boredom and to Puritan repression and superstition, and mixed in with some fireside fortune-telling by means of egg white and water, presumably stimulated the fits that began to afflict Parris's nine-year-old daughter, Betty, and his eleven-year-old niece, Abigail Williams. The girls started, in the words of the Beverly minister John Hale, "to use sturdy odd postures and antic gestures, uttering foolish, ridiculous speeches, which neither they themselves nor any others could make sense of."

At the instigation of a concerned neighbor, Tituba and John Indian helpfully baked a "witchcake," containing rye meal and the girls' urine, and fed it to a dog, who was supposed, according to English lore, to then name the witch causing the problem. The dog's remarks did not make the historical record; the two girls subsequently named Tituba as the apparition tormenting them. By the end of February, or thereabouts, four more girls—all frequent visitors to the parsonage—had begun to suffer fits and visions. Writhing, choking, babbling, they named, besides Tituba, and with the help of who knows how much adult coaching, Sarah Good, "who got her living by begging and borrowing," and Sarah Osborne, who was "weak-witted, with a scandalous past." All three women were arrested and manacled, examined and jailed. Tituba, conditioned as a slave to oblige her masters, confessed to having made a pact with the Devil, a tall man wearing black clothes, and to riding to Boston on sticks. The witch-hunt was on. Osborne died in jail, Good was hanged, and Tituba, like most of the others who confessed that they were witches, lived.

The girls' afflictions are beyond the reach of modern diagnosis, but it is hard to escape the impression, as the accusations and convictions sickeningly widen in Hill's narrative, that the bewitched children, however involuntarily launched upon their prosecutorial career, became the instruments of the Putnam family's resentments and of others' grudges. Fourteen years afterward, at the age of twenty-six, Ann Putnam, who according to Hill was the "most quick-witted and resourceful" and implacable of the accusing girls, humbled herself in a kind of confession upon being received into the Salem Village church. Parris had long since been driven out by the anti-Putnam faction, which included the family of the most pitied of the executed witches, the pious septuagenarian Rebecca Nurse. In words read aloud by the pastor, the peacemaking Joseph Green, Ann expressed remorse

> that I, then being in my childhood, should, by such a providence of God, be made an instrument for the accusing of several persons of a grievous crime, whereby their lives were taken away from them, whom now I have just grounds and good reason to believe they were innocent persons; and that it was a great delusion of Satan that deceived me in that sad time. . . . What I did was ignorantly, being deluded by Satan.

She pleaded innocent to any motive of "anger, malice, or ill-will." Yet at the time one of the girls, when challenged by sharp skepticism, admitted that they did it "for sport, they must have some sport."

In the records of the proceedings that have survived, the interrogating magistrates—the chief was John Hathorne, whose guilt gnawed at his descendant Nathaniel Hawthorne more than a century later—appear as hectoring, bloodthirsty bullies. The clergy involved—Parris, John Hale, Nicholas Noyes, William Stoughton (a minister turned politician), and Samuel Sewall—played discreditable roles, trusting childish shrieks and garbled confessions elicited in terror rather than mature disavowals and evidential impossibilities. Stoughton, as the tide at last turned into a flood of acquittals, protested in Superior Court, "We were in a way to have cleared the land." The colony's leading intellectuals, Increase Mather and his son Cotton, issued equivocal tracts; their learned attempts to treat "the invisible world as a legitimate object of knowledge" brought them both into disrepute, although Increase's sermon, later a pamphlet, calling spectral evidence (the visions of self-proclaimed victims) into doubt helped close down the hearings.

A department of villainy left unexplored by Hill is the role of law-enforcement officials such as George Corwin, the twenty-six-year-old high sheriff of Essex County and nephew of an inquisitorial magistrate. Corwin can be glimpsed as very busy, seizing the goods of the accused; the property became in theory the Crown's but in practice the sheriff's to dispose of upon conviction. At the infamous crushing of old Giles Cory under a weight of stones, the sheriff played a considerate part: "Toward the end Cory's tongue was pressed out of his mouth and the sheriff pushed it back in again with the end of his cane." Corwin's seizures of property so enraged one victim, the wealthy merchant Phillip English, that when the sheriff died, in 1697, with a suit against him outstanding, English declared that he intended to seize Corwin's body in satisfaction of the debt. The profit in property seizures and the boarding fees extracted, with astounding effrontery, from even the acquitted among the miserably jailed may well have helped lubricate the demented engines of the persecution.

BUT the ultimate blame belongs to St. Mark, according to Elaine Pagels' persuasive, lucid "The Origin of Satan" (1995). In the Old Testament, as Pagels reads it, Satan is a minor, not entirely malevolent figure. The Hebrew word *satan* means "one who opposes, obstructs or acts as adversary," much as the Greek *diabolos* means "one who throws something across one's path." Pagels quotes her fellow-scholar Neil Forsyth: "If the path is bad, an obstruction is good." In the story of Balaam in the Book of Numbers, Chapter 22, Balaam is travelling a road forbidden by the Lord, who sends an angel to stand in his way "as his *satan*." Only Balaam's ass sees the supernatural obstructor; after Balaam strikes him three times, the beast is given a voice in which to protest, and the angel becomes visible to the repentant human being. In the story of Job, the *satan* takes a more adversarial role but is

BRIEFLY NOTED

Beaming Sonny Home, by Cathie Pelletier (Crown; $21). In another wry comic turn from this author on the citizens of Mattagash, Maine, Sonny Gifford has taken two women hostage in a trailer. His doting mother watches the ensuing media circus on TV, surrounded by her three middle-aged daughters, who hate Sonny. Their caustic comments seem realistic as well as hilarious, but the mother, in all her excessively forgiving love for her son, is so sympathetic that you take her side.

The Zero Hour, by Joseph Finder (Morrow; $25). This novel was bought for the movies for some ungodly sum when it was barely an outline on a napkin, and it does have the plot and pacing of a cineplex blockbuster. Henrik Baumann is a bad guy worthy of Nietzsche—able to snap spines with a twist, seduce his antagonist with a glance, and bring the world financial system to ruin with a laptop computer, some duct tape, and a screwdriver. We secretly root for him to bring down the avenging angel, Sarah Cahill, who is a fine F.B.I. agent and a terrific mom. In all, a thrilling chase through Europe, Wall Street, and cyberspace. Take it to the lake.

The Paper's Papers: A Reporter's Journey Through the Archives of the New York Times, by Richard F. Shepard (Times; $30). The archives tell us how the *Times* made decisions, and Shepard, who joined the paper as a copyboy fifty years ago, amplifies the written record with his own recollections. We learn that editors and publishers fretted as much over small decisions (whether to run a crossword puzzle) as over big ones (whether to print the Pentagon Papers). If the *Times* and its proprietors occasionally seem comic in their visionary perfectionism, the fact that the paper takes itself so seriously explains why everybody else does, too.

No Passion Spent, by George Steiner (Yale; $30). George Steiner is a literary daemon, and this collection of twenty-one essays offers splendid examples of his "consuming passion" for literature, philosophy, and religion. Steiner certainly senses "the inspiring menace of the imminent age" of the Internet, but he refuses to surrender his faith in the text. At his very best (and that is often), he addresses the largest subjects; his "A Preface to the Hebrew Bible" is a startlingly fresh, almost breathless guide to "the book which, not only in western humanity, defines the concept of a text," and he confesses to both mystification and awe. Toward the end of "The Archives of Eden," a fiercely skeptical take on American culture, he acknowledges that the world where any of this matters is shrinking, and he compliments his readers for their "codes of reference," and for persevering—for "the simple fact that you are reading this essay." Such readers will survive in respectable numbers, but Steiner remains sui generis.

still depicted as a member of God's heavenly court. As factionalism within Israel increased, however, the *satan* became God's antagonist, the seducer of apostates and enemies in sectarian strife. The potentates of evil were known under many names—Satan, Beelzebub, Semihazah, Azazel, Belial, Prince of Darkness, and, in the book of Isaiah, "day star, son of the dawn," which John Milton translated into the magnificent Lucifer. Yet in all these Judaic personifications, Pagels asserts, "Satan is not the distant enemy but the intimate enemy . . . the attribute that qualifies him so well to express conflict among Jewish groups." In the apochryphal book Jubilees, written around 160 B.C., it is the Satan figure Mastema, and not the Lord, who commands Abraham to kill his son!

The Essenes, a puritanical, all-male movement active during the Roman occupation in the first century of our common era, called themselves the "sons of light" and other Jews, especially those collaborating with the Roman powers, "sons of darkness." This vocabulary finds echoes in the letters of St. Paul, which are the oldest texts in the New Testament: "Ye are all the children of light, and the children of the day: we are not of the night, nor of darkness" (First Thessalonians 5:5) and "Our contest is not against flesh and blood, but against powers, against principalities, against the world-rulers of this present darkness, against spiritual forces of evil in heavenly places" (Ephesians 6:12). But Paul, the self-designated Apostle to the Gentiles, was as inclusivist as the Essenes were exclusivist, and it is the Gospel ascribed to Mark, written about 70 A.D., that sets the story of Jesus firmly in the context of cosmic war—"not simply of the struggle against Rome but of the struggle between good and evil in the universe." Pagels asks:

> How, after all, could anyone claim that a man betrayed by one of his own followers, and brutally executed on charges of treason against Rome, not only *was* but still *is* God's appointed Messiah, *unless* his capture and death were, as the gospels insist, not a final defeat but only a preliminary skirmish in a vast cosmic conflict now enveloping the universe?

Infant Christianity's first struggle was with the Jewish religion that gave it birth and then rejected it as an absurd heresy. The Gospel of Mark was composed in the violent years of the Jewish rebellion and Roman suppression, when, Pagels explains, offense to the Romans had to be avoided. Though Mark knew that a Roman governor, Pontius Pilate, had ordered Jesus to be crucified, "the two trial scenes included in this gospel effectively indict the Jewish leaders for Jesus' death, while somewhat exonerating the Romans." The three other Gospels progressively—Matthew and Luke were written roughly ten years later, and John toward the end of the first century—intensify Mark's case against the Jewish high priests and Pharisees, sowing the seeds for two thousand years of Christian anti-Semitism. The cosmic import also receives increasing emphasis: John opens his narrative not with Jesus' birth on earth but with the doctrine of the Word and the light which "shineth in darkness" though "the darkness comprehended it not." The Jewish establishment acts in the Gospels as the principal agent of uncomprehending darkness; when Christianity spread and attracted Roman persecution, the emperors and their officials joined Satan's ranks. That onus was extended to Christian heretics, to Muslims, and, as the Middle Ages ended, to witches. The Salem prosecutors saw themselves as soldiers in the cosmic war against devils cunning enough to take up residence in a four-year-old child. Did not Jesus himself, after all, cast out demons?

We may feel superior to the bedevilled citizens of Salem Village, but the notions of demonic possession and Satan worship are surprisingly alive. The Manichaean image of a universe at war—light versus darkness, with disguise and espionage rampant—retains terrific narrative and inspirational force. Witness the "Star Wars" saga and this summer's no-brainer mega-hit "Independence Day." Such science-fiction fantasies, in both their aura and their particulars, nostalgically recall the war of the Allies versus the Axis at the center of our century. While the wide-ranging Cold War provided many kindred thrills and psychological satisfactions, demonizing was dampened by a mutual desire to avoid nuclear apocalypse. The notion of an absolute evil whose only proper fate is obliteration unites and energizes men, but the heroic virtues it called forth must now be somehow summoned on behalf of the more modest goals of standoff, accommodation, piecemeal amelioration, and forgiveness of one's obstructor. In a monistically immoral universe, human society still makes just claims. We still feel absolute indignation when, say, the genetically programmed trustingness and helplessness of children are abused by adults, or the male sex drive vents itself in the murder of women. "Evil" may be dead as a noun, but it remains an adjective. ♦

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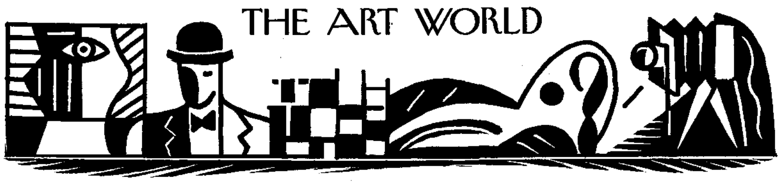


FOUND GENERATION

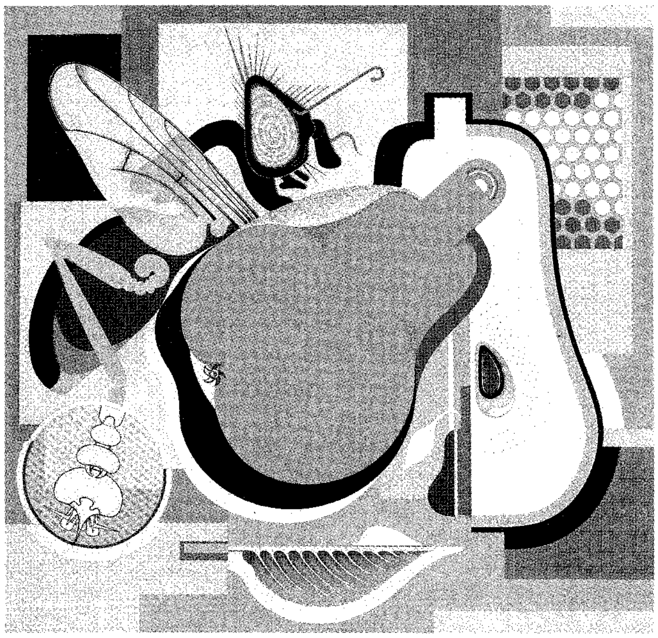
Gerald Murphy is rediscovered as a brilliant painter.

BY CALVIN TOMKINS

THE "Americans in Paris" exhibition at the Phillips Collection, in Washington, D.C. (through August 18th), is just what the doctor ordered: a beguiling summer show. Although the four artists represented—Alexander Calder, Stuart Davis, Man Ray, and Gerald Murphy—have relatively little in common aesthetically, aside from the fact that they all spent time in Paris during that charmed decade of the nineteen-twenties, when the city still nourished artistic innovation, the works on view share a lighthearted, buoyant quality that was characteristic of the period, and, with a few exceptions, they look fresh and undated. In the case of Gerald Murphy, moreover, the show provides a rare opportunity to see almost all that remains of his small but brilliant body of work: seven paintings; a photographic reproduction of the monumental, lost "Boatdeck"; and the notebook in which he jotted down verbal and visual ideas for pictures. For this alone, the show is well worth a round-trip ticket on the overly air-conditioned Metroliner.

A personal bias should be acknowledged here. When I wrote a Profile of Gerald and Sara Murphy for this magazine, more than thirty years ago, I gave too little attention to Gerald's brief career as an artist. He had painted for only eight years, from 1922 to 1929, producing in all no more than fourteen pictures. (The exact number is still not certain.) Murphy allowed five of these to be shown at the Dallas Museum for Contemporary Arts in 1960, in a group exhibition called "American Genius in Review," but he did not appear to set much store by this wholly unexpected and long-delayed recognition ("I've been discovered," he reportedly announced at a family gathering. "*What* does one wear?"), and in my conversations with him he did not seem to want to talk about his painting. Murphy stopped painting abruptly in 1929, when the younger of his two sons, nine-year-old Patrick, contracted tuberculosis. The whole family—Gerald, Sara, and their two older children, Honoria and Baoth—moved from their beautiful house on the French Riviera (which they called Villa America) to Patrick's sanatorium, in the Swiss Alps; and the marvellously inventive life they had created for themselves and their friends in Paris and Antibes, the life I tried to evoke in my Profile of them, simply came to an end. It seemed to me that the double tragedy that overwhelmed them a few years later, when they lost both their boys—Baoth, the older son, died of spinal meningitis in 1935, and Patrick lost his long battle with tuberculosis eighteen months later—had made Gerald want to bury forever the personal ambitions he may once have had about being an artist. "There is something about being struck *twice* by lightning in the same place," he wrote to me in 1960. "The ship foundered, was refloated, set sail again, but not on the same course, nor for the same port."

In any case, I devoted relatively little space in my Profile to Murphy's art, and later on, when the Profile became a book, I added a chapter on the paintings which was shamefully inadequate. It followed the same chronology that Douglas MacAgy had established when he organized the "American Genius in Review" show, and that, as eventually became clear, was full of mistakes; MacAgy's primary source of information had been Murphy himself, but the artist's memory of his own work was flawed, to say the least; for example, he identified "Razor" as his first painting, although it was actually his fourth, and he mixed up the dates of several others. This was not too surprising, considering that thirty years had elapsed since he rolled up the canvases and put them in storage. Several had been lost in the interim, including the eighteen-foot-high "Boatdeck," a billboard-style rendering of the smokestacks and upper deck of an ocean liner, which had caused a minor scandal at the 1924 Indépendants exhibition in Paris: Paul Signac, the head of the hanging committee that year, had tried to block its admission, and had resigned when he was overruled. Not until William Rubin's "The Paintings of Gerald Murphy" show at the Museum of Modern Art, in 1974, ten years after Murphy's death, did the facts finally get straightened out, and Murphy's reputation has been on an upward curve ever since.



Gerald Murphy's "Wasp and Pear" (1927).

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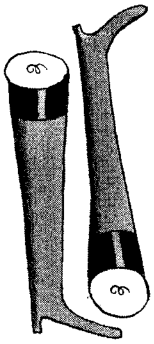
WHAT struck me first about the Murphy pictures in the current show was that they looked so much more "American" than the others. Both Picasso and Léger, who became close friends of the Murphys in the twenties, had noticed the same thing. Picasso complimented Murphy on "Razor," whose simple and direct style struck him as being very "Amurikin" (in Murphy's retelling), and Léger said that Murphy was the only *American* painter in Paris. In those days, Europeans had very clear and enthusiastic ideas about what America represented to them. It was the country that "always acts and never looks behind," as Léger put it—a place so innocent of traditions and constraints that it was leading the way into a new world of technological and social change. The Murphys, ironically, had come to Europe to escape what seemed to them the stifling rigidity of their social class in America, but it was true that they liked and valued many of the same things about American popular culture that their French friends so admired—jazz, movies (especially Charlie Chaplin), comics, advertising, and some of the latest mechanical gadgets, like electric waffle irons, which Gerald took pride in using.

Murphy had decided to become a painter after seeing his first Picassos, in the window of the Paul Rosenberg gallery in Paris; until then, he had been studying to be a landscape architect. After six months of lessons from the Russian émigrée artist Natalia Goncharova, who initiated him into the principles of advanced abstract art, he struck out on his own, in a style that at first glance was not abstract at all. Although it was based on the Cubist organization of space, it applied a closely observed realism to the depiction of familiar objects, whose scale was often manipulated in startling ways. In "Razor," for example, a Gillette safety razor, a Parker pen, and a box of safety matches are presented much larger than life-size, with the iconic insistence of objects in a billboard advertisement. Even today, there is a sort of non-art brashness about it, a declarative impact that makes it look newer, for example, than Stuart Davis's far more skillfully painted Paris street scenes, or even the large-scale paintings of cigarette packs and eggbeaters that Davis was doing before he came to Paris for the first time, in 1928. Man Ray, who had been there since 1921, was never in the same league as the three other artists in this show; his paintings and objects have a dated look today, and, as for the "rayographs"—images created by manipulating objects on light-sensitive paper—that helped to make his reputation, they seem like fading photographs in an old album. Calder, the biggest talent of them all, was still making his wittily inventive wire sculptures in the twenties; it was not until 1930 that he visited Mondrian's studio in Paris and had the revelation that would turn him into one of the major abstract sculptors of the century. Davis, Ray, and Calder all put their own spins on European modernism, but it was Murphy, the well-to-do, Yale-educated aesthete, who caught the syncopated rhythm of optimism and irony that struck French observers, then and now, as uniquely American.



Murphy's work can be divided into three phases. "Engine Room" (1922), his first known painting, which survives only in a photograph, was a schematized rendering of turbines, pistons, cogs, and other such elements that he had seen on a visit to the engine room of the Aquitania. He did another picture that year, called "Pressure," whose subject may also have been heavy machinery—no photographic record of this one exists, although both paintings were shown in the 1923 Indépendants exhibition in Paris. The motif reached its culmination with "Boatdeck," which so upset Signac, and which, like the two others, has been lost. In 1924, Murphy had "Boatdeck" rolled up and stored by the Paris art-supply firm of Lefebvre-Foinet; when he and others tried to retrieve it after the Second World War, it could not be found, and the firm had no record of its ever having been there.

The second phase produced two paintings of small objects in startlingly large scale. "Razor" (1924), with its shifting point of view, is Murphy's most Cubist-influenced picture. It was followed by "Watch" (1924-25), a very large painting (about six and a half feet square) of the insides of an old-fashioned pocket watch—a stunning image. The precise and intricate ren-

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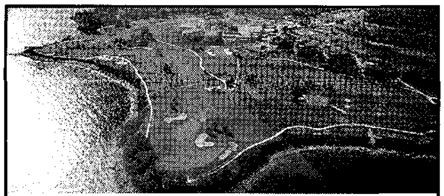

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derings of gears, ratchets, wheels, and springs, presented in enormous scale and in subtly nuanced colors (there are fourteen different shades of gray), combine somewhat mysteriously to make it an abstract painting composed entirely of recognizable details. While he was working on "Watch," Murphy told me, he remembered thinking how he wished that it might lead to "the expression of a native classicism, such as the Greeks must have craved," and he went on to say, "Later on—in the forties—I read in [F. O.] Matthiessen's 'American Renaissance' that Emerson had this longing. Matthiessen quoted Emerson: 'Our own age and land shall be classic to ourselves.' " This idea, I think, was very much on Murphy's mind from then on.

The paintings of the last phase are richer, more complex, and more sophisticated than the earlier work. "Doves" (1925) juxtaposes elements of classical architecture and the profiled heads of three schematic doves in a Cubist composition that to my eye is a little too programmatic to be convincing. In "Cocktail" (1927), the American classicism is both nostalgic and humorous; the subject is his father's bar tray, with a cocktail shaker, a row of stemmed glasses, a halved lemon, a corkscrew, and cigars in an open box whose cover Murphy reproduced with meticulous fidelity, gold seals, symbolic illustration, and all. It took him four months to do so. (This picture, whose ownership had been in dispute, recently joined the collection of the Whitney Museum, in New York.) The assurance and verve that he brought to "Cocktail" carried over into "Wasp and Pear," his next painting, also of 1927. Murphy's only depiction of a living, organic subject, this one shows an oversized hornet on an equally large pear ("*battening* on the fruit, clenched," as he described it in his notebook), a powerful and rather disturbing image in which direct observation (the hornet's right leg is shown in microscopic cutaway form) is rigorously subordinated to formal pictorial design. Murphy himself thought that it was "probably the best" of his pictures; he told MacAgy that it showed "the direction my painting was taking when I was obliged to stop," and he added, "I feel that it has the balance between realism and abstraction in which I still believe."

It is hard to understand how, having come this far, he could have stopped painting for good. After the Murphys' return to the United States, in 1932, he took over the Mark Cross company, his late father's business, which was nearly bankrupt, and spent the next twenty-two years in his father's old position, but he got very little satisfaction from saving the firm. In some obscure way, he seemed to feel at least partly responsible for what had happened to Patrick. When the Murphys' great friend Dorothy Parker was staying with them at the sanatorium in Switzerland, she wrote a long, wrenching letter to Robert Benchley (whom she liked to call Fred) describing the life there and Gerald's ceaseless attention to Patrick's sickroom needs. "And there is something else," she says at one point in the letter. "That morbid, turned-in thing that began with his giving up painting and refusing to have it mentioned, and went on through his turning back from that cruise before . . . we came to Antibes. It wasn't a broken mast, Fred; Vladimir told me. Every time they touched a port there would be telegrams and special deliveries from Sara telling him it was his duty to come back and be with his children. And I think there is a little of 'Very well, since all I'm good for is to be a nurse, then I'll BE a nurse' in his position now."

If there were furies at work behind the Murphys' gifted and bountiful façade, they were kept stoically in check, and remained private. What now seems indisputable, in any case, is that Gerald Murphy was on his way to becoming an American artist with an original and significant talent. He once admitted to the art historian Rudi Blesh, "I was never happy until I started painting, and I have never been thoroughly so since I was obliged to give it up." ♦

The man wore dark clothing from head to toe, including gloves and what appeared to be a bulletproof vest.
His mask was a likeness of Ronald Reagan or Richard Nixon, but investigators weren't sure which.—*Raleigh* (*N.C.*) *News & Observer.*

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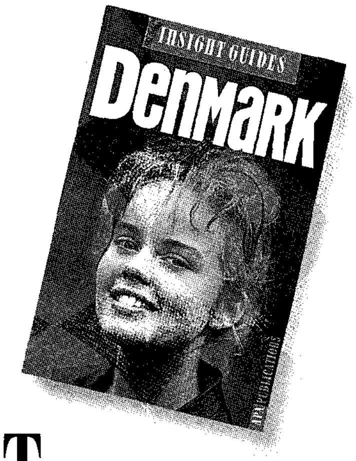

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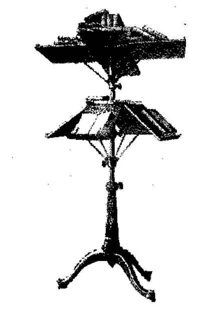

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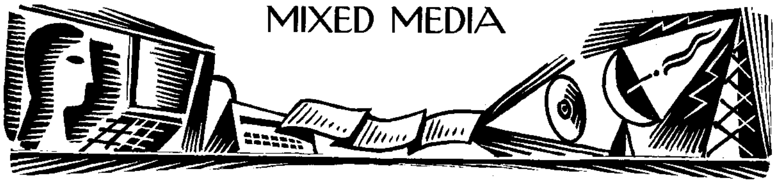


THE BOLLOCKS

Behind the rise of geezer punk and Patti Smith's holy pose.

BY JAMES WOLCOTT

NOTHING escapes nostalgia—not even punk rock, which condemned nostalgia as the soft palm of the dead hand of history. Punk rockers felt that the stale old gods of the pop scene would have to go: "No Elvis, Beatles, or Rolling Stones!" the Clash declared in their song "1977." At which the critic Lester Bangs shouted back in print, "Buy all albums by new angry British groups! They stink too!" Punk bands didn't play for posterity; rather, they infested the present, their lyrics as full of lurid horror as tabloid headlines. In punk, everyone and everything appeared shredded: album covers and punk 'zines resembled ransom notes, with their pasted-together photos and words. Despite punk's stabs at immediacy, though, its refusal to look or sound pretty hasn't dated as badly as, say, the paisley shirts and love beads of hippiedom. (Like, wow, man.) Punk rock's influence can be heard in everything from Seattle grunge to sharp new English bands like Elastica. Punk has even entered the higher cultural lexicon: a recent review in the *Times Literary Supplement* compared the shock tactics of T. S. Eliot's poetry with punk rock. Twenty years after the first outbreak of safety pins and rainbow Mohawks in London clubs and Lower Manhattan dives, punk is staging both a comeback and a look-back. It's the return of the undead. Yesteryear's snarling leather boy (and girl) is today's geezer punk. Well, why not? If the culture can accommodate geezer beats (William Burroughs, Allen Ginsberg), why not geezer punks?

The comeback is led by Patti Smith, who has emerged from a long public twilight to issue a new book and a new album; by the Sex Pistols, who have reunited (minus the late Sid Vicious) to trot out their practiced sneers on a mercenary tour (at their first London concert, the lead singer John "Rotten" Lydon pranced around in a clownish outfit and proclaimed himself "Fat, forty, and back"); and by the Talking Heads, who, minus David Byrne, are releasing a new album with guest vocalists. Other former punks are resurfacing at the cineplex—Deborah Harry as a waitress in "Heavy," Iggy Pop as a Tiresias-like hag in "Dead Man." Richard Hell, one of the founding fathers and the author of the nod-out anthem "Blank Generation," has published his first novel, an overblown junkie odyssey called "Go Now." It was Hell who was alleged to have made punk legend in the seventies by wearing a T-shirt bearing the message "Please Kill Me." Hell now claims that he only created the shirt and made another musician wear it. Whatever. That T-shirt—punk's unofficial flag—supplies the title for "Please Kill Me," an oral history of punk rock, edited by Legs McNeil and Gillian McCain and published by Grove Press.

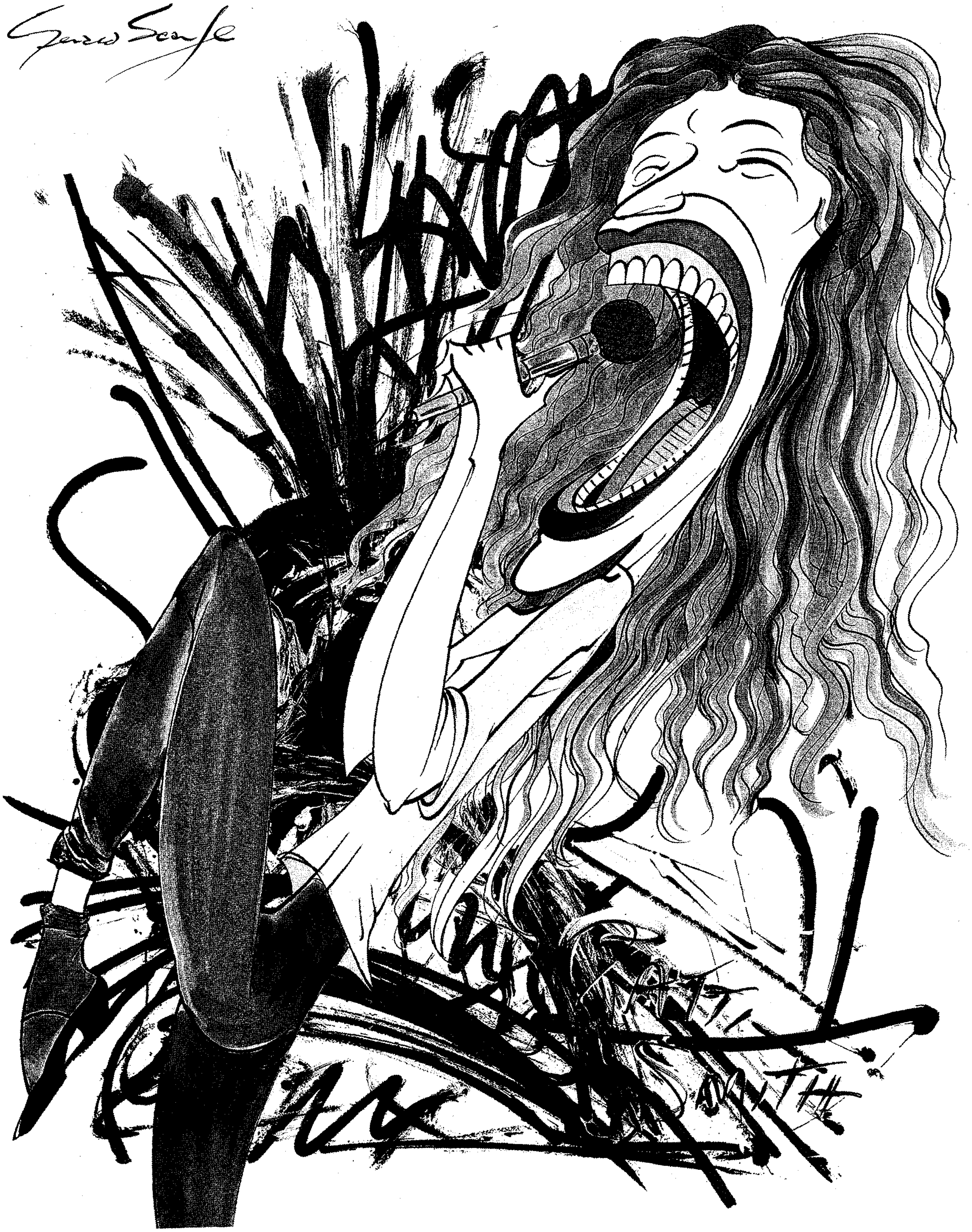
The book, an "Edie"-like montage of sound bites, dishes the crud on everyone from punk legends like Lou Reed and Iggy Pop (who, we are reminded, would projectile-vomit onstage and hurl himself into the crowd like a Dionysian sacrifice long before the term "mosh pit" was coined) to now forgotten flame-outs. As someone who was there at the time, I can vouch for how vividly it recaptures the swampy vitality of the New York scene, where the freak show in the audience often outdid the freak show onstage. It was as if everybody became his or her own lab experiment. I remember hearing someone ask the punk chanteuse Lydia Lunch what she'd been up to, and her snappy reply: "Me and my boyfriend spent the weekend drilling holes in each other's teeth." To many, the punk scene had the smell of meat. While Max's Kansas City and C.B.G.B.'s never held the hot-bodied action of Studio 54 (dancing is always sexier than twitching alone), the book shows how the influx of skinny-boy guitarists with milky skin had gay scene-makers and girl groupies fighting over the chicken bones. Dee Dee Ramone recalls seeing the vision who would become his girlfriend sitting on the hood of a car in a black evening gown and spike heels, filing her nails: "She looked like an ancient vampire countess who was definitely on a mission to capture my soul." Her name is Connie. The next morning, the glow is off and their relationship is clarified: "She was a prostitute, I was a Ramone, and we were both junkies."

Candid, inside, and detailed though it is, "Please Kill Me" is far from being "the definitive work on punk" that its flap copy claims. The book reflects the personal slant of its co-author Legs McNeil, the former mascot of the magazine *Punk*, who preferred fun-guy bands like the Dictators, and had little patience for cerebral ticktocks like the Talking Heads, whose music he dismisses in "Please Kill Me" as a yuppie whine. He's entitled to his opinion, of course. But no book authorizing itself as an official history can afford to give the Talking Heads such a brush-off. Although not strictly a punk band, the Heads were far from being dilettantes. Their lead singer and songwriter, David Byrne, was (as Pauline Kael noted of Jean Cocteau) one of those aesthetic types who are tougher than they look. While other bands punished the same three or four chords, the Talking Heads evolved from a cute, tentative trio with a Tinkertoy sound to the quartet who conjured and reconfigured African pulsations in "Remain in Light." The musical thrill that the Talking Heads and Television brought to the scene is relegated to a sideshow in "Please Kill Me," when in fact that thrill was the main draw at C.B.G.B.'s, until the Dead Boys learned to upchuck. Television's Tom Verlaine (another transcendentalist) may be the pretentious gargler of French poetry that his detractors claim he is, but the double-helix guitar solos he knitted with Richard Lloyd in the sweatbox of C.B.G.B.'s at 2 A.M. are what I remember from the scene—not who got head.

The gulf between arty punks and party punks is most funnily demonstrated in "Please Kill Me" when McNeil recounts his half-assed attempt to interview Patti Smith for *Punk:*

> Patti was expecting to sit down and do a serious interview. Then I showed up. I didn't have any questions and hadn't done

GERALD SCARFE



Publicly grieving Patti: her automythologizing obscures plainer, rougher truths.

> any homework, and I didn't want to hear about art or poetry. I was like, "Hey, Is it true Aerosmith is playing on your record?"
>
> Patti was pissed. She started yelling at me right off, "That was a stupid question, and whoever gave it to you wanted to see you abused, because if I was in a bad mood, if I was feeling like tombstone teeth, you'd be out on yer ass! But yer lucky I like ya."
>
> Then Patti gave me a big lecture on the importance of the underground press, and professionalism, and getting the message out to the people, and how art would save everyone, and then she went off on this sermon about Italian Renaissance frescas. I had no idea what she was talking about.

MAINE

With clumsy strength the seal climbs on the rock
then lies on its back waiting for the tide to cover it.
Is it discipline that keeps it on the narrow ledge
or is it anticipation of voluptuous delight?

—BROOKE ASTOR

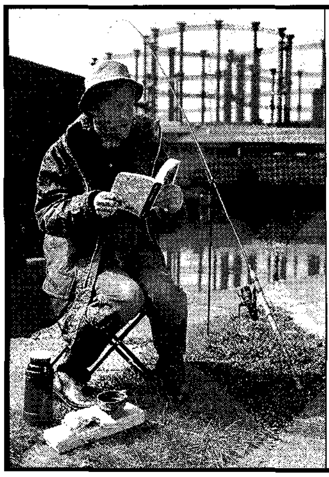
A decade before Camille Paglia, Patti Smith perfected the art of the interview as intellectual spiel. In interviews to promote her new album, "Gone Again" (so far, she's spoken to *Time Out*, the *Times*, the *Post*, *Details*, *Interview*, *Spin*, *Rolling Stone*, and the Buddhist magazine *Shambhala Sun*), Smith soft-pedals her participation in the punk scene, as if she had simply been holding down the fort until fresh troops arrived. "The truth is, I never really considered that I would go very far myself," she told Lisa Robinson in the *Post*. "I was just trying to inject some energy into the scene." False modesty. Patti shone with messianic purpose back then. Her bare-bulb intensity was like a halation. An androgynous waif, Smith wanted to be Rimbaud, Keith Richards, Anita Pallenberg, Jean Genet, Jeanne Moreau, Joan of Arc, Bob Dylan, Mary Magdalene, Isabelle Eberhardt, and fellow-Jerseyite Frank Sinatra rolled into one human cigarette. From her first days on the downtown poetry scene, she was something of a poseur, constantly eying her own effect. ("Patti would always kiss somebody and then look at you to make sure you'd noticed," Terry Ork, the ex-manager of Television, recalls in the book.) One of the formative movies for her was "Don't Look Back," the D. A. Pennebaker documentary about Bob Dylan's 1965 tour of England, and as she became famous she sometimes emulated the bad-vibe side of Dylan, who took pleasure in making others squirm (as in his put-down of Donovan in that film). Ron Asheton, a former member of the Stooges, describes bringing Patti and her band flowers and champagne when they played the Whiskey-A-Go-Go, in Los Angeles, only to have his gifts ignored: "Patti treated me like shit. She was with Iggy. They were laughing at me and making fun of me for some reason. It was just a very awkward, bad situation. So I just said, 'Fuck you,' and walked out."

Yet it would be a mistake to dismiss Smith as a walking collage of rock-star ego and cool. She had unique charisma and cocky humor from the outset, and performed unsung acts of generosity (such as getting Television's Billy Ficca a new set of drumsticks when his got ratty). Onstage, she packed so much passion into her poses that she fused them into a kind of physical cry. The sets she performed at C.B.G.B.'s when she started, in 1975, were punchy and tight, yet lyrical, in-gathering. Her cover of Smokey Robinson's "The Hunter Gets Captured by the Game" provided a quiet cove amid the apocalyptic hoofbeats of songs like "Land." It was only after Patti achieved some public success and began playing larger arenas that she eschewed a hard-rock beat and began free-associating with Kerouacian notions of spontaneous bop prosody. Her song introductions got longer and woollier. I can recall her launching into an ad-lib monologue about the Queen of Sheba—"The Queen of Sheba/Took a shit/And she sculpted that shit/Into a vision/Of the cross"—at a New Year's Eve concert, no less. Once Patti turned shaman on us, she inhabited a circular soundscape meant to evoke spiritual isolation amid Arabian sandstorms and hazy whiffs of ganja.

LESSER mortals reinvent themselves. Patti resurrects herself—not once but as many times as it takes. Her first resurrection came after she was sidelined with a serious neck injury, the result of a fall offstage in Tampa. (Her next album was entitled "Easter.") She had a mini-resurrection in 1988, when she released "Dream of Life," after a long quiet spell following her move to Michigan and marriage to Fred (Sonic) Smith, of the protopunk group MC5. When the album received a so-so response, another, longer silence descended, adding to her mystique. As James Grauerholz says in "Please Kill Me," "Patti actually managed a pretty canny thing. She managed to be a rock & roll death without having to die." With "Gone Again," Patti has mounted her third and showiest resurrection. The album's cover photo, by Annie Leibovitz, shows Smith, her face averted, wearing black against a black backdrop—in double mourning. The deaths haunting the album are those of her brother, Todd, and her husband, Fred, both of whom died of heart failure in their forties, and it oscillates between personal revival and valediction, as Patti both reintroduces herself and says her goodbyes. For every rocker like "Summer Cannibals," with its catchy chant of "eat eat" (Patti as Eucharist), there's a eulogy like "About a Boy" (for Kurt Cobain), or "Farewell Reel" (for Fred), or the title track, which alludes to Jerry Garcia. A Dylanesque album in its intimate geography, "Gone Again" features Patti doing an oddly arrhythmic cover version of Dylan's "Wicked Messenger." But where Dylan is Old Testament in his sensibility, full of fire and reprimand, Patti voices the hope of the New, her lyrics rife with references to air, feathers, clouds, and flight ("And a rainbow appears/like a smile from Heaven"). "Gone Again" is more than a resurrection; it's an ascension. Fred is dead, the album says, but She hath Risen.

I recognize that it's impertinent to intrude upon a private grief, but Patti has made her grief public, incorporating it into the packaging and promotion of "Gone Again." She's being photographed wearing a cowl, her hands in prayer. Magazine cover lines say "Death and the Rebirth of Patti Smith." At the risk of being offensive, I think she's overdoing her widowhood. There's something pushy about her piety—an ingredient of bad faith or overcompensation. I picked up a spooky vibe about Fred and Patti's relationship when I interviewed Patti during the recording of "Dream of Life." She phoned me the day after the interview asking that I omit in the article any mention of her having been involved with Sam Shepard and Tom Verlaine. I said, "But that's all public record." Patti said, "I know, but Fred gets upset when he reads that stuff." She mentioned other items that might upset Fred if he read them. She didn't sound like a considerate spouse trying to spare her husband's tender feelings; she sounded nervous, fretful—cowed. (For other reasons, the interview was never published.) Listening to "Gone Again," I feel that I'm getting a fancy runaround on the real nature of Patti and Fred's relationship—that she's indulging in some automythologizing that obscures plainer, rougher truths. When she sings, "Our wild love came from/above," I want to say, Stop the romanticizing.

A similar impulse arises whenever Patti memorializes the photographer Robert Mapplethorpe, her lover, friend, and role model. In interviews and in her book "The Coral Sea" (a collection of poetic baubles) she paints him as a princely soul and "a pure artist." Fine—then what's that bullwhip doing sticking out of his ass? What about his singling out black men for special abuse, calling them "nigger" and forcing them to eat excrement? So many people around Patti have died of drugs and other forms of suicide that she can't be unaware of the animus coursing through their histories. Yet she blesses these casualties as if little angels had taken them in the night—even Kurt Cobain, whom she never met, and who killed himself with a shotgun. It's as if she'd willed herself back into a state of weary innocence, practicing soul craft from an enlightened perspective. The press has followed her saintly lead, the *Times* reviewer praising "her broader search to find a bridge between holistic thinking and subversive reasoning," and Stephanie Zacharek, in *Salon*, characterizing the album's eulogy to Fred as "a gift from a warrior queen who covers the dead not just with soil, but with blankets of dreams." No wonder Smith's recent sold-out concerts at Irving Plaza resembled a folk Mass or a Partridge family hootenanny (her sister Kimberly and her son Jackson both performed), and kicked into gear only when she threw off her veil of sorrow and tore into rockers like "Free Money" and "Land," proving that her husky voice was a horse she could still ride. The audience bobbed as one, living proof that holistic thinking will never replace a good hard beat. ♦



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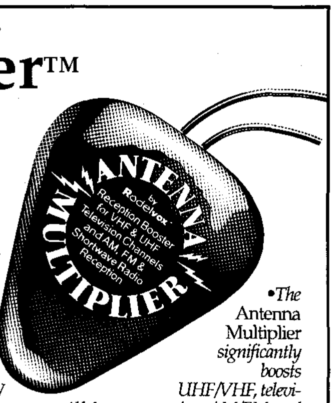

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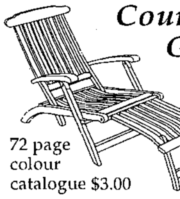

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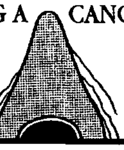

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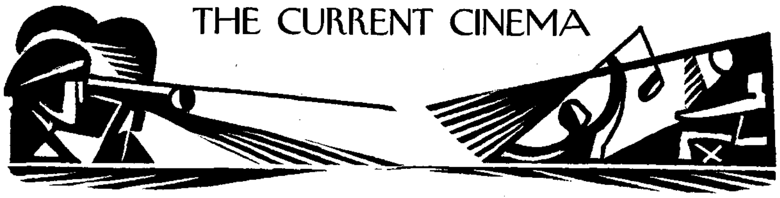


SMACK IN THE FACE

"Trainspotting" may be too fresh for its own good.

BY ANTHONY LANE

IRVINE WELSH'S novel "Trainspotting" begins with the hero, Renton, watching a Jean-Claude Van Damme picture. "As happens in such movies, they started oaf wi an obligatory dramatic opening," Renton notes. What is good enough for Van Damme is good enough for the director Danny Boyle, who has now brought "Trainspotting" to the screen. The dramatic opening is about as obligatory as they come: Renton (Ewan McGregor) pounding down a street, feet flying, voice-over snarling with distaste—"Choose life. Choose a job. Choose a career. Choose a family. Choose a fucking big television," and so on. It's a long litany of all that Renton, being a heroin addict, has chosen not to choose. Drugs are not his trade or his weakness or his hobby, or even his habit: they are his life, and what gives "Trainspotting" its peculiar spin is the high, positive charge it lends to a culture that has long been demonized as the most negative, not to say apocalyptic, of our time. The movie is scuzzy, soiled, and furious, but you can't help being impressed by the cheek with which it declares, Just say yes.

"Trainspotting" marks another outing for the team that made the calculating "Shallow Grave": Boyle, the writer John Hodge, and the producer Andrew Macdonald. Their new movie runs in what junkies everywhere will hail as a different vein; despite the dark and frankly cloacal setting, there is a surprising lightness of mood here, a lifting of the malevolence that hung around "Shallow Grave." The social milieu, if you can call it that, is no longer the educated, employed middle class of Edinburgh but the dazed and jobless underclass of Edinburgh; the characters who stumble through "Trainspotting" may have enjoyed a decent upbringing, but heroin has seen to all that—or, as they would prefer to think of it, smack has set them free. There is Renton, our hero, or, at any rate, our narrator (in his condition, the simple act of telling a story counts as heroism); there is his good companion Sick Boy (Jonny Lee Miller); there is Spud (Ewen Bremner), all teeth and bones, with spectacles that look like a pair of televisions; there is Tommy (Kevin McKidd), who is highly unusual because he doesn't do drugs, although later on he becomes very usual indeed; and there is Begbie (Robert Carlyle), whom you really don't want to know about. Even though Begbie is fictional—even though he is fictional and Scottish—I still feel that if he caught me talking about him in public he would crack the rim off a beer glass and rewrite my face.

In Welsh's novel, Renton ponders the many problems of coping with Begbie: "Ah always felt thit a slight shift in the cunt's perception ay ye wid be sufficient tae change yir status fae great mate intae persecuted victim. The trick wis tae indulge the radge withoot being seen tae be too much ay an obviously crawling sap." That sort of thing is cheering to read, and to British ears it's easy to understand, too; but Miramax has taken fright and redubbed patches of the movie so that American audiences will not be fazed by the local slang, or by the sound of Renton's patter, or by Begbie's threats. This is a pity, I think; Begbie's delivery needs to be as gutty and uncompromising as his conduct, and, even if you don't catch individual lines, Carlyle's venomous performance is strong enough to tell you that Begbie is unlikely to be discussing garden design or the novels of Elizabeth Gaskell. Scottish moviemaking is on something of a roll at the moment, and Hollywood should either leave the accents alone or, in the interests of comedy, make everything sound like Celia Johnson in "Brief Encounter." Imagine Renton talking to his dealer: "Excuse me, I'm frightfully sorry, but I was wondering if you could possibly lend me some heroin. It would be so very jolly to shoot up, you see. . . . "

Most of "Trainspotting" is a guide to that jollity. There is almost no plot until the final third of the film, when Renton and his friends go in for a little dealing themselves, selling to a professional in London for a huge profit. Even then, the narrative refuses to flow; Hodge and Boyle, following the lead of Welsh's fiction, keep things deliberately episodic, so that you come out of the theatre feeling jumpy and jolted, as if the primary function of cinema were to keep people awake against their will. For an hour or two, we are meant to feel like Sick Boys—unable to settle, dependent on the next visual hit. When fans of the movie express their appreciation, they invariably talk about their favorite sequences: the bit where Renton falls into a toilet, the bit where Spud is interviewed for a job, the shooting-the-dog-in-the-park bit, the sex-with-a-schoolgirl bit, the dirty-linen bit. Viewers under twenty-five will probably ride these rhythms without a murmur; anyone slightly more ancient will need to shut his eyes and rest awhile, and old-school movie buffs will stagger home and live off Jean Renoir for the next month.

There have been countless movies about addiction, of course; I remember being rather taken with "The Man with the Golden Arm," which asked us to believe that heroin would be of use to Frank Sinatra—the one man on earth who could always get high, for free, on the sound of his own voice. Most drug pictures have examined the subject through the eyes and nerves of the addict; "Trainspotting" goes one better and approaches it from the point of view of the syringe. We watch the heroin drain away from us, down the tube and into the neck of the needle; it looks alarmingly impure, like a mud wrestler's bathwater running out of a plughole, and it immediately confuses the moral issues that surround the film. There's a clever trippiness to the sequence, and moviegoers will not readily forget an image that they've never seen before; on the other hand, it will, without really trying, persuade you never to go near drugs or needles, or for that matter Edinburgh, ever again.

Not that "Trainspotting" holds much of a brief for its native land. There's a lovely scene—my favorite bit, I guess—when the friends take time off from rancid apartments, pub riots, and jail sentences to do something really crazy: they visit the *countryside*. None of them like the look of it, and Spud, especially, seems to be in shock. "I don't know, Tommy," he says. "I don't know if it's. . ." He searches for the right word. "Normal." The joke is a rebuke to the whole tradition of Scottish pastoral, to the hills purple with heather. Boyle's movie takes the low road, almost beside itself with the desire not to sell Scotland. "I hate being Scottish," Renton announces, out there in the pure air. "Some people hate the English, but I don't. They're just wankers. We, on the other hand, are colonized by wankers. We can't even pick a decent culture to be colonized by." Heaven knows how the film will play here, where audiences get their fix of the British Isles through regular injections of Merchant-Ivory. "Trainspotting" even boasts an American tourist who walks into a bar on the first day of the Edinburgh Festival and asks to use the bathroom. He is followed there, beaten up, and robbed. Welcome to Scotland.

Ewan McGregor in "Trainspotting," the movie that puts a jolly spin on the soiled culture of shooting up.

KAREN CALDICOTT

THE trouble with Boyle's movie, in fact, is that it knows with such flagrant certainty what it doesn't want to be—nothing like "Four Weddings and a Funeral," nothing like the room-temperature realism of Ken Loach—that it barely finds room to create an identity, or a style, of its own. Boyle keeps trying things out as if they'd occurred to him only a minute ago, as if he'd just got hold of a camera and wants to know what it can do. There's a beautiful shot of Renton walking past an apartment block and dwarfed by the grid of its structure; a great gag in a night club, where the conversation between Tommy and Spud has to be subtitled because (as in all good clubs) you can't hear what they're saying; and an effortless slide into dreamland as Renton dives through excrement and emerges into a blue lagoon, reaching for pills as if they were pearls. These are fine flashes, and it may be that Boyle has no intention of making them cohere; but a film that sets its face, and its laugh, so fiercely against all continuity of feeling is going to hit trouble whenever anything of gravity occurs.

Renton has a friend, for instance, whose small baby is constantly crawling about in the midst of junkies. One day, the child is found dead; the mother keens with grief until she's consoled by the drug that led her to neglect her baby in the first place. All of which should trigger devastation, a crisis point on which the movie turns; but what creeps in is a kind of dank depression, aggravated by the fact that we never really knew or cared about the mother. "Trainspotting" is often a lot of fun, but when the fun is turned off the film's attempts at seriousness get nowhere. "I wished I could think of something to say, something sympathetic, something human," Renton laments. A likely story. And then, of course, there is cold turkey, a dish conscientiously served up by every known drug movie. Renton has a little contretemps with bad heroin and ends up in the hospital; his parents bring him home and lock him in his bedroom, where, as you would expect, the walls begin to move and a variety of hallucinations descends upon him. The scariest of all is the sight of Begbie appearing from under the bedclothes, but we also get the dead baby snailing upside down along the ceiling. Is that the only reason it died—so that it could come back as a nightmare?

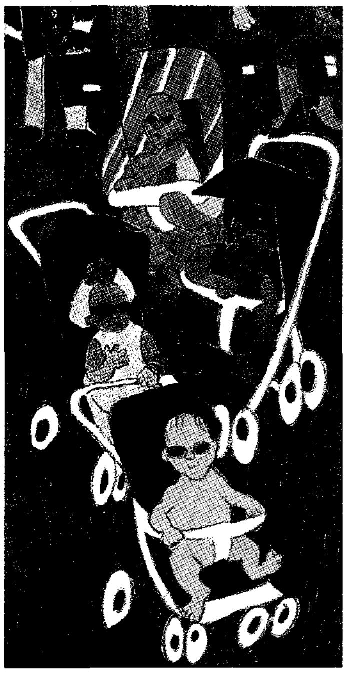
What keeps "Trainspotting" alive is energy—more than it knows what to do with. In its fractured excitement, in the what-the-hell attitude that it breeds among its characters, the film seems like the offspring of those cheap, early products of the French New Wave. Danny Boyle, like Truffaut and Godard in their youth, is prepared to interrupt himself, to swipe at reverie with sarcasm, and to reach for the kind of narrative jangle that feels most appropriate to the play of city life. I like the confidence with which the picture floats away from the dourness of social commentary; in the end, it has virtually nothing to do with the drug problem, although it freely admits that there are serious problems in being dead. Nor, whatever critics may claim, does it glamorize heroin; rather, it reeks of the junkie's own desire to glamorize his obsession, to convince himself that it's nothing but an excess of pleasure. The movie, in other words, is more caustic than cautionary, and it nearly succeeds in filling the gap where you would expect its morals to be. Boyle's brand of unwashed visionary cinema feels alarmingly new, and in a season of elephantine blockbusters anything this fast and rude is bound to gather admirers. And yet, as I think back on the experience of watching it, I cannot envisage ever wanting to see it again. "Trainspotting," unlike its French antecedents, is finally too pleased with its own novelty and aggression; it's right there in your face, and it won't go away. ♦

SHOUTS & MURMURS

SHIFTLESS LITTLE LOAFERS

BY SUSAN ORLEAN

QUESTION: Why don't more babies work? Excuse me, did I say *more*? I meant, why don't *any* babies work? After all, there are millions of babies around, and most of them appear to be extremely underemployed. There are so many jobs—being commissioner of major-league baseball, say, or running the snack concession at the Olympic synchronized-swimming venue—and yet it seems that babies never fill them. So why aren't babies working? I'll tell you. Walk down any street, and within a minute or so you will undoubtedly come across a baby. The baby will be lounging in a stroller, maybe snoozing, maybe tippling a bottle, maybe futzing around with a stuffed Teddy—whatever. After one good look, it doesn't take a genius to realize that babies are *lazy*. Or worse. Think of that same baby, same languid posture, same indolent attitude, but now wearing dark sunglasses. You see it all the time. Supposedly, it has to do with UV rays, but the result is that a baby with sunglasses looks not just lazy but lazy and *snobby*. Sort of like an Italian film producer. You know: "Oh, I'm so sorry, Mr. Baby isn't available at the moment. No, Mr. Baby hasn't had a chance to look at your screenplay yet. Why don't you just send coverage, and Mr. Baby will get back to you when he can."

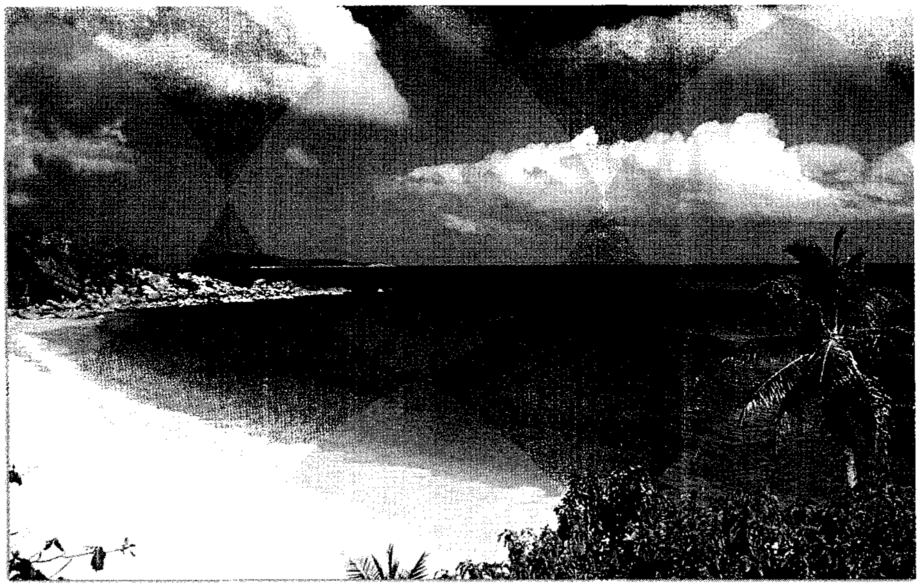


This is right about when you are going to bring up statistics about show-business babies. Granted, there are some show-biz babies, but their numbers are tiny. For one thing, there isn't that much work, and anyway most of it is completely visual-driven, not talent-driven. And everyone knows that babies lose their looks practically overnight, which means that even if Baby So-and-So lands a role in a major-studio feature she'll do the work and go to the big première, and maybe even make a few dollars on her back-end points, but by the next day she's lucky if she's an answer on "Jeopardy." Modelling superbabies? Same. Remember those babies zooming around in the Michelin tire ads? Where are they now?

The one job that babies seem willing and eager to do is stroller-pushing. Well, big deal, since (a) they're actually very bad at it, and (b) am I the only one who didn't get the memo saying that there was a lot of extra stroller-pushing that desperately needed to be done? Besides, it's not a job, it's a *responsibility*. For a baby to claim that pushing his or her own stroller counts as gainful employment is about as convincing as for me to declare that my full-time job is to floss regularly. Elevator-button pushing? Not a job: a *prank*. Unless you really need to stop on every floor. And have you ever watched babies trying to walk? Is it possible that they don't work but still go out for a three-Martini lunch? Of course, babies do a lot of pro-bono projects, like stand-up (and fall-down) comedy, and preverbal psycholinguistic research, but we all know that pro bono is just Latin for Someone Else Buys My Pampers.

One recent summery morning, I walked across Central Park on my way to my own place of employment—where, by the way, I have to be every day whether I want to or not. The Park was filled with babies, all loafing around and looking happy as clams. They love summer. And what's not to like? While the rest of us, weary cogs of industry, are worrying about an annual report and sweating stains into our suits, the babies in the park are relaxed and carefree and mostly nude—not for them the nightmare of tan marks, let alone the misery of summer work clothes. And what were they doing on this warm afternoon? Oh, a lot of really taxing stuff: napping, snacking on Cheerios, demanding a visit with various dogs, hanging out with their friends—everything you might do on a gorgeous July day if you were in a great mood, which you would be if you didn't have to work for a living. That morning, I was tempted to suggest a little career counselling to one of these blithe creatures, but, as I approached, the baby turned his attention ferociously and uninterruptibly to one of his toes and then, suddenly, to the blade of grass in his fist. I know that look: I do it on buses when I don't want anyone to sit next to me. It always works for me, and it worked like a charm for this I-seem-to-remember-telling-you-I'm-in-a-meeting baby. I was outfoxed and I knew it, so I headed for my office. As I crossed the playground, weaving among the new leisure class, I realized something. The reason babies don't work? They're too *smart*. ◆

ANN TANKSLEY



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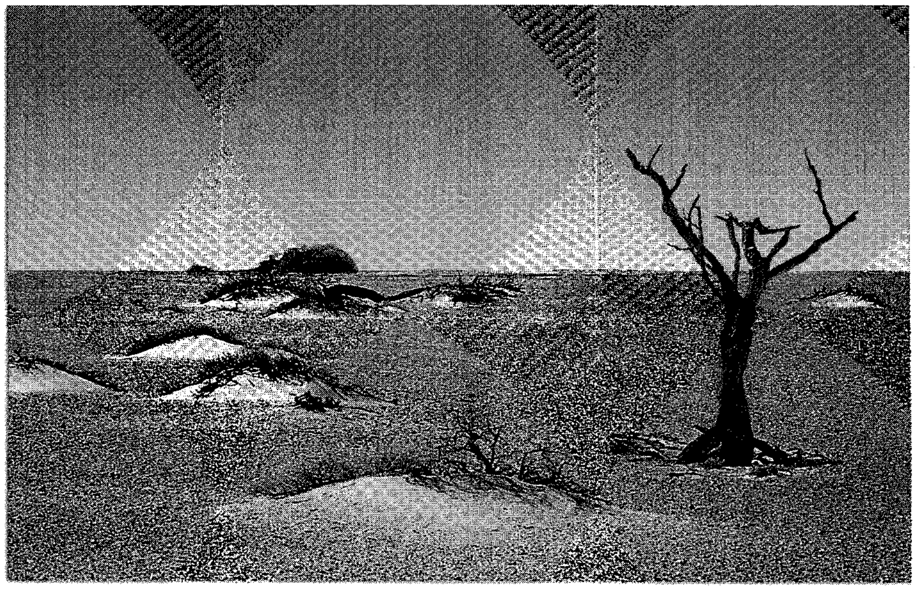

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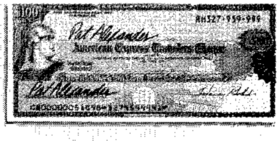

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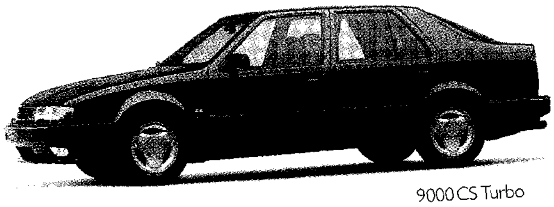

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